

Trash Can Sinatras "Obscurity Knocks"

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Always at the foot
Of the photograph
That's me there
Snug as a thug
In a mugshot pose
A foul mouthed rogue

Owner of this corner
And not much more
Still these days
I'm better placed
To get my just rewards

I'll pound out a tune
And very soon
I'll have too much to say
And a dead stupid name

Though I ought to be learning
I feel like a veteran
Of 'Oh, I like your poetry
But I hate your poems'

Calendars crumble
I'm knee deep in numbers
I've turned twenty one, I've twist
I'm bust and wrong again

Rubbing shoulders
With the sheets till two
Looking at my watch
And I'm half past caring

In the lap of luxury
It comes to mind
Is this headboard hard?
Am I a lap behind?

But to face doom
In a sock stench room
All by myself
Is the kind of fate

I never contemplate
Lots of people would cry
Though none spring to mind

Though I ought to be learning
I feel like a veteran
Of 'Oh, I like your poetry
But I hate your poems'

Calendars crumble
I'm knee deep in numbers
I've turned twenty one, I've twist
I'm bust and wrong again

Know what it's like
To sigh at the sight
Of the first quarter of life?
Ever stopped to think
And found out
Nothing was there?

They laugh to see such fun
I'm playing blind man's bluff
All by myself
And they're chanting
A line from a nursery rhyme
'Ba ba bleary eyes
Have you any idea?"

Years of learning
I must be a veteran
Of 'Oh, I like your poetry
But I hate your poems'

And the calendar's cluttered
With days that are numbered
I've turned twenty one, I've twist
I'm bust and wrong again

Ought to be learning, twist
I'm bust and wrong again
Feel like a veteran, twist
I'm bust and wrong again

Calendar's cluttered
With days that are numbered
And I know what it's like
To sigh at the sight
Of the first quarter of life

