

Sunday's Best "The Californian"

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Falling down again, this feeling that you know so well
A child scraping up his knees...
Who's kissing the cuts and chasing behind you?

Leo says that, "there's no victims, only volunteers."
I think that I believe that if there's a crime,
There must be a crime scene.

Sorry that we peaked in my California teething.

Word on the street: the deal had been queered for
quite sometime.

Small print too small to read--

"Take the tourniquet off and an artery will breathe"

The East-side summer air, thick with smog and
chaparral,

Hangs waiting for a breeze.

Autumn, my friend, I hope that you've missed me.

Whoa-ah-oh...that's what they say...

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