

Noel Torres

"I, Melvin"

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Mascara hides the sleepless nights
Years of abuse, the downs and highs
A lonely drunk staggers on stage
Weathered and worn, battered and broken, I feel my
age
Like a puppet on strings, look he strums and he sings, I
feel like a cartoon
I'm alone on the stage, I'm the man on the moon
I'm the deer in the headlights, I'm the fish in the bowl
I'm on automatic pilot, I am remote controlled
Just a second guitarist, playing on the 3rd string
I'm the disclaimer, I'm a walking routine
I'm happily a cog, stand me up, plug me in
Like a robot I play all the songs, with a grin
I am Eric Melvin

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