

Jim Cain

Bill Callahan

I started out in search of ordinary things
How much of a tree bends in the wind
I started telling the story without knowing the end I used to be darker, then I got lighter, then I got dark again
Something too big to be seen was passing over and over me
Well it seemed like the routine case at first
With the death of the shadow came a lightness of verse
But the darkest of nights, in truth, still dazzles
And I woke myself until I'm frazzled I ended up in search of ordinary things
Like how can a wave possibly be?
I started running, and the concrete turned to sand
I started running, and things didn't pan out as planned In case things go poorly and I not return
Remember the good things I've done
In case things go poorly and I not return
Remember the good things I've done
Done me in

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