

Odds

"What I Don't Want"

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Everything's a mess
I sleep but don't undress
Drinking all but the Tia Maria

I never finished any of these books
Hanging open like house plants
Begging for water and a little reading
Holding that one big idea I'm needing

I know what I don't want
I really know what I don't want
I don't really, really know
What I want, do I?

Another black shirt
Won't show the dirt
I could wash but
I don't even bother

Some piece of trite trash trumpets out the radio
But I don't turn it off
I need to loathe its creation
Contempt is my one contemplation

'Cause I know what I don't want
I really know what I don't want
I don't really, really know
What I want, do I?

Red in the face from the air in this place
It's closed so I open the window
Something about heights makes a man
Start to reach for the bottom

Dull in the mind from oversleeping
I look for the things
That are really worth keeping

'Cause I know what I don't want
I really know what I don't want
I don't really, really know
What I want, do I?

I know what I don't want
I really know what I don't want
I don't really, really know
What I want, do I?

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