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 adament 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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