

Fall Saddles

WHY?

I listened to your taped epistle to Rachel
Stamped and dated
Now I know you were really alive in 1971
Fall saddles

You carried God like a bouquet of balloons
Yoshua whispered in your ear your next move
"Go on, get on the train"

In your clay-faced youth
The rubber upper-lip
Sounds out a bold pen sketch
Were you talking about your dad when you said
"Your fisted language still affects my style
Although I sometimes get your visions like a child"

Do you still pray about me in your quiet time
Cast out soft-core demons when I come back home
Let some Nashville fakes record your demo tapes
When I'm waiting at a train station or a bus stop
I also play led by the lord day in my own way

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