

Pictures watch from the sidewalk past
poems go flying in the tracks
all we ever got left is a pile of things

I visit you with nothing burning
hidden heart, stomach churning
circled in the words like the vultures

your mouth becomes a dictionary
words without a holy theory
you're the only one on the page

look it up to find my heart
tear that old shit apart
till you find the words to sum me up

I don't need no lullabies
you sit me down here and you cry

the music man sings his mystery songs
he tries to put his finger on
there's things unfelt that he's always longed to feel

the things we all are destined to loose
while I seek out that crooked muse
you stole my heart and filled it up with blues

I've been waiting for you and me to watch this world from a win
dows seat
Look down there, all them tiny creatures running crazy

and I've been here on this precipice
and I picked apart anything I bring
so we can toss our suitcase into the wind at last

we've all the merry things we needed
it's time like this we remember to believe
let it roll, let it ride, let it ride on me

Lay me down here in your field
they know just, what they steal