

Fall, The "Service"

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Why do you have a cloud in your eye?
Walked downstairs
Got my hat and corny brown leather jacket
Street bloody clean for a change
Must have been the rain
Thought transference
And this man endangered me with cut-out two or three
teeth
out on the floor
Winter is here, unlike yourself
Pull, pull my shirt off
Service
Kick the leaves
Learning about time,
time of the wolverines
This is watching the leaves
Kick the brown branches, it is here
I came home and found I could say the word
"entrepreneur"
and my problem began
Service
And my feet were running. Laughs at anything.
And my head worn to left [leaned?] and nothing
And I'm just in between this day's portion
Service

(You would not like it if you knew it)
(Why you have tears in your eyes from infotainment?)
Winter is here
I've got a witch on my left shoulder
My future's here
Now I will kick the broken branches
They're this days portion of this day's portion
Didn't want to wake up and learn, learn the word
'entrepreneur"
Wandered around, found out,
Didn't want to say the word, rolled it around in your
mouth
Every man jack wants to be what he is not.
Service.
Little boys are taking over

They mumble through the grass
There are not fit to be in the company of wolverines
Too many heads lurking about.
Service.
This day's portion, this day's portion.
Why do you have a cloud in your eye from
infotainment?

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