

Rodeo

Darlingside

This is my first rodeo
I'm holding on tight to the rope
Don't know which way this will go

An aisle at the convenience store
Shoelace gray lottery floor
It feels like I've been here before
The clerk is a man behind glass
Behind his eyes is the past
Behind him the local news broadcast

There are only two ways you can go
Away from or back to your home
So I picture a gigantic road
Where everyone walks to the sun oh

This is my first rodeo
I'm holding on tight to the rope
Don't know which way this will go

Hoping on breakfast downstairs
My mom and my brother are there
Cinnamon toast in the air
The dogs are out back in the snow
TV, the clock radio
Everything talks in its home

As the months are zoomed too far in
These pages are pages I've read
And the places are places I've been
Oh

And today is the same as the rest
But sure it's shaped nonetheless
So I stand up and drop off my plate
Push out the door to the front gate

An aisle on a bus out of town
I feel my feet moving me down
The bus lifting up off the ground
Then the thoughts come and go for awhile
The parking lot fades into sight
The path to the beach in the streetlight

The door pulls the bus driver's hand
The curb pushes up to the sand
I step into an alien land
Oh

Where the sand brush and snow dunes descend
And ice water ocean begins
And I think I can see to the end
The winging the light in the wind