Straight

Richard Buckner

Another washout, brake lights showing
Probably gonna slow down, no way of knowing
Let's hear the outline, I see where it's going
I know where it came from a bubble in the momentSomeone'll find out
Finishing the time
Crashing around and one night you'll try it
Is something at stake?Seen off safely but I could've used
A chance at maybe, a time or two
One for the distance and speaking of the roar
Stopping just to listen at her number on the doorIsn't something calling
Coming as you go?
Never and always and missing the throw?
With hours on the fadeIt wasn't where you found it
Returning late again
Waking dressed from before in some week long bed
Leave it all still madeFall to a weak floor and let it lay
Think of somebody, too far away
Get something easy, lost in the fuel?
Come back tomorrow with a new excuseSparklers are passing to the corners of the night
I feel the heat and they move on glowing
But I can pull away

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