

## Turning 21

Palehound

And my father  
Got remarried, to a teacher  
He's back on loving  
I hear 'em laughing in the mornings  
And my mother  
Bought a truck, and sold it all  
To live in Wyoming  
The winter water's a strange thing

But you will always be a week away  
From turning 21

I've been working in a warehouse  
Filled with books  
Boxing the classics  
Judging covers by habit  
Ride the bus home  
Watch the driver change his evening  
I see my hunger  
On the faces of others

'Cause you will always be a week away  
From turning 21  
You will always be a week away  
From turning 21

Skate down the street where  
Stands the house that I grew up  
In the driveway's a sports car  
I will stick to the fresh tar