

# Cigarettes And Gasoline

Emerson Hart

Cigarettes and gasoline  
Morning seas they call to me  
I'm pulling line in the early light  
Being seventeen  
Good things  
Good things

Far away from the painted doors  
In the town where I was born  
Where my heroes came before me  
And the crowds called out for more  
Good things  
Good things

I am trolling the ocean for the soul of my father  
Heavy sand kicks water and makes it like a ghost  
He's waiting for me  
He's waiting for me

Holding in and letting go  
Freezing hands and coffee burns  
Steering straight in a heavy tide  
All these things I've learned  
Good things  
Good things

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