Uniontown

Chamberlain

Strange morning, and even stranger day.
I took my thoughts for a walk in the backyard.
Digging for dreams I found them buried there,
And in my mind I was a king.
Living lifetimes in a day,
In this fieldtown.
Dreaming high on warehouse roves,
Where lilies bend like men with broken backs.
Street cars come humming down
On pot-holed streets where our past
Is dead and lying.
Living lifetimes in a day,
In this fieldtown.
(Oh how we shudder beneath that sword)
It moved to me like music through a room and now,
Now I live for song.
Have heart and hang the past.
Quiet the softer side.
From here I go on laughing.
Quiet comes the end this time.
I'm finding system in these big thoughts.
I'm thinking thoughts that shake
The world that we all come from.
Living lifetimes in a day,
In this fieldtown.

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