

Sunday's Best "Looks Like A Mess"

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Drank it up slowly
As I looked at the only
People in the room.
"It's ok to admit that
You have been laughed at,"
Said Mr. Deacon Blues.

Then some broken fool laughed
And hi-fived the bar back,
"I'll have another round."
Raised it up to the ceiling, said
"This one with feeling.
What's the matter with this town."

If I look like a mess. I must be a mess.

Kick snare and hi-hat,
Crushed cigarette pack,
2 is coming soon.
Kids on a wall plaque,
"AYSO Champs, Summer 1992."

"Good hands don't deserve this."
"Maybe someday you'll learn kid that
Silence is a sound."
Raise it up to the ceiling,
"Make this one with feeling."
We'll drink until we drown

Turning on and off and on.

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