

Paul's Grotesque

Man Man

He eats an avocado
Writes novels on her navel
Climbs out her bedroom window
While she's asleep

She speaks of venom cobras
Dark mater, supernovas
Car crashes and tsunamis
That bring the rain

He talks with great bravado
Drinks baby shirley temples
Fights with the pommel marbles
Does it hurt? Does it hurt?

She squeezes the honey bottle
Right over ripe tomato
Doesn't care when all the ants go
Right up her skirt

Nobody Knows
Where the time goes
Where the grime goes
Nobody knows

Nobody knows
Where the time goes
Where the grime grows
Nobody knows

They met one summer party
Even by me with the cabbies
Throwing empties at the police
Oh how they laughed

She cut a smokey figure
She splintered in his fingers
So deep that even tweezers
Couldn't pull her out

They danced in tiny halos
Like rust around a cable
Or atoms too unstable
But they don't care

Nobody knows
Where the time goes
Where the grime grows
Nobody knows

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Where the time goes
Where the grime grows
Nobody knows

We leave a healthy corpse
We beat a dying horse

We leave the headlights on
We write a swan song

Will you get eulogized?
Will you ever apologize?
Will you run and hide tonight?
Will you even care?

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