

Burning an Oak Tree

People's Blues Of Richmond

It didn't seem so profound when it hit me,
I'd burned everything down and stood around like a chimney,
and everything I found in the ashes around me
turned brown from the mud on the ground and the whiskey
I'd poured all through the house to make the flames burn more quickly
Like the burn in my throat that made me this sickly.
But it take more takes more than fire to take down a chimney so I laughed at the flames as they jumped up to get
me. It puzzles me how
not everyone gets me
If it isn't clear now you can find out more quickly what I'm really about by burning an oak tree
I'm the fuel and the fire both struggling for victory! And it's hard to stay around, when everything that was with
me has burned to the ground and turned into history,
I hope I never go down, I hope history skips me and I just stick around you'll have to leave here to miss
me! Because I'm a metaphor, now, for a confused little city
Richmond's downtown, well it might never fix me
But I'll argue all night about who doesn't need pity. I'll say, "these flames aren't so hot, ya know, they're really
quite pretty!"

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