

Things could have been better
they sure could not have gotten much worse
when there were tears out in the alley
and laughter waiting out front in the hearse
and there's remark about contender
repulsa ain't too hard to find
conclusion based on surrender
and the general dismissal
on the merit of mankind
the snakes and the saw-tooths
they lay loving the buck
spending all their time setting up camp
and running amuck
light is not the neon filler
not the memory of sun filled days by solar spark
light is the moses
splitting the waves in a sea so dark
there's a town in the high desert
where doctor gene scott says the demons run
alongside a chunk of heaven hovering there
where the wind in the image of the throne rides shotgun
riddles of the wonderment, wonders of the firmament
and me laid up, laid off and laying low

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