Ron Sexsmith, From A Few Streets Over

From a few streets over Before the sun goes down You can hear it coming closer To this dislocated shoulder of an old and crooked town That's when the ice cream van rolls around

But in the land of plenty
The money here is tight
The children here are many
(and if you do have any)
He will park his van outside
There waits the ice cream man with the cold dark eyes

For it's not a "Rockwell" summer or a world of "Dick and Jane" And how it makes you shudder Like you used to hide from thunder When you hear him coming down the lane And you condemn the ice cream man to the world of flame

A sickly, sweet wind is blowing Across the fields of hell A licorice night's unfolding Near a grave sight a corroded old and burnt out carousel Here lies the ice cream man, the devil treats him well