

I'M ALWAYS HERE

By Matter

If I had but an hour
To see my life run through
I'd consummate and contemplate
And share my mind with you

If I had, say, a week or more
I'd take my wretched bones on tour
From frigid peak to shining shore
Places I'd not seen before

Had I a year or two or three
I'd dance and prance with childish glee
I'd taste each smell and sail each sea
Rather lackadaisically

But here I have a hundred years
Each filled with several hundred fears
I shit, I smoke, I drink my beers
I don't elope, I'm always here