Rag N Bone

Tor Miller

I trudge along the cobble streets
I rolled my ankle and bruised my feet
And dragged with me these broken things

This springtime air is soft and sweet
Falls on my head so heavily
From the window sounds of revelry
Roll off my aching spine

And I pick the fat right off the man
Sift through his stress and cut my hand
On the blade side edge of the dusty fan

Rag n Bone
It's a call to those inside their homes
Who wish away
All the weight and disarray
Jagged stones
As they talk to me I walk alone
And ring my bell
Ring it loud and ring it well

A man stands out his own front door
His wife peeks out the second floor
And empties every single drawer
Atop his sinking head

What once was sweet will soon go stale
Not even love always prevails
But I exist to my avail

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