

## 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