

Packed Powder

Blind Pilot

I started working at the second hand,
I thought it would make me more colorful.
I saw the world as a stitch and patch.
I saw the sky as torn grey wool.

I started working as a dime store clerk,
I thought it would make me the kind to put you first.
My only dreams were in fluorescent light,
My only goal was to forget what I was worth.

I want to see how it takes me.
I want to see how the powder burns.
Don't want to keep what I can't have more of.
Don't want to wait and miss my turn.

I started working as a tour guide,
I thought it would make me believe my own words.
Every patient thought just passed me by,
Every truth I said sounded just absurd.

I started working at a small town church,
I thought it would make me a better man.
They said the sins I had would fly away,
As if the birds were in the palms of my own hands.

I want to see how it takes me,
I want to see how the powder burns.
Don't want to keep what I can't have more of,
Don't want to wait and miss my turn.