

## More Brother Rides

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

Mention of the stars reduce us back  
They, about them, have time's things hanging  
We are around near the railroad track  
Checking out the thundering  
Some names you call could have been ours  
Just to call and live among them  
Some friends come by and spend some hours  
And then it's right back down to working

At night, things come and half a life  
Not so silly walking  
All different clothes in the half light  
And a halting way of talking  
There really was one way to be  
Yet this is not it, we think  
To be such younger folk as we  
Not levelled as we drink

We're busted up, so ragged down  
And kissing and subsisting  
Our eyes glint wild and roll around  
And the dog, he whines insisting  
He asks that we allow the sex  
To make us unrecognizable  
That we allow slow violence  
To prove us rebaptizable