## **Romance Valley**

## **Hammers of Misfortune**

Someone call the water It's freezing up the spokes Like any deal or device It worked until it broke Whistle past the graveyard Where the river runs uphill Let us juice the roundheels No ink is gonna spill

Your insiders - Newborn spiders Starve the sentry - Clear re-entry

Thoroughbreds who should be dead Run faster 'round the track All the swans down at the pond Are turning turning black

Crumpled up and sodden Receipts upon the floor Trodden on and trampled in The stampede to the door Dance between the raindrops And cue the violins All the river-boaters know The killer always wins