

## Television "Careful"

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(Verlaine)

I jump outa bed and pull down the shade  
I used to have such sweet dreams - now it's more like  
an air raid.

I see the opposition clear - I see them stare  
I don't care - it doesn't matter to me - I never think  
about it

Slip out of myself like a shadow and somersault thru  
walls

I can't tell, it's really so odd

Is this spring or fall?

Your wine is just sour grapes

Pour me a glass anytime I'm not there

Careful Careful

I'm not bitter I just get so sore

I need that girl more and more

Cuz when she whispers in my ear it gets so hard

It get's so hard to get out of bed

It's more than I can do.

If someone must work today, let it be you.

All this confusion hit me like a dare but I don't care.

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