

CLOUDS ON RED WATER

At first I rank like a blind man chasing a train and then I swore at the sand.
Why the dogs in the alley are sipping champagne I'm yet to understand.
I'm so stranded I nearly cash landed. Who could have planned it any better I know?
They're like bandits. They missed the whole planet. They took the ball and ran it to the opposite goal.

Chorus: I'm afraid of clouds on red water. I can't lower the river awhile.
The times are boringly predictable rhymes and I'm damned tired.
I have a heavy suspicion it's a permanent style.

I'll take an oath Poor Richard hasn't seen what I've seen. And Vincent thought he knew night.
The Chessire cat is laughing on a phone pole. He knows I can't get it right.
Dues were twice paid. I sacrificed decades. I never sought shade and what do I find?
My car's barter. The homes are Mars harbor. If I run any harder I'll fall further behind.

Middle: It's a dobbin's cry, a black pernicious lie. A sigh the likes of which was never meant to be.
It's the Midas curse played out in hard reverse. Common sense should come with a warranty.
How many tries do you get in a lifetime before you run out of room?
Only fools laugh at their lifelines until they're sinister blue.
There's no middle ground. Abandoned by faith, I'm gravity's clown.
And I came in from out of the rain, only to find that the rain came inside chasing me.

They promised me what my father had know with smooth and gliding words.
I am the kind they glorified so. What I lack now's absurd.
My grandfather found the shores softer. Make me a tailor and the circle will close.
I don't forgive me. My failures outlive me. And I take myself with me wherever I go.

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