

## June Of 44

### "Mooch"

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It's clear to him and everyone like him  
Where the sidewalks turn  
When he needs to leave  
Buy a pack of smokes  
And walk down the Ohio  
They don't smoke the first one last  
They give the last one away

Give it all away

It's clear to him and everyone like him  
Giving the gift is impossible  
Forget it  
Leave it alone and move towards the sidewalks  
Inhale  
Exhale  
Inhale  
Exhale  
Inhale and exhale and the smoke comes through your  
Teeth  
It resembles the smoke stacks  
And incinerators when they stand  
Where they grow  
Where they breathe  
He breathes on by the highway  
Enchanted by the car lots

He'll keep his distance  
He'll do with out  
Stating that certain things are impossible  
He'll do without

Uneffected and unaffected

This man will be free from pain  
Free from guilt  
Free from innocence  
Free from emotion  
Free from integrity  
Free from any sort of  
Love or anger

He'll never be moved  
All he's in it for is the work  
And all he ever does is work  
He's not here to think about it  
And there's not question  
Leave him alone and the work will get done

Inhale  
Exhale  
Inhale  
Exhale  
Inhale  
Exhale  
Inhale  
Exhale  
Inhale  
Exhale

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