

Walkabouts, Sand & Gravel

The sky is always heavy here,
And the mules they roam in packs.
And the skulls we dragged from waterholes,
By the woodshed in a stack.

And fear don't ever come out alone.
And the bad moon flies by night.
And the choices made won't come again.
'Cause the first choice wasn't right.

No time for me to wash,
The sand & gravel.

Downwinders, we still watch the sky.
And each cloud has a name.
Thunderhead & casket face.
Keep your head on, don't breathe.

The hills will slowly cover you,
'Til their blessings are disguised.
And the choices made will travel home.
Leaving all their junk behind.

No time for me to wash,
The sand & gravel.

Got bags of ash and worry stones,
Buried by the fence.
And some Army water from a can,
Left over from the tests.

The great unwashed is out my door,
And it will lose you in a pinch.
And now that sorry don't mean spit.
I have memorized each inch.

No time for me to wash,
The sand & gravel here.