

Walkabouts, Almost Wisdom

Got an earthquake shack near Elbe.
Got a garden of dyin' cars.
Covered up deep in the mud of the powerline road.

And at night I can hear the lockjaw,
And the swagger of the devil's tongue.
Comin' on down from the wires of the powerline road.

Sayin' that tomorrow's just a cheap shot at today.
And that we've gone beyond our reckoning.
And if we don't face the troubles now, our families will betray.
And that's the one good reason left to give.
And it's almost wisdom.

Geneva took the kids back home,
Never heard from her again.
That's back when I worked all them 12-hour days.
Now I idle here wickedly, right through the thick and thin.
Never to believe what I cannot live.

Knowin' that tomorrow's just a cheap-shot at today,
And that we've gone beyond our reckoning.
And if we don't face the troubles now, our families will betray.
They'll take the one good reason left to give.

I was drunk on her suspicions,
And a fifth of Early Times.
I went down into Elbe just to pick a fight.
And there behind the laundry house, was Geneva in a car
She opened the front door and shouted to the night.

Shouted that tomorrow is the last chance for today.
Shouted soon we'll have our reckoning.
Shouted that the trouble here leaves us nothin' to betray.
And nothin' is the one thing left to give.
And it's almost wisdom.
Almost wisdom. X3