

Bloodline

Barrie

A dry leaf skidding across the concrete
Scraping less than its weight down my street
Ask you, where do you go?
Pulled off the side of the road
In a tall stand of grass
At the dead end of the path

You go where the hunter goes but you don't have a gun
Said, "what am I gonna do with a man as sad as you?"
Pulled back the skin and now, looking at the tongue
You got stoned and you're gonna go home

Tangled up on a rise
The only climber of your kind
You got a scrape on the thigh
And on the shin dried a bloodline

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Said, "what am I gonna do with a man as sad as you?"
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