

9. puddles of whiskey

fawm 2021

the streets of my youth are all boarded up
my old school has long been shut down
went out seeking the truth and they shut me up
and they ran my sad ass out of town

i am going i am going
where the winds of change are blowing
i am spewing i am drooling
where the puddles of whiskey are pooling

and the loves of my youth kept the hot fires lit
raging late into the night
an ecstatic nomadic self-propelled trip
self-destructive like dynamite

i am going i am going
with this cart full of shite that i'm towing
i am slathering i am blathering
where the puddles of whiskey are gathering

i watch others ride the whiskey to fortune and fame
i waited so long for that call
i watch winners and losers grow tired of the game
and the winners have further to fall

i am going i am going
where the warning signs are glowing
i am drowning i am drowning
where the puddles of whiskey are browning

my sights are now set on what lies dead ahead
these nights i sing songs to the moon
joining a chorus of hearts that are bled
singing the loneliest tune

i am going i am going
where father time is all-knowing
i am dying i am dying
where the puddles of whiskey are drying