

Down to This

Soul Coughing

You get the ankles
and I get the wrists.
You get the ankles
and I get the wrists.
You get the ankles
and I get the wrists.
You come down to this.

Nerves are up
and the eyes all screwy
Blood like a panful
of boiling ratatouille

Hang from the axles of a box car
Follow the dotted line
Like a steer to Chicago
to the hooks of the Chicago man

I get all tripped up
my eyes turn to water
rug burns from a shag rug
struck dumb in the presence
polyester burns from a jacket
rub the skin thin
break down in a diner
then I pay the bill

cashier toothpick stuck in the ground
tiny lawnmower to mow me down
I could get lost in a lunchbox
lie low in the mittens in the lost and found