

Jackson Underground

Sundowner

I walked Harrison with blinders on
So many nights over at George's bar
Glasses of old style glow of jukebox lights
Pictures of my past streaming back tonight
Lonely Wabash under curving El
Swimming aquatic of my brainwaves slow down
The streets are soft and dead at 2 am
Drunk/alone again at Jackson Underground
Uptown sunset flooding from the West
Noise rises to my window from the summer concrete
I couldn't bring myself to love this girl
At the airport I just let her go
I was lost in the rye.
The wind blows hard against my burning skin
I'm just another misguided child of fiction
School kids are shouting in the streets
And I wish I was singing in their wide-eyed chorus
These days I swim in disillusion
At night I dream of possibilities
This afternoon I'm stuck in raw nostalgia
Have I arrived at all the wrong conclusions?
Uptown sunset flooding from the west
Noise rises to my window from the summer concrete
I guess I didn't know how to love that girl
High time for the dust to rest
I was lost in the rye.