

## Castle-Time

Chris Garneau

Men doing men thing times  
chewing candy and tobacco lines  
drinkin heart puned pints  
tossing nikels and dimes

Their lookin for an exit signs  
their lookin for a lucky night  
the darken and boring ryhmes  
damn their keeping up old times

My teacher died, even the frying pan cried,  
rain fell slowly according to caslte-time,  
i was only nine

I lookin for an exit signs  
i was lookin for a lucky night  
and my darken and boring ryhmes  
well face it were living in war times

Lets cry about you  
lets cry about you, you cant  
cry about you

Dont be embaressed  
i'wont laugh at you

The river flows north and wines  
travelling south you head wind time  
the passers by are not kind  
but the sky is sublime

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah