

Fall Sweep

Little Wings

I knew the shredder
when he used to hang at the park
in the late afternoon
I never talked to him
I only watched while he tear
Turns out the ground
or whatever's around
All his wheels would slide out
but he'd stay cool
I knew the guy that they once
called the shredder it's true

and I watched the day fade
on the ramp that we made
and I asked myself
where should I go now
A new wave has dawned
and the novelty's gone
so I'm told
and what kind of turn
would I now need to learn
to keep up when I'm feeling
so slowed down
I might feel better
if I knew the shredder felt old

but I see the sunset
on the lump that I get
in my throat

that I get when I try to tell
A story it grows
like a parking lot goes on the ground
And if the shredder's still shredding
I feel like forgetting
I ate his dust long ago
He may remember
but somehow I doubt
that he knows