

The Vowels, Pt. 2

WHY?

I'm not a ladies man, I'm a landmine
Filming my own fake death
Under an '88 Cavalier I go
But-but-but-but nothing but the rear bumper's blown
But I's born for this flight
United 955 on the fifth of July
Back to SFO
I-I join the dark side
In a thin disguise
On consumer grade video at night

Faking suicide for applause
In the food courts of malls
And cursing racing horses on church steps
Playing the wall at singles bingo
All-time gringo
Did anyone hear me cry there?
Through a toilet stall divider
I swear I care, raw

Am I an example of a calculated birth?
To a star chart for clowns, I'm not
Under robin eggs in a nest, you hit a manila envelope
With one last little robin's egg in it
A hollow bullet yet spent
Subject to dismissal
I wish all my pitfalls
Could be caught by this call

Cheeri-a, cheeri-e, cheeri-i, cheeri-o, cheeri-u