

Mouthpiece

Words and Music by David Tschoban

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In the simplest of terms
I am standing erect
From the mouthpiece of the blow horn
To my memory in check
For the tuning's respect
And the mouse cheese on the cold floor
For you to inspect
For the dust and the germs
Do businesses in firms

I'm smiling high at you
As you trip up the stairs
From bottom to the big time
And a place for each hair
Oh, how is the air?
From the flotsam to the strychnine
In a time that is fair
It's what I am used to
Whatever gets you through

I'm laughing now at her
On her knees in the pews
From the tongue lash to the toe tap
She likes the abuse
It's all an excuse
For the lung crash and the low cap
It's time to cut loose
Because I am to her
As a little kitten's purr

In most complex of terms
As you lie on the floor
From your hands tied to your legs spread
Just yelping for more
It's a hobby and it's a chore
From the fan's hide to your fish died
That you hung on your wall
Just the thought makes me squirm
Like a parasitic worm