

## Straight

Richard Buckner

Another washout, brake lights showing  
Probably gonna slow down, no way of knowing  
Let's hear the outline, I see where it's going  
I know where it came from a bubble in the moment

Someone'll find out  
Finishing the time  
Crashing around and one night you'll try it  
Is something at stake?

Seen off safely but I could've used  
A chance at maybe, a time or two  
One for the distance and speaking of the roar  
Stopping just to listen at her number on the door

Isn't something calling  
Coming as you go?  
Never and always and missing the throw?  
With hours on the fade

It wasn't where you found it  
Returning late again  
Waking dressed from before in some week long bed  
Leave it all still made

Fall to a weak floor and let it lay  
Think of somebody, too far away  
Get something easy, lost in the fuel?  
Come back tomorrow with a new excuse

Sparklers are passing to the corners of the night  
I feel the heat and they move on glowing  
But I can pull away