

# Number Twelve Looks Like You "Grandfather"

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There has never ever been a dull moment  
We can kiss the highest clouds  
And name them after movie stars

Your fingers  
They're flower pots  
And as the cuticles crack the stem comes through  
You'll never know a poet's eyes unless you see them  
for yourself

Hear me now

After the truth is found there will be a suicide  
Hear me now and grant my wishes as sins, not  
ignorance  
Endangered now, with pockets full of oil  
All I have left is a face fucking  
Homicidal waste of time

Take these roads  
Take them fast

My legs collapse in harmony with the music  
And I plummet down forever

I can write the dialogue to a script about your death  
I'm walking across 2nd Avenue  
I'm tripping across Lexington  
I'm falling down Park Avenue  
And dying on Broadway

We can wish amongst wish  
Hope against hope

You have become a new bloody valentine  
Over and over again  
I've watched you killing yourself  
Hold my hand, let's start the decay

One shot

You'll never know a poet's eyes unless you see them

for yourself

One shot in the mouth

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