Summons

Field Report

over the water outside of Mobile
allowing the sunset to take her time
I've been putting off the knowing in a
pink and orange haze while the
oil rigs are feeding me lines
and the pines, straight and tall, fly past, looking out on a
hundred mile barcode or prison bars
and I'm whispering the Lord's prayer over
every bridge I go across
try to summon up the strength not to
swerve into the cars
I'll be coming home to youdrunk hotel halogen bathroom mirror
gonna conjure up the courage to call up a ghost
I've been picking at the cancer;
smear it on my chest over my heart
like a salve where it burns us the mostI'll be coming home to you
did you fall in love again while I've been away?
in my dreams I'm in another man's clothes
I got all these friends in Durham but I never know their names
If I had to, I could probably make it home
I've been two weeks dry, in a bar every night
I've been pissing coffee, quinine and lime
and the fog's been lifting; I'm doing alright
i still can't look nobody in the eye
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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