

Cigarettes And Gasoline

Emerson Hart

Cigarettes and gasoline
Morning seas they call to me
I'm pulling line in the early light
Being seventeen
Good things
Good things

Far away from the painted doors
In the town where I was born
Where my heroes came before me
And the crowds called out for more
Good things
Good things

I am trolling the ocean for the soul of my father
Heavy sand kicks water and makes it like a ghost
He's waiting for me
He's waiting for me

Holding in and letting go
Freezing hands and coffee burns
Steering straight in a heavy tide
All these things I've learned
Good things
Good things

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