

## Song Of 27

Richard Buckner

Though, I may be miles away from her  
With years that pass without a word  
I've never seen a moon so high  
Her name hangs down from there, tonight

So, put your little hand away  
I've seen such needy days before  
On nights like this, my hope returns  
Though, I may be miles away from her

A locket just for good luck  
A pocket knife for long nights  
And a sleepy little dreamer  
With still, miles to go

27, take me home  
And pour that last year down my throat  
The days will fade and the nights will burn  
Though, I may be miles away from her

I see her in the doorway  
Staring a hole through it all  
The first of many fits  
And the last one was, man, the last one was

So check your lock and close your eyes  
When you wake up, I'll be all right  
Never tell them where it hurts  
And keep your bullet, safe inside

The wind has wept and the sky is slurred  
But we slept through the sunrise, too  
I'm dreaming still of who you were  
Though, I may be miles away from her