

Chris Garneau "The Runt"

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Lions close their cat eyes too
They sleep the same as lovers do
I don't know how I got here
But I know where I have to go
And I'm Scared I'll wind up dead

Raccoon babes get left behind
Sometimes the runt's too small
For moms to care a little bit
For moms to care at all

But you, you kept the runt
You don't think he's scum
He's wasted in the morning
He's wasted in the afternoon
And He's wasted in the nighttime too

His little dirty feet stink bad
The popcorn smell makes your nose sad
I don't know how he got here
But I'm scared he'll wind up dead

Lions close their cat eyes too
They sleep the same as lovers do
I don't know how I got here
But I know where I have to go

You kept the runt
You don't think he's scum
He's wasted in the morning
He's wasted in the afternoon
And he's wasted in the nighttime too

You don't see this every day
You just don't see this every day

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