

Promise Ring, The Heart Of A Broken Story

Four in the afternoon I should be up and gone soon.
This is the shirt that I'm wearing out.
Torn at the elbow from too much football
and one size too small all around.
Stretched shoulder to shoulder,
a stretch from soda to soda.
And I slept to the radio over the wind in the morning.
I'm turned like an elbow;
a slumber after parting.
Red faced from too much sun in too many summers.
And your state fair mirror of John Taylor saw the whole thing.