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Annotations of an Autopsy ''Bleary-Eyed''

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Green-leaf dawn implies Something sweet in mind. But it's still your fingers in my back pocket. Makes me wonder why I sit here so tall, And why I run from the walls.

Critters by the litter Come gushing out my eyes, Like fears yet worth the fright. So, pour me a drink, And I'll spill this dark ink.

I'll tell you it's all for you,But it ain't it's just my way of copingWith this bleary-eyed baby girl.Well, it's just my way of copingWith this bleary-eyed baby girl,Dying on my kitchen floor.

[But it ain't it's just my way of coping With this bleary-eyed baby girl. Well, it's just my way of coping With this bleary-eyed baby girl, Dying on my kitchen floor.]

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