

## Strands

Son Volt

There is a slowness on the throttle  
A sterility at an end  
Painted out of a corner  
Breaks to bind the strands

To decide within the barnstorm  
Or shadows feeding in the lurch  
Just survive by a stone's throw  
The decision wheels at work

Peace be found, if temporary  
Sirens stir the seeds of regret  
Gathered clouds or unleashing  
Signs to walk, then place your bet

The squatters on high stations  
The talkers is that hold sway  
Verbal backslide rushes out  
Like grapeshot fine spray

No anchor-drop sanctuary  
No remedy tends to show  
No finding it uncovered  
Just a wide swing tremolo

Broken down, lessons learned  
Redeemed on epitaphs  
By blindfolded regulars  
With countenance to switch back

Echo farewell to midnight  
To the loneliness of the chase  
To the minutes past his red-letter  
To elysian fields defaced

No pangs provide delivery  
Breaking out of the throes  
No reverie decided  
Just a wide swing tremolo

No mercy in pokerface  
Lend an ear before you go  
No sentence yet decided  
Just a wide swing tremolo