

Smokestack Dreams

Swingin' Utters

The smokestack's blowing off my last few dreams and isn't that
the way its always been?
She pours into the sky and chokes the trees then disappears from
view, like empty streams
And the second step from heaven disappeared and then
I took to crying on my bed and the second step from madness
Disappeared on a rainy day in august every year

The denizen of sad and awful days has visited my home with all
her grace
She's taught me worlds of knowledge through disgrace
She's given me a taste of the misplaced
And I've taken to revising my diaries,

Modifying the more adamant entries and the second step from madness
Disappeared on a rainy day in august every year
What's missing is the scent of salted air and a song sung by your
sweetheart,
And you're there as a twilight breeze sifts slowly through her
hair
And the angels take a split of the devil's share