

# Eskimo

## Louden Swain

Tiredness fuels empty thoughts  
I find myself disposed  
Brightness fills empty space  
In search of inspiration  
Harder now with higher speed  
Washing in on top of me so  
I look to my Eskimo friend  
When I'm down, down, down  
Rain it wets muddy roads  
I find myself exposed  
Tapping does but irritate  
In search of destination  
Harder now with higher speed  
Washing in on top of me so  
I look to my Eskimo friend  
When I'm down, down, down

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