

thrashing

I'm so busy
I'm so busy
I'm so busy wanting something to happen.

I can't be here
I can't calm down
I can't come down
I can't be here.

I'm somewhere else
I'm nowhere else
I'm nowhere.

I'm a muscle that needs to stretch
 a sore muscle
 a sore loser
 a loser
I'm not a loser
I'm a laser
 a loose laser
 a loose cannon
 a raw burger
 a bitch in heat.

I'm an ax murderer
 an irs agent
 a storm trooper
 an aging hooker
 a windblown traffic cop
 a four-wheel drive heart attack.

I'm a hunting rifle
I'm a target in pursuit.

how come I'm a redlight
how come I'm a hothouse.

I'm a secret hothouse asthma attack
I'm a cartoon farmhouse
I'm a shack.

I'm a boarded-up outhouse
 a pile of old bottles
 a rusted-out barrel
 a muddy horse field
 a black + white fairy tale.

how come I'm a dumptruck
how come I'm a mousetrap.

maybe I should leave
maybe I should stay
maybe I should
 eat something
 shout at the wall
 take a walk
 pull the plug
 get a job
 slam some doors
 take a shower.

maybe I should give myself a good thrashing
maybe I should clean the house
maybe I should
 stand in the lunchtime traffic + howl at the sun.

I don't know how to stop this sometimes it
goes on + on for days.

I'm a slideshow channel changer zombie
I'm an accident that fell out of my head
I'm a sleepwalking comedian in the backyard
nobody gets it
where am I.