

From A Few Streets Over

Ron Sexsmith

From a few streets over
Before the sun goes down
You can hear it coming closer
To this dislocated shoulder
of an old and crooked town
That's when the ice cream van rolls around

But in the land of plenty
The money here is tight
The children here are many
(and if you do have any)
He will park his van outside
There waits the ice cream man with the cold dark eyes

For it's not a "Rockwell" summer
or a world of "Dick and Jane"
And how it makes you shudder
Like you used to hide from thunder
When you hear him coming down the lane
And you condemn the ice cream man to the world of flame

A sickly, sweet wind is blowing
Across the fields of hell
A licorice night's unfolding
Near a grave sight a corroded
old and burnt out carousel
Here lies the ice cream man, the devil treats him well