

Empty Tin

Hans York

(Hans York/Tom Armstrong)An empty tin for gasoline
Makes a desperate sound when it's struck
In the thoughts of a child in these decaying streets
In the swirling of the dust
The boy ignores it all and plays
With a branch on the rusty metal
Dust resting itself on his shoulders and shoes
When in truth it will never settleShe lifted her heart above all other things
Destroyed all her lovers with trust
In shanties where thoughts caught the wind in the heat
With the desperate discomfort of lust
She tried to reverse the decay of the world
Pulling back on its rusty metal
Dust resting itself on her shoulders and shoes
When in truth it would never settleI've given up trying to sleep
It seems they'll never switch the light off that sign
The buildings, they ache and moan with the heat
The drunks blend their sorrows with wine
This city's a filter for genius
I've seen the rest of us keep passing through
May you cast off the burden of destiny, love
May its weight never settle on you
May you cast off the burden of destiny, love
May its weight never settle on you

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