

## Fall Sweep

Little Wings

I knew the shredder  
when he used to hang at the park  
in the late afternoon  
I never talked to him  
I only watched while he tear  
Turns out the ground  
or whatever's around  
All his wheels would slide out  
but he'd stay cool  
I knew the guy that they once  
called the shredder it's true

and I watched the day fade  
on the ramp that we made  
and I asked myself  
where should I go now  
A new wave has dawned  
and the novelty's gone  
so I'm told  
and what kind of turn  
would I now need to learn  
to keep up when I'm feeling  
so slowed down  
I might feel better  
if I knew the shredder felt old

but I see the sunset  
on the lump that I get  
in my throat

that I get when I try to tell  
A story it grows  
like a parking lot goes on the ground  
And if the shredder's still shredding  
I feel like forgetting  
I ate his dust long ago  
He may remember  
but somehow I doubt  
that he knows