

# Smokestack Dreams

## Swingin' Utters

The smokestack's blowing off my last few dreams and isn't that the way its always been? she pours into the sky  
and chokes the trees then disappears from view, like empty streams  
And the second step from heaven disappeared and then I took to crying on my bed and the second step from  
madness disappeared on a rainy day in august every yearThe denizen of sad and awful days has visited my  
home with all her grace she's taught me worlds of knowledge through disgrace she's given me a taste of the  
misplacedAnd I've taken to revising my diaries, modifying the more adamant entries and the second step from  
madness disappeared on a rainy day in august every yearWhat's missing is the scent of salted air and a song  
sung by your sweetheart, and you're there as a twilight breeze sifts slowly through her hair and the angels take a  
split of the devil's share (Koski)

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