

Sunday's Best "Indian Summer"

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I can't believe he's such a sore loser,
"maybe someday you'll learn that 'coffee is for
closers."

Raise up the glass and toast the motherf---er,
"just move along."

How did you get that brusie up on your shoulder?
You are so "Sisyphus." Just pushing on your boulder.
Someday you'll take a break.
When you're older you just move along.

I had a dream her teeth were butter-colored
And they crumbled to dust as she kissed her former
lover.
So I severed his hands and glued them to her Mother.
Just glued them on.

Just what is it about Indian Summer?
Makes a promise, then steals the chance of gentle
winter.
Maybe I'm just a sucker for the colors
That just move along?

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