

## The Mascara Story

### "The Barber's Unhappiness"

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Do me a favor, would you please  
Hang up the receiver on me  
Before I, before I talk my vocabulary dry.  
Do me a favor, would you, my Doe  
Don't come over later, don't spend \*two\* days in a row  
I know my pre-calculated charm will soon run low.  
Cold colas to coexist  
Hold sodas in both her fists  
I...I'd hoped for a different you.  
There's comfort in the clamor of cafes  
Solace from the abyss of days  
I...I'd hoped for a different you.  
Still I trace your gaze  
But that's stalker praise, and I lack the turn of phrase  
Every morning through Ma's twin rose trellises  
Grammar, middle, and Lake High  
Barber college, through Ma's twin rose trellises  
I'd planned to pick for you a rose; my hell, this is  
A plan's as close as I'll ever get; my hell, this is  
I haven't yet, I haven't yet...  
Do me a favor, be rational  
Save me the labor of the breakup call  
Just assume the worst  
When the phone don't ring, dismiss me to the hearse

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