

Titus Andronicus "A Pot In Which To Piss"

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"The audience was large and brilliant. Upon my weary heart was showered smiles, plaudits, and flowers, but beyond them, I saw thorns and troubles innumerable."

It was a pretty good GPA
We got a couple of good grades
And it sounded like a pretty good seven inch

And winter didn't seem so cold
I had a smile for everyone I know
I was starting to get comfortable in the place that I'm in

And it used to not mean anything
It used to not mean anything
It used to not mean anything
But it really means nothing now

Nothing means anything anymore
Everything is less than zero
And I know it won't do much good, getting drunk and
sad and singing
But I'm at the end of my rope and I feel like swinging

It was an unflattering photograph and people saw it all
over town
Hanging up on the wall above the urinal
Hear the man with the notepad say, "Oh, they're funny,
but they drink too much"
"And don't be surprised if they don't amount to nothing
at all"

And we were talking about giving up
We were talking about lying down
We were talking about tying off
Wasn't it supposed to mean something now?

Let them see you struggle and they're going to tear
you apart
You ain't never been no virgin, kid, you were fucked
from the start
They're all going to be laughing at you
They're all going to be laughing at you

You can't make it on merit, not on merit and merit
alone
Dan McGee tried to tell me, "There ain't no more
Rolling Stones"
They're all going to be laughing at you
They're all going to be laughing at you

I've been called out, cuckolded, castrated, but I
survived
I am covered in urine and excrement but I'm alive
And there's a white flag in my pocket never to be
unfurled
Though with their hands 'round my ankles, they bring
me down for another swirl
And they tell me, "Take it easy buddy, it's not the end
of the world"

"And there and then and bathed by the rising sun,
My son in his grave, in his rude-dug grave I deposited,
Ending my vigil strange with that, vigil of night and
battle-field dim,
Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never again on
earth responding),
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain, vigil I never forget, how
as day brighten'd,
I rose from the chill ground and folded my soldier well
in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell."

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