

## Ariel Ramirez

Richard Buckner

Oh, where you lay  
Your head tonight  
I'll roll away alone  
And close on down

Take up your ring  
And fly back out  
And we'll pretend  
Forget we're dead

Yeah, we'll lay it down  
When we're all through  
When we're killed or cured  
And barely heard

Put Ariel on  
And smoke away the night  
And do the white net crawl  
Until the hammers fall

I kept your poem here  
With all my other gear  
But in the end  
I missed what it meant

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And close on down