

## 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