

# 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";