

Gospel On the Overpass

Orville Stoeber

I was a slim shadow
floating down a river of bones
The moon rattled
trying to hit the edges
of the traffic cones
As my mind wandered
over the field of broken promises
Unspoken truth

But there were no answers
Nothing like a permanent cure
Just a slow cancer
Eating through the armor
of the amateurs
Moral lessons learned
through the prism of a teardrop
Hardtop, salmon-colored Studebaker
Don't know when to quit
A pitbull on the accelerator!

I'd spin one way
Shrinking from the privileged class
Spend Sunday
scribbling the gospel on the overpass
Twenty questions
played by a window
with a west coast breeze

Now time sparkles
Flickers in the ink on the page
The New Age beckons
Time to turn the corner
on another soul battle
Nobody telling anybody
what they don't want to hear
There, everywhere, hard sell
sticker shock
Memories soaking in

a Sophocles' headlock

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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