

Three Men Sitting on a Hollow Log

Cass McCombs

Three men sitting on a hollow log
Underneath the mead moon
Right Man breathing from a rubber balloon
Middle Man quietly thinks a tune
Wandering by, three mangy lap dogs
Three men sitting on a hollow log

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Waiting for the maglev train
Crystal night, not a spot of rain
Sparks inside of Left Man's brain
Right Man biting his lip, agog
Three men sitting on a hollow log

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Each, each other's companion boon
To Middle, the stars around him cocoon
Last train to transfer stop arriving soon
Headed north out of the old peat bog
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You could catch the wind coming off the plain
Left tries his Zippo's flint again
Right stroking idols of Saints Marcel and Anne
Far away from the city smog
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All for one and one for ruin
Reactive Middle suckles thumb wound
Left Man's coat a sort-of pale maroon
Salesmen for the demagogue
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Right, Middle, Left all gaunt as tain
Growing behind, a patch of wolf's bane
Waiting as long as they can sustain
Anticipating a stern slog
Three men sitting on a hollow log