

Vic Chesnutt, Strange Language

up on the bluff where I wish I was twisting up the pages of history
my cold feet dangling my bony arms gesturing to summon up a little chunk of that history
in the corridor the shadows are long and it messes with my equilibrium and there's strains of a strange
up on the bluff where the hardwoods jut out toward the gusts of history
my crusty mind cracks my restless heart tracks the fractal lines of history

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