

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 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.

[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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