

## **Run on Sentence "Foreign and Akward"**

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The people outside have umbrellas and faces  
that look like they're wondering "will i be dead soon?"  
I wish I could tell them,  
I wish I could feed them  
a little bit of meaning to make them feel useful here,  
and I can't remember when I first started reading,  
but I know that the words all seemed foreign and  
awkward  
and looking at letters is like watching pixels,  
its just what we do when we fear the big picture,  
its foreign and awkward,  
its foreign and awkward,  
oh my God damn its so foreign and awkward,  
don't worry baby, we'll change the channel  
and no one will find us here under this apathy,  
and if the father we know is all that we are  
and everyone's hanging out down at the bar,  
the things that we love just bells on a post  
and everyone's ringing their own the most,  
oh there will come a reckoning,  
instruments of joy will sing,  
and the open strings make sounds that haunt you.  
Little Carrie got out of touch,  
got stuck eating mud right out of the puddle,  
next door there's a window washer,  
tapping his toes to the sound of the scuttle of the feet  
of the folks who would never mind, their raving about  
the progress of the modern times,  
American dreams wash into the gutter,  
collected by a rat whose pockets getting fatter,  
on the mystery train that we call life  
there will be pain and there will be strife,  
may we teach understanding well before college  
instead of just measuring meaningless knowledge,  
with a scoured eye and a crooked tongue,  
you will watch us die,  
you will eat our young,  
and bury us all in your visions of glory  
and never consider the end of the story.

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