

Buckminsterfullerene

Radiation City

Cold is night
To a bold new light
Oh you're settled in
Bloodstream medicine child
Hold your reticent babe
Close to your breastbone and smile

You golden god of fables
What could not be real
Endless parallels, though you hide it well
So nothing today can stay the same for me
You hollow log, immeasured
You genius cracked, so forever
You've got it all
You lucky dog

How so smitten to lick at wounds bitten with lips
Three fine fingers the look was so near to the touch
(count the blessings on your table)
Gone stare out into night got it wrong about time

Time, time's a fickle line
Lines, such capricious lies
Lies, lies, lie in wayward time
And in a day's week every salt's gone to seed
A garden shed mistook for turbulent seas
So blown out the 30 way today for me

You hollow log
You're genius cracked
You've got it all
You lucky dog