

## From A Few Streets Over

Ron Sexsmith

From a few streets over  
Before the sun goes down  
You can hear it coming closer  
To this dislocated shoulder  
of an old and crooked town  
That's when the ice cream van rolls around

But in the land of plenty  
The money here is tight  
The children here are many  
(and if you do have any)  
He will park his van outside  
There waits the ice cream man with the cold dark eyes

For it's not a "Rockwell" summer  
or a world of "Dick and Jane"  
And how it makes you shudder  
Like you used to hide from thunder  
When you hear him coming down the lane  
And you condemn the ice cream man to the world of flame

A sickly, sweet wind is blowing  
Across the fields of hell  
A licorice night's unfolding  
Near a grave sight a corroded  
old and burnt out carousel  
Here lies the ice cream man, the devil treats him well