

## Blowing off Steam

Abney Park

Where's the tattooed muscle men  
with furled brows a-pullin'?  
Where's the buxom fashion queen  
with thin-aired curls a-curlin'?  
Where's the angry nomad minstrel  
growlin' out a lullaby?  
Where's the edgy circus folk?  
Or have they said goodbye?

Where's the soiled and rusty builders  
welding iron sculptures?  
Where's the clockwork fellow-beaters  
circled in like vultures?  
Where's the darkened cabaret  
filled with new nostalgics?  
Where has everything I loved gone?  
Oh, the loss is tragic!

All alone in a crowd  
With strangers who all know me  
And I try to be friends  
But there's no one here who chose me  
Should I run?  
Should I hide?  
Should I change my life completely?  
Should I hold me inside?  
Or keep my anger hid discreetly?

Where's the crazy fire folk  
spinning warmth a-blazin'?  
Where's the muscled aerialist  
in the sky amazing?  
Where's the dreadlocked cowboy  
head-to-toe in ancient leather?  
Where's the pretty painted ladies  
behind their fans of feathers?

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Where's the slender flapper girls  
in silken gowns and pearls?  
Where's the threadbare waltzers  
paintin' the floors in curls?  
Where's my life-confirming friends  
or did I ever have them?  
Where's the brazen, angry artists?  
Tell me what replaced them!

All alone in a crowd

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