

## Rogue Wave "Catform"

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Legless, with the powder puff  
You've got light, still cannot read  
And the mattress is two bored-out eyes  
Supposed to be a lightning bolt  
But as I lie in bed  
It's been middle class  
Middle thoughts, middle as C

Tantric forms of intercourse  
No divorce, drunk as a horse  
And the waitress is the only one  
Who can speak and say what she means  
As I lie awake

It's been Camelot  
I can a lot, it's kennel and key

As she's waiting  
Stroking my hair  
Choking places  
Stroking my tie

Princes with the dollar eyes  
Morning fries and light-up TV  
And advances in the sweater vest  
Picking homes, picking out cheese  
As I lie to them  
Second wallabee  
Second son  
What happened to me?

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