Rustic Overtones, Smoke

Smells like smoke.
Smells like smoke.
It smelled like smoke.
Or smells like the stench of a Saturday night.
The ceiling broke.
The neighboors woke to the rain
When I woke to the orange light.
One minute I'm burning up,
Then I'm soaked in the fire fight.
The fire drowned and the water choked tonight
It's when you're kicking up the dirt,
You kick your spurs to the sun.
It isn't what you do, it's what you've done.

Someone said you died last night,
but that you were fine.
When you came to the church on Sunday,
You were looking like Saturday night.

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The buggies climb in when the kids climb out.
Well there are polka dots of buggies,
Where the screens ripped out.
The yellow toys swim through a dusty filth.
They've got to break down the homes
that the buggies have built.

It's when they're kicking up the dirt,
They kick their spurs to the sun.
When the buggies they sting,
Kiddies, they run.

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