

show time

**ghosts from your screwed past
screwing the nurses
fingering the doctors
taking the drugs
spitting in the food
spreading germs for free.**

**ghosts from your screwed past
saying,
fucker, you got it coming
right up the A, no mercy for
you.
and we want you to know
how expensive it is to wait on
death,
it's cheaper on the French
Riviera
and what they feed you here
kills as many as the
surgeons.**

**ghosts from your screwed past
getting inside the bodies of
doctors diagnosing you,
"well, it's not so bad, we'll snip
a bit here and there and if all
goes well you should live for
another 6 months or so, in a,
well, rather altered state."**

**ghosts from your screwed past,
men, women, cats, dogs
running about the room:
we're dead, we're dead, we're
dead.**

there's a visitor sitting in a chair,
looking at you, he says,
"hey, buddy, what's this crap, you
look great, bet you could go 4
laps!
and ring the old ding dong!"

who is this guy?
you find out they sent him to the
wrong bed.
he wanted Eddie Desmond.
Eddie left last night, the hard
way.

ghosts from your screwed past
laughing up a storm.
tongues hanging out for lack of
drink.
no hangover, no water and power
bills, no constipation.
nothing.

ghosts from your screwed past.
they are everywhere, they are
inside your head, inside your
stomach, inside your mouth,
inside, inside and outside....

a nurse walks by and for some
reason you want to smash her one
in the gut, make her gasp for her
very breath of life, snap her into it,
make her realize!

no, better to get a doctor, a surgeon.

you sit up against your pillow, smile and
wait.