

Watching the Wayfarers

Swingin' Utters

We saw gold when there was only dust in the worst we saw in us
what no one else could we traveled far and tramped the dirt down
deep to where our souls could keep the time and never rest. Mind
the road flares watch the steep stairs pace yourself harbor
your fate temptation, hate, destiny sells. I've asked all the
bitter, hapless, and broken down they just return my frowns and
tell me to forget simplicity is not what i was hoping for i thought
it'd be much more than what i'd always dreamt. Read the roadmaps
thumb through atlases and charts try to lose yourself in powder,
booze and bars. I'll return to all my favorite hunts frequent
familiar spots i never really left distance myself from scattered,
lofty thoughts make them resolute, destitute, vague and deaf.