

## Song For Annie's Harmonica

Kind of Like Spitting

Slid right through the turnstile and off the loft we went,  
We were taken in by strangers, called out by coil and kin.  
Oh concentrate on as far back as you can go,  
When we would put a bullet in its belfry to prove it's all a hoax,  
So what we don't impress the fireworks with the strumming of our smiles  
But you can look up how high heaven is and try to count the miles,  
Keeps us busy for awhile.

Said the cradle to the kick drum that life begins again,  
Smoke butts like spent bullets.  
Street sweepers home to sleep again  
And when he put his arms around me  
His hoodie smelled like gasoline  
So here's to all lost fragrances.

To a future with some balance,  
To a future without judgment,  
To a future with my family.

To a future without anger,  
To a fate of more than damaged fits,  
To a future worth remembering.