

Phish "Chalk Dust Torture"

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Come stumble my mirth beaten worker
I'm Jezmund the family berserker
I'm bought for the price of a flagon of rice
The wind buffs the cabin, you speak of your life
Or more willingly Locust the Lurker

Confuse what you can of the ending
And revise your despise so impending
'Cause I soak on the wrath that you didn't quite mask
I'm getting it clearly through alternate paths
Or mixed in with the signal you're sending

But who can unlearn all the facts that I've learned
I sat in their chairs and my synapses burned
And the torture of chalk dust collects on my tongue
Thoughts follow my vision and dance in the sun
All my vasoconstrictors they come slowly undone
Can't this wait till I'm old?

Can't I live while I'm young?
Can't I live while I'm young?

But no peace for Jezmund tonight
I plug the stress tube up tight
And watch what I say as it flutters away
To all this emotion is kept harmless at bay
Not to educate somebody's fright

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