

# Kelly Joe Phelps, Red Light Nickel

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