

Tweaker, Happy Child

I imagine my hands are clean
I am revitalized by things unseen
I begin a dialogue with the road
toothless, hopeful, about to explode...

how could I have ever been so lucky
to wake up looking in her face
and see the flowers she put round the room
brightening an otherwise crumbling place

she told me that Jesus loves me
but I never knew who Jesus was
some kid somewhere fucked up
well isn't this what a savior does?

don't cry
don't feel
don't die
because death is not real
it's good
it's yours
and it should come when things have run their course

I wanted her melted up inside me
all the tears and the smiles shed for me
she'd disappear to the world around me
everything to be a powerful memory
...(so I could carry all that we'd been with me)

so I brought her to the swamp she loved so well
where I gently placed her in it
I brought her soul to ease with kisses
and I said to her as I's about to begin it

don't cry
don't feel
you won't die
because I don't think death's real
it's good
it's mine
and it should be
at your heels all of the time

and she said:

and where's the sky for me now?
(it's good that she sings)
and who will take it down?
(the freedom it brings)
and drape it all around me
(her voice is my very head)
every cloud and cosmo for a gown?

I'm a good kid
old style
a happy child
and I'm never going to have to do that again
but if I want to, I can

don't cry
don't feel
don't die
because death is not real
it's good

it's ours
like the sun
like the worms
like the wind
like the flowers...