

Ariel Ramirez

Richard Buckner

Oh, where you lay
Your head tonight
I'll roll away alone
And close on down

Take up your ring
And fly back out
And we'll pretend
Forget we're dead

Yeah, we'll lay it down
When we're all through
When we're killed or cured
And barely heard

Put Ariel on
And smoke away the night
And do the white net crawl
Until the hammers fall

I kept your poem here
With all my other gear
But in the end
I missed what it meant

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And close on down