Wrecking Ball

Chris Pureka

I pushed it hard, that goddamn wrecking ball,
And I waited for the weight to swing around but it never did.
And the crows they fell around my eyes
And still no sign of that ball and chain.

I pushed it hard, that goddamn wrecking ball.
What kind of pendulum never comes back home?
You start to miss it some. The way you miss the rain,
The way you miss the fighting when the war is won...

But what I miss the most
Is knowing just exactly where it hurts,
Is knowing just exactly what is wrong.
And what I want, and what I want...

I love the ghost trees, the weary midnight drives,
The taste of loneliness in the air beyond the towns.
I miss the resonance of those trigger words,
That crazy one track mind. Sometimes I miss the cold...

But what I miss most,
Is knowing just exactly where it hurts,
Is knowing just exactly what is wrong.
And what I want, and what I want...

I'm remembering the sunlight, coming down in shades of blue,
The sorrow of the aftermath tightening the noose.
I'm thinking of the night that all the lights went out,
And how I learned to see in the dark, in the dark, in the dark...

I pushed it hard, that goddamn wrecking ball.
What kind of pendulum never comes back home?

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