

Free Of Hope

Vic Chesnutt

bricks are dirty, lakes are deadthe family dog is madbaby brother's science beakers are all brokennow the yard peacocks are all sad

board games are boringmay they rot on the shelfbig brother's at Columbia Universityquote unquote he's tanning beaver pelts subtle as a billboard oh so refinedsmoking through my chimneyburning up this life of mind

free of hope, free of the pastthank you God of nothingI'm free at last

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I'm free at last ...

a chip on the shoulder usually meansthere's wood up abovebut no many at this shiny oblong tableis very, very fibrous picnic demographicsI'm scorched and cornfedleaning on the banisterI know it's just another 20, 20 years of sweat

making up his milkdud mindgnawing on a Charleston Chewooh, look inside his hothouse eyessee his budding youth

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