Strands

Son Volt

There is a slowness on the throttle
A sterility at an end
Painted out of a corner
Breaks to bind the strandsTo decide within the barnstorm
Or shadows feeding in the lurch
Just survive by a stone's throw
The decision wheels at workPeace be found, if temporary
Sirens stir the seeds of regret
Gathered clouds or unleashing
Signs to walk, then place your betThe squatters on high stations
The talkers is that hold sway
Verbal backslide rushes out
Like grapeshot fine sprayNo anchor-drop sanctuary
No remedy tends to show
No finding it uncovered
Just a wide swing tremoloBroken down, lessons learned
Redeemed on epitaphs
By blindfolded regulars
With countenance to switch backEcho farewell to midnight
To the loneliness of the chase
To the minutes past his red-letter
To elysian fields defacedNo pangs provide delivery
Breaking out of the throes
No reverie decided
Just a wide swing tremoloNo mercy in pokerface
Lend an ear before you go
No sentence yet decided
Just a wide swing tremolo

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