

# Chris Garneau, Castle-Time

Men doing men thing times  
Chewing candy and tobacco lines  
Drinking harpoon pints  
Tossing nickels and dimes  
They're looking for exit signs  
They're looking for lucky nines  
They're talking in boring rhymes  
Damn, they're keeping up old times  
My teacher died  
Even the frying pan cried  
Rain fell according to castle-time  
I was only nine  
I was looking for exit signs  
I was looking for lucky nines  
They're talking in boring rhymes  
Well face it, we're living in war times  
Let's cry about it  
Let's cry about it  
You can cry about it  
Don't be embarrassed  
I won't laugh at you  
The river flows north and winds  
Traveling south you hit wind time  
The passers by are not kind  
But the sky's sublime