

Dream

The Vincent Black Shadow

Blew the dust off a wooden box
And set it on the piano
Nasty words came from its mouth
The bite marks were to follow
I should have given it away
Now I never dream
Wide awake for much too long
My eyes glued to the table
Tried to feign authority
But sadly wasn't able
And then it threw me to the floor
I never dream
They say I'm late by half a century
He died in 1943
I can't just leave
(He smells it when I'm gone)
So I just take it in my sleep
The road is going...
Me: "Ask for her another day"
The spade's up your sleeve
There's sweat on your brow
And I will be damned
If I let you back into this town
December 17th, 1955 - Broken
Seven hours passed on your floor
Seven hours isn't that long
Seven hours isn't

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