

Connells, The

"Bust"

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Bust

Morning lands like aeroplanes wrecked inside my bed.
Your favorite Teenage Fanclub song is knocking
around my head.
In fits and starts remembering the things I should
regret
but I don't want to sanitize my thoughts just yet.

These lessons in anatomy
This adolescent crush
This sod-it-all mentality
Anyway, anyway, everything is coming up a bust.

Afternoon's an open end boredom lines the shelves.
I've got the time and half the time I'm not myselfes.
Nighttime falls and Tall Boy calls
Patience running out
Claws and flaws and don't we all just muck about.

This funny, runny part of me is boiling in the crust
and it's been spilling out of me.

Anyway, anyway, everything is coming up a bust.

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