

Hermitage

Vic Chesnutt

Sitting here resting my bones, fanning my affliction
Wishing I had a few clones, to act as stand in
But here at the hermitage, I am privileged, with solitude, and
self-cooked food?
And crying time, and quirks of mind.? x2
Chesnutt's chewing his nails, the Zen of self-mutilation
Forgetting all that life entails, sinking in a silly stagnation
But here at the hermitage I am privileged with solitude, and se
lf-cooked food, and crying time, and quirks of mind

Caper, if you flaunt it then you want/got to stop in the Caper
(?)

Thought you were my friend, but you are my foe
Took my trust and crushed it
(Simple me to ???)
Put my trust in you
Ya busted my balls
Thought you were my friend, but you are my foe
Behind your pleasantly stupid act
Lies, intentions cold and black
Thought you were my friend, but you are my foe