

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.