

## Hot Seat

Vic Chesnutt

Ventolin and Vivarin and primatene  
secret tequila shots and a patch of morphine  
in the morning and in the throes  
what a great day to come out of a coma

I've been in the hot seat sweating it out  
oh, sweating it out  
sweating it out  
sweating it out

I touch the telephone it falls away  
I think they call it empathy  
but not this way  
I put my lips on the sound hole  
my tongue is finally warming  
but my brain is charcoal

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not much later, fall out of favor  
pretty soon I know I'll do  
precisely what I wanted not to do

maybe I slipped up and learned a lesson  
to work my proclivity towards second guessing  
I was too naive and enthusiastic  
to keep my trap shut  
and my monkey in a motherfuckin' basket

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