

Single Gun Theory, My Estranged Wife

In the field of my estranged wife's eye
I see miles of corn wavering
as the breeze lifts and sighs
with resignation and complacency

she stares blankly at the horizon
there'll be no rain
she dashes my hope once more
brittle sticks of desperate effort for survival
the dreams and longings
we wished we hadn't sowed

and I know I'll never laugh again on a Sunday
I know I'll never dance again
the heaviness of the clouds reflects the condensation
inside of me, inside of me

I see the blur of rain on distant hillside
the clouds have passed us once more
the pools of disillusionment are swelling
the object of my desire I abhor

she lies waiting never to be untitled
withered life lies tattered like corn
bitter and torn
frustrated and forlorn