

# Buddy Lackey, Just Like A Timepiece

the ghost of my own song  
have named themselves no one  
strings of their shadows have led through the world  
the hands of the dream wind  
that blows from beneath them  
bring thin sheets of paper, they ask me for more  
they offer a ride in their submarine dragonfly  
brought me inside to a chair in her head  
the blind jester pilot  
he smiles and he says that she knows where to go as he lies down instead  
I couldn't help noticing the pilot began to dream  
started me wondering time of the day  
the carousel seahorses picturesque circus dress  
flowing behind them began their display  
the pantomime syphony slowly pretends to me  
I stopped for directions back to my dream  
the one broke his silence and pointed to me  
and said just like a timepiece keep circling, circling

blue for the sky  
the world only turns from far away  
only blue from this high  
it feels like flying  
it feels like dying

sun is sinking planet shrinking  
looking through the windows thinking  
floating high above the weather  
life and daydream come together  
fly, fly

the harlequin juggler in porcelain masquerade  
bicycle playing card joker in green  
the jack-rabbit rocking-horse  
pendulate back and forth  
tick-tocking aprature carnival stream  
there came a time in which I began wondering  
the distance behind us inside of this dream  
the blind jester pilot, he woke and he said to me  
just like the world we keep circling, circling  
the ghost of my own song  
have named themselves no one  
strings of their shadows have led through the world

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that blows from beneath them  
bring thin sheets of paper, they ask me for more

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