

# The Big Gundown

Bane

&and did i mention that there are still those days  
where i can hardly lift my head up from the pillow  
or looking out the window of the plane  
rooting for disaster  
sometimes i just run out of reasons  
but the clock keeps ticking and the minutes keep coming  
and all i can do is rise to slaughter the hours  
let the air out of these days  
killing time  
staring into corners or at strands of her hair  
waiting for the call that tells me where to next  
wishing i could trade these stupid words  
for hollow point shells  
before every move that I make equals check-mate  
did i just say her?  
this song is not for her  
no matter what i've said or longed for  
or that her name still moves along these walls  
lives in this pen  
(i've made promises)  
this song is for Buk, for Trane, for Wes, and for Marty  
who keep their barrels oiled adn ready  
the few that I would trade ten days to spend one hour with  
rare like a ruby at the bottom of the sea  
beautiful like the sparrow in the kittens jaw