**over and over and over**

the sisyphean dreamer

my fibula and femur

hold the weight of the world

over and over

i think therefore i die

anxiety and i

rolling down a mountain

over and over

my shoulder holds the weight of the world

the wind is blowing

volcano’s blowing

my lungs are blowing

over and over

who could not win the mistress, woo’d the maid

with no sign of a grave

hollow body,

wine belly perfidy

move like isotta fraschini

over and over

the rock and roller

the young and older

rolling back to the stroller

over and over

and although you’ve warned me

the gods have all scorned me now

and i’m punished for the passion

only telling cause you’re asking

and i’m a glutton for the tasking

and the lovers are drowning

and they’re never gonna find ‘em

cause their ego’s gonna blind ‘em

my shoulder on a boulder

holds the weight of the world

over and over

and although you’ve warned me

the gods have all scorned me now