

Used To Be Alright

I Mother Earth

It's pretty good, the wine
The way that we look at
Ten to eight in the morning
Just talking, still awake in
Dawn and dew drinking, thinking
Always...

Remembering the laughs, the time
We got high for seven days down
In New Orleans and it seemed like
No one else knew we were just
The moon and sun in fog before the
Heat burned it away and took
The sleep from tired heads on
Beds of reaching hands, of road trip
Breath and long tall freedom

And then you long
For the days of trippin' down
The long road just reading the
Signs that show you the way to
A higher place you meditate to
Feel the quiet of the earth
That was back
When we used to be alright

Another shame, the way
The city smells worse on
A hot day in August...2 PM
Right before us good movers
Move and us shakers break
Our hearts getting home to
Country love and the garbage
Dump by the dried up creek
Near the forest that once had life
And then I turn on the news
Somebody shoot me soon
I'm tired of over heating, falling
Quick to bending knees and
Broken veins, of always needing
Faith to get to shore and break
All the vows I've made

No time or presence
Of mind to wonder why
No time for questions of
Why I wonder why
Something's wrong...again
The noise shakes the ground
There's a rage in
The crowd and I'm a face
In the crowd, what's your name?
You're sinkin' in the sand
Standing next to me, a river
Running through your pants, afraid
To trust me when my hands
Are helping you