

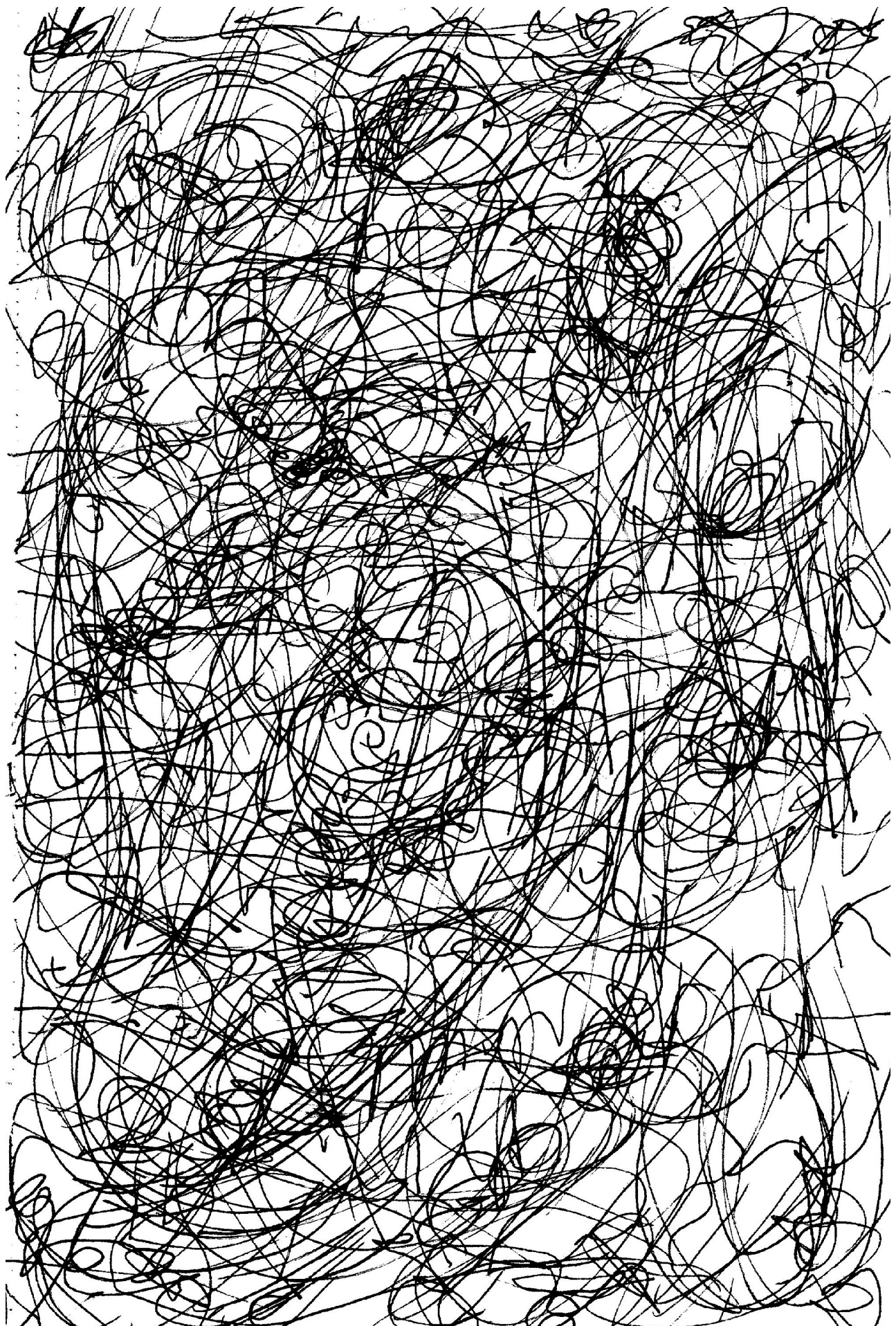
Thinking About Thinking

Thought about a vacant room
Looming in the space above
Rambled to a empty page
Brain spattered
On a wall
I want to paint

Waiting for the train to come
Remembering my neurotic days
Did they make me late
Again
I don't know
Or something

Thinking about a big clean home
A place to put my possessions
Place my trains on some shelves
A quiet place to call my own

These thoughts are getting lonely
Lofty they fall apart
On the tracks
Running down these hands
Holding a mind touched
Restless and blind
Thinking all the time
I think too much



Thunk

You thought wrong

I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT



You didn't think at all

I'm thinking of ending things





I'm still thinking



I don't think about you