

Castle-Time

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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