

Avail, West Wye

sidetracked conveniently five steps from the mainline
fresh off a grain porch drinking swill
down from picking up in maine
counting change
"oh how i, i would do anything for that old junktrain to turn manifest
and highball, yeah i'd sing that railroad song by the time the sun is setting
in the west"
no time or purpose as embers smolder
holed up in pines of green
pablo writes "dos" where mouths don't share what their eyes have seen
"see those days are gone and i can't stand one more
i've fought this war counting miles alone
i've seen it all, every goddamn state
out here son it's as rough as i have known"
all i have known with sky above as home
and ground beneath as bed is to ride fast
live slow and without regret
"i've got no time for regret
those thoughts solve nothing in the end
i've got blistered hands
and lived full through rejection
long endured
'cause i came up poor
"hell no i, i wouldn't change a thing, those old junktrains all turn manifest
and highball, yeah i'll sing that railroad song by the time
the sun is setting in the west"