

Make Believe

"His Short Quip When Eddie's Bothered"

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It's 5:30 a.m. in west Missouri.
I'm waiting for the sun in a perfect breeze and highway
hum motel parking lot's neon geometry.
I'm up and out before the sun and I'm singing like
Harry Nilsson,
Awake alone in love with my misery.
'Cause when trouble comes I say thank you.
This is a discipline that works best when forgotten.
When trouble comes just say thank you.
People it's all yours, please see it -
It all must be seen to be seen through.
Just trust your needs to feed you.
So when you're lying awake
Afraid the sky might crack open and fry
The clouds up like scrambled eggs
Remind yourself
When trouble comes to say thank you.

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