

Weird Summer

Mike Doughty

Your love is ghost
You are a shadow man
You are the powder strewn on the floor
You want a taste
You want a smattering
You'll lick the pan and your muck boots too
Muck boots too

You get the boot
Drop out of drama school
Hot plate of baffled, side of unnerved
I'll smoke you out
Ease like a palliative
Counts, kammerjunkers, and the czars and the serfs

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The people delighted
Can never be deleted
The people provided
Can never be deluded
The people colluded
Can never be impeded
The people disquieted
Can never be uprooted

So let's go out and find some trouble
Let's go out and ride the rails
Nothing's sexier than regret
Toast our souls with ginger ale

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