

## Jim Cain

Bill Callahan

I started out in search of ordinary things  
How much of a tree bends in the wind  
I started telling the story without knowing the end

I used to be darker, then I got lighter, then I got dark again  
Something to be seen was passing over and over me  
Well it seemed like the routine case at first  
With the death of the shadow came a lightness of verse  
But the darkest of nights, in truth, still dazzles  
And I woke myself until I'm frazzled

I ended up in search of ordinary things  
Like how can a wave possibly be?  
I started running, and the concrete turned to sand  
I started running, and things didn't pan out as planned

In case things go poorly and I not return  
Remember the good things I've done  
In case things go poorly and I not return  
Remember the good things I've done  
Done me in