

Kelly Joe Phelps, Red Light Nickel

Trails the no home leave behind them
"God bless you" signs on a street corner lamp post
Maybe a vet of his own alley way
An "Ain't drunk yet wanna be" swallow song
Ain't drunk yet wanna be

Bits of rubber hanging by a needle
Thread between childhood and where this is now
How does one wither or whittle down a tree
For blossoms that try to bear right circumstance
Blossoms that try to bear

So, it's good out there? Better than some...
Folks keep trying to bring back the summer
That returned an unreturnable smile
Shoe string in a nether wind
Fish bite on a silver hook
Soft step in the stairwell that sounds like dad

Hungry, it is, tired and old
30 or 80 years, ticket the same
The game stay's the right of the passing in time
Surrogate rhyme lingers tip o' the tongue
Surrogate rhyme lingers

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When I was young, my dreams flew in colors
Even did as the sore ocean rumbled
Now my feet wander the length of new countries
Red light holding my vision to come
And a green light holding my vision

And it sounds like dad
It sounds like dad
And it sounds like dad