

Fireworks and Phonecalls

Brandtson

a penny on the railroad tracks.
still waiting for the westbound four fifteen.
no name motel and cement smoke stacks.
same old same this time.
this time i'm looking back.
do you have the time to listen to the story of my life.
can you set aside a year so i can tell you why.
the coffee's cold and the station is quiet.
such a lonely wait.
the snow falls carelessly.
i have heard this message in my head before.
the four fifteen to goshen.
now boarding call.
i'll take this on my own again.
i'm not afraid to be on my own again.
i'm not sure exactly why or where i'm going.
i'll just start again.
i know it doesn't make much sense to go.
and nothing ever translates through the telephone.
i just called to say i'm not sure when i'll be home.
i've got to start all over.
and i'll take this time.
take a chance on everything i own.
and i'll make it this time.
somewhere. sometime.
if you can see me there falling down on my face again.
you can leave me there and let me try