Yellow Like Gold

Chamberlain

Frail like dreams,
I had crossed a thought
Thin line I'd never seen.
I know that dreams turn nails to leaves
And this deceiver is someone
I can't keep at bay.

So I blame me whenever
I let my ghost stray.
I blame the honest man
With his heart in his hand.

And I come harboring
Secrets in the night.
Knowing that beneath this skin
Lies a man waiting to come alive.
This is the sound thoughts
Make like ballads from the barrel of a gun.
And I "at my sky blue trades"
Fade back to where I came from.
I blame the honest man
With his heart in his hand.

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