Watching the Wayfarers

Swingin' Utters

We saw gold when there was only dust in the worst we saw in us what no one else could we traveled far and tramped the dirt down deep to where our souls could keep the time and never rest. Mind the road flares watch the steep stairs pace yourself harbor your fate temptation, hate, destiny sells. I've asked all the bitter, hapless, and broken down they just return my frowns and tell me to forget simplicity is not what i was hoping for i thought it'd be much more than what i'd always dreamt. Read the roadmaps thumb through atlases and charts try to lose yourself in powder, booze and bars. I'll return to all my favorite hunts frequent familiar spots i never really left distance myself from scattered, lofty thoughts make them resolute, destitute, vague and deaf.

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