

Swingin' Utters, Smokestack Dreams

The smokestack's blowing off my last few dreams and isn't that the way its always been? she pours
And the second step from heaven disappeared and then I took to crying on my bed and the second

The denizen of sad and awful days has visited my home with all her grace she's taught me worlds

And I've taken to revising my diaries, modifying the more adamant entries and the second step from

What's missing is the scent of salted air and a song sung by your sweetheart, and you're there as a