

## Raze

Richard Buckner

But, O, the face of it all has changed.  
You're catching up to your age  
& lately you've seen the changing of the seed  
from sour-weed to sage,

Between the horsey & the hoper,  
the pillow & the stone.  
I sure hope t'hell your doing well  
& leaving well enough alone:  
raze.

So, you just pour your poorself out  
& milk your spirit down,  
but, what're'ya gonna do in another year or two  
but groove a new rut in another town?:  
Raze, Raze.

Ah, the daylight's barely holding.  
What'd'ya say we head-on down the hill?  
We'll light up the sky w/ the look in our eyes  
& a lifetime left to kill:

Raze, Raze.