

ANDREW HUDGINS

Subject Matter

Mom drank. Daddy got drunk, fell down,
got up, slapped Mom. I wrote it all down.
At first I felt sad, but now I feel better.
Ooh wee — subject matter!

When I got married, my wife loved the bottle.
I watched her swill gin, took notes, watched her topple.
I wrote and I wrote and now I feel better.
Ooh wee — subject matter!

She sat in the car and turned on the engine.
She breathed in deep, she flew off to heaven.
I never felt sad. Now I'm feeling still better.
Ooh wee — subject matter!

She flew off to heaven and I flew too:
I've got something to write about, unlike you.
To make you feel sad makes me feel better.
Ooh wee — subject matter!

All over the world, people suffer. Rejoice!
Because I've suffered too, I'll give them voice.
They think their pain's theirs, but I know better.
Ooh wee — subject matter!