

Do-Re-Mi, Man Overboard

I try not to stand too close to myself
I try not to listen to the things I say
They say there's no such thing as self-abuse
But you wonder how I can be trusted
If I'm finely tuned or well adjusted
Oh, pity about you
Oh, pity about me
Mostly pity about her
Every time she comes inside
You had to run
You had to run
You wish that crush would go away
You're not the only one !

Squinting at broad daylight
Drumming up a conversation
Parson's brass is peeling / appealing
Drumming up a congregation
Hands reaching for a glass of water
Dry socks and razor rash
Your shoes under my bed
Dandruff, doona, cigarette ash

I've tried to play it open-handed
I've tried to make a fist of this
Even when the questions are candid
My arrows miss
I've heard about your fragile ego
Your shield, your sword
What am I expected to do ?
Shout Man Overboard ?

Come around when I'm asleep
Roll around, try to wake me
That's all right, you've got to go now
Words overtake me
Your pubic hairs are on my pillow
Your stubble rings the sink
Your words under my skin
Your table manners stink

I paddle in the things I love
You wallow in a swamp of trivia
In a vase with insincere I love you's
Next door's camellias
I'm sick and tired of this position
Hatched underneath your arm
A crotch under stress
Your rudder when it's calm
I'm bored staring at the ceiling
While you point out my flaws
I've watched the wallpaper peeling
From slamming doors
You talk about penis envy
Your friends applaud
What am I expected to do ?
Shout Man Overboard ?

Come across to other girls
Look around and start a rumour
Jealous wife scenes raise a smile a parties
Like anal humour
Are you addicted to attention ?
Do you do it for effect ?

You're wet, out of control, misunderstood and hen-pecked