August 28th

Chris Pureka

August 28th and the rain slid in like a brooding lullaby.
The barn behind the school burned down and the cat got the bird.
The whole town watched a man jump from the fifth story roof,
I think the whole world needs a shoe shine,
I think we're all living proof (so the story goes).

Some days it's a present that you open.
Some days it's a box full of nails.
Sometimes you think you spend your whole life just counting grains of sand.
With some blood on your cuff and some dust in your eye and some train station love,
We've been, we've been out there fighting the good fight.
Where have you been?
Where have you been?

Saddle up for the carnival ride, bring the celebration home.
I've got a coffee cup full of whiskey, you've got a broken violin...

Marie knit a scarf for the dogwood tree that looked cold all winter long,
And the old man smiled at the pigeon that stole his last piece of bread.
Hallelujah we're all flying home on the backs of the leaving swans.
We've got our hats tipped to Camelot,
We've got a long, long way to go,
We've got a long, long way to go...

Saddle up for the carnival ride, bring the celebration home,
I've got a coffee cup full of whiskey, you've got a broken violin.

Saddle up for the carnival ride, bring the celebration home,
We've been out there, fighting the good fight.
Lord, where have you gone?
Lord, where have you gone?

Lyrics submitted by Karen.

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