

# Vic Chesnutt, Free Of Hope

bricks are dirty, lakes are deadthe family dog is madbaby brother's science beakers are all broken  
board games are boringmay they rot on the shelfbig brother's at Columbia Universityquote unquote  
subtle as a billboard oh so refinedsmoking through my chimneyburning up this life of mind  
free of hope, free of the pastthank you God of nothingI'm free at last

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I'm free at last ...

a chip on the shoulder usually meansthere's wood up abovebut no many at this shiny oblong table  
picnic demographicsI'm scorched and cornfedleaning on the banisterI know it's just another 20, 20  
making up his milkdud mindgnawing on a Charleston Chewooh, look inside his hothouse eyessee  
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