

Annotations of an Autopsy

"Complete, Or Completing"

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Well I know
I ain't spoken of love in
A coon's age.
But I can't help it now.
Just helping myself to
Whatever I can.

I chose
The softest
Kind of dove
To chase around,
To place bound and stout
In a pose
Of arrogance, and loneliness,
Of cleanliness.

Silence all the clocks tonight.
It's show time, with drinks to spill.
Hear my mouth, I've got the sounds
To send you back home with peace of mind.

Well I pace myself
When marching
Because I tangle up
My legs if I don't
Slow down,
And look at my woman;
Remember that everything is round,
Complete, or completing.

Silence all the clocks tonight.
It's show time, with drinks to spill.
Hear my mouth, I've got the sounds
To send you back home with peace of mind

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