

Mark Eitzel, Lower Eastside Tourist

Lower Eastside tourist, out of your depth
Seem to need alcohol more than you need breath
Drinking on the company, phony smile confusion
Bone and blood illusion, where to go
Happy you can't focus, no love at all
Alcohol and exhaustion
Hunger and revulsion
What's beyond human?
What's beyond moving?
People come and people go
Slip through your fingers
Can't stop the flow

Lower Eastside tourist: the trash you throw away
Think someone will save you or stand in your way or watch your decay
Turn into hunted prey or a dumb cliché
People come and people go
Drop in the ocean, drown in the flow

Slam the door behind you
Vaporizers, tranquilizers
Leave your toys behind you
For the light-house or for the blind spot
Slam the door behind you and wear a blindfold,
so you can't see yourself disappear

People come and people go
Decks loaded, watching the overflow
People come and people go
Drop in the ocean, drown in the flow