

Nine Days, Castles Burning

The nickels you pick up
On the long dirty road
On your way to that castle in your mind
Won't carry much weight
When the voice in your soul
Becomes louder than you
What if the castle is burning
When you finally get it in sight
Listen to the voices that matter
Don't tell me you've written of yesterday's dreams
Bloodsuckers, liars and thieves
For a paperback novel
Can show you the page
But it'll never get naked
I might as well burn all your letters
I might as well cut off your fingers
Listen to the voices that matter
Your friends in the rain
Been placed in the cage
Awaiting your prostitute smile
You think you'd be able
To scrape off your labels
In a year
You've said that before
They'll tell you it's too late to change
They'll promise you things look better
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For the nickels you pick up
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