

Like A Girl

I Mother Earth

Can't think a straight line beyond the hill
It seems like a mountain next to an ocean behind
A thrill almost in my reach
If there's a way I could
Feel the face of intelligence
I'm a man, I would understand
What a good head says...you're no me
Can't see the forest for all
The green, it all gets in my way
Can't dig a desert without
The need for old religion, for holy grails
And a Jesus nail through the head
For all the pain and misguided faith
My mind erased before I had time
To waste my afternoon

Every thirty days a light goes on
And brightens my backyard a yellow
Dying sun
I bite my tongue and swallow pride and blood
On some other plane I have
Become affected drawn and strange
I'm inclined to blame
My Mother for dressing me like a girl
I don't know maybe that's kind of weird

A teenage breakdown without the will
Or without thinking
Taking low roads and coloured pills
Always searching
Maybe then I would find
A place in this mess
It swells a vein that the only things
That are keeping me awake
Are re-runs of the Mod Squad and cartoons