

Jeff Finlin, The Long Lonesome Death Of The Traveling Man

It flew in as fear
it flew in as rain
disguised as a dream
in a suit grey and plain
at the end of a rainbow
in all he could hold
in the taste of her tears
as they salted the road
in the sounds in the stations
built from iron so grand
the long lonesome death of the traveling man

was it you on my arm
like a tattoo carved in
your strawberry curls
against my black leather grin
in a love going nowhere
but right here and now
on a carousel horse
with this life as your shroud
you kissed me one time
passed me the moment at hand
and the long lonesome death of the traveling man

here I am standing right in the middle
with my head in the west
and my mind somewhere east of belief
here I ride
at the speed of the sound of the lonely
holding you
looking back holding me
holding me

now the boats they all lay
on the muddy bay floor
and wait for the tide
to take them from shore
as the moon and its pull
brings them to stand
I feel the weight of my duty
slip from my hand
feel myself going nowhere
as fast as I can
feel the long lonesome death of the traveling man