

Blowing off Steam

Abney Park

Where's the tattooed muscle men
with furled brows a-pullin'?
Where's the buxom fashion queen
with thin-aired curls a-curlin'?
Where's the angry nomad minstrel
growlin' out a lullaby?
Where's the edgy circus folk?
Or have they said goodbye?

Where's the soiled and rusty builders
welding iron sculptures?
Where's the clockwork fellow-beaters
circled in like vultures?
Where's the darkened cabaret
filled with new nostalgics?
Where has everything I loved gone?
Oh, the loss is tragic!

All alone in a crowd
With strangers who all know me
And I try to be friends
But there's no one here who chose me
Should I run?
Should I hide?
Should I change my life completely?
Should I hold me inside?
Or keep my anger hid discreetly?

Where's the crazy fire folk
spinning warmth a-blazin'?
Where's the muscled aerialist
in the sky amazing?
Where's the dreadlocked cowboy
head-to-toe in ancient leather?
Where's the pretty painted ladies
behind their fans of feathers?

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Where's the slender flapper girls
in silken gowns and pearls?
Where's the threadbare waltzers
paintin' the floors in curls?
Where's my life-confirming friends
or did I ever have them?
Where's the brazen, angry artists?
Tell me what replaced them!

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