

## Shitty Morning Song

Quimby

Dawn emptied the bars  
And the town is licking her scars  
And this murkey bar-chair mood slid away  
And fell down with the moon  
And the morning finds me alone  
In Marianne's car  
Harsh morning headlines echo across the empty square  
Sleepy buses are making their first pass  
I'm desperately trying to figure out where the f\*\*k I am  
Smell of fresh dog shit is wafting from the grass  
I'm slowly cowlin' out  
Pickin' ragged butts up off the ground  
And I'm just stumblin' around  
Sweet kiss of the muse on my ass  
I wish I was a little pebble  
For this weary day  
I'd wait until the night would chase  
This glarin' sun away  
I see won't get too far  
My God, this could be Mars  
Sucked in by the crowd  
People pushing, turning me around  
And this morning chased me back  
Into Marianne's car