

## No Shit

Iggy Pop

It was in the winter of my fiftieth year  
When it hit me  
I was really alone  
And there wasn't a hell a lot of time left  
Every laugh and touch that I could get  
Became more important  
Strangely, I became more bookish  
And my home and study meant more to me  
As I considered the circumstances of my death  
I wanted to find a balance between joy and dignity  
On my way out  
Above all, I didn't want to take any more shit  
Not from anybody