

Stupid Preoccupations

Vic Chesnutt

I am sick of you
Expecting me to do
All those puny ingratiations
You know I am a terrible patient

I am barely alive
Ever since my daddy died
And I've been searching for my own little babies
To misbehave and betray me

I tie one onto all the others
And say a soggy toast to all my drunken brothers

They've got organizations of a people
Like me with stupid preoccupations
Stupid preoccupations
Stupid preoccupations

We know y'all are all innocent
I'm just bitching at your expense
And the price for cockiness is worth swiping
Yes, it's primal griping

Yes, I am nearly reformed
So don't say that you weren't warned
'Cause when I break into that smile that is aching
It may be too ugly to look on

Hallelujah for the ghosties
And all those scary monsters under the boiling seas

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Like me with stupid preoccupation
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