

Riverbed 1

Buck 65

I take my orders from the street lights, wind at my shoulder
The afternoon is grey and the air is getting colder I'm old fashioned
and on foot, passionate and fascinated Wide eyed awake and
ready for anything Navigating side walks, dry docks and back alleys
Always in and out of elevators and hallways I'm out for a
walk and following the human currents I'm in no hurry, I need
no reassurance Curfews and perfumes, excuses and costumes Customs,
corrections, fuss or directions Even the leaves have taken
on lives Deprived of their privacy, purpose and property Probably
runaways, they play catch With stray cats that stay at the girl's school
The city's a whirlpool There's too much going on, there's too much garbage
Too much to choose from, too much carnage There's not enough quiet to think straight, it's not a stunt
Maybe I will make my way back to the waterfront This is where
the people are slightly unsavoury With no time, possessions, labor or slavery
Neighbors without names neglected and hip-checked Stripped down to nothing, fallen and ship wrecked Completely
uncalled for, way out of line Stranded, branded, weathered and
abandoned These are counter clock wise The despised with swollen noses and tears in their eyes And tears in their clothes and
time on their hands, they sleep walk Full of that cheap wine and
cheap talk Everything gets washed away at the pier The best
you can do is play it by ear Wishes sink to the bottom and doubts float
I'm afraid of the water and I live in this houseboat