

Square One

Buck 65

it was the echoing voices of the old ones,
through thick steal forests and overscorched earth.
always just out of reach.
a murder of crows judged my every footstep.

my bones were frozen.
penniless and entirely out of breath,
i washed my beautiful hands in the black market dog water trough.

but through it all, the real stick in my spokes was the torment of my dreams
.
i fought off sleep with both fists and sometimes fire.

with little more than a blow gun that i made from an exhausted pen,
i shot the stars out of the sky.
when each one fell, sparkling to the ground,
i made wishes that never came true.

apparitions of angels with angry eyes appeared at each new moon.
my own ghost began whispering
and the trees died if i tried climbing.
the decision was made for me...to begin interpreting real life
just as i would a nightmare.

watching an already dead world vanish,
we the banished and outlawed wander
hither and yonder like dogs gone hungry.
funky and angry and sometimes ugly.

drums like drugs have turned us to scavengers,
pathfinders, addicts, and mathematicians,
practitioners of blackmagic.
we make music from used up junk and bad luck dreams.

liars and losers, emus and aardvarks,
gypsies and penthieves, pedalers, cardsharks.
all of us fortune tellers combing the forest.
hardcore, building a cardboard fortress.

forward fast and backwards blindfolded.
trying to find gold buried in floodplains.
covered in bloodstains, flybites and egg yolk.
running away with one of my legs broke.

sometimes it's lonesome travelling homeless.
not knowing where you're going, riding the railroads.
pick up some sailboats, and most of the locomotives
once we decide to see some of the countryside.

working with circus performers and cutthroats.
discussions with percussionists, perverts, and poets.
haven't you ever heard of the... 1200 hobos??

we ain't vampires dressed like rock stars,
we build campfires and ride boxcars
town to town, we just write songs,
and plus we stay up like all night long.

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twenty some years is a long walk,
even if it's not in a straight line.
you see a lot of things in the distance.
you know what they say about great minds.

you and i think about the same things,
dream the same dreams, play the same games.
we started out in the same place.
believe it or not, we got the same names.

everything happens for a good cause,
whether it be victory or loss.
and the road may turn into a runway,
but you'll know what to do someday.

trust me, i've seen it all before.
i've climbed to the tops of the tallest trees
to get away from the deep water,
to find a touch of the smallest breeze.

you'll find a girl with a low voice,
who holds the world in her bare hands.
you'll fall in love, you'll have no choice,
once you were given a fair chance.

for the first time you will sleep well,
take a deep breath, see the sunshine.
hold on to her for dear life,
then watch the whole world unwind.

ask her to show you some magic,
and i guarantee that she will say yes.
tell her you've seen forever,
and you'll be together not a day less.

just know until that time comes
and after you cross that first mile,
that the hardest part is behind you,
and all of the pain will be worth while.

from storm clouds come angels.
let pain give you pleasure.
from dirt roads grow flowers.
when faith can't be measured.

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i know a man who was born with his heart on the outside.
every man's worst fear, he also had heavy hands.
he couldn't touch his lover's face, he couldn't hold the baby.
he would never desert 'em, but he was worried he's hurt 'em, maybe.

mad at the world, his face turned hot pink.
the best he could do was just try and not think.

but he was too bothered, so he would only try rarely.
he read the last page of every book in the library.

he lacked the charisma of a true revolutionary.
crime fighter, would try to write, but kept breaking his typewriter.
he'd preach his manifesto like a militant radical.
was dilligent, but his greatest mistakes were grammatical.

if he only spent more time rehearsing, preparing,
there wouldn't have to be so much cursing and swearing.
eyes on fire, his volume was blistering.
no one had taught him about the power of whispering.

he is dynamite: blows kisses, eats dirt.
mouth of a volcano, he is a t-shirt.
he stands on stilts, but doesn't stand for funny stuff.
ask me? he just hasn't been around the sun enough.

he paints self-portraits with a ruler, only eats corn,
and then tries to sell his own soul on the street corner.
he always remembers everyone's numbers and
sometimes cries into his own cumbersome hands.