

# Rodriguez, Jane S. Piddy

Now you sit there thinking feeling insecure  
The mocking court gesture (jester) claims there is no proven cure  
Go back to your chamber, your eyes upon the wall  
'Cos you got no one to listen, you got no one to call

And you think I'm curious

Drifting, drowning in a purple sea of doubt  
You wanna hear she loves you,  
but the words don't fit the mouth  
You're a loser, a rebel, a cause without

But don't think me callous

Dancing Rosemary, disappearing sister Ruth  
It's just your yellow appetite  
that has you choking on the truth  
You gave in, you gave out, outlived your dream of youth

And I can't get jealous

So go on, you'll continue with your nose so open wide  
Knocking on that door that says Hurry come inside  
But don't bother to buy insurance 'cos you've already died

And you can't be serious

I saw my reflection in my father's final tears  
The wind was slowly melting, San Francisco disappears  
Acid heads, unmade beds, and you Woodward world queers

I know you're lonely  
I know you're lonely  
I know you're lonely...

Spoken:  
Thanks for your time  
And you can thank me for mine  
And after that's said  
Forget it.

Bag it, man

(Okay)