

About Face

by Tim G. Young

I've got this pain in my face.
A fucking pain run down my nose.
I'll strip off the skin down to the begin again
and climb all over
this pain in my face.

When I'm drunk I'm falling down. I don't care
I'll thrash and bump into things.
It's that easy to hurt.

Sometimes I'll get a cab if i hold my arm up
in the air for three days
then when it's just ready to fall off
I'll push myself into the back of the goddamn cab.

I can never remember if the sun is going up or falling down.
I hope it's falling because I know about shit like that.

But, hell, if it starts to rain I am so pissed off
i can't stand myself and I'll reach for any kind of drink
somebody left on the bar.
I don't want to pay. The very least thing i want to do
is settle into the bar stool.
I need to fall.

I'm cramped and I'm cold and if i don't scream my
head off in the next second I know I'll die.

the wind thinks it is tickling me but it's just another
lying bastard. Telling me stories about when things were different
when things made some sense
but do you think I ever listen to that shit?

I'll tell you something it's time to hit the old naked
highway. Piss in a bucket and shit in the stream.
If i move towards any sensitivity I'll ball until
my eyes dry up and crumble like some forgotten cookie
i wouldn't touch with a stick.

One day I found a brand new pack of cigarettes.
I opened them, smelled the tobacco and gave them
to the taxi driver.

I don't remember everything that happened in one night.
Time gets too mixed up for me to think about when
I'm ripping at the pain
running down my face.

