

Vic Chesnutt

"Free Of Hope"

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Bricks are dirty, lakes are dead
The family dog is mad
Baby brother's science beakers are all broken
Now the yard peacocks are all sad

Board games are boring
May they rot on the shelf
Big brother's at Columbia University
Quote unquote, he's tanning beaver pelts

Subtle as a billboard, oh, so refined
Smoking through my chimney
Burning up this life of mind

Free of hope, free of the past
Thank you God of nothing
I'm free at last

Free of hope, free of the past
Thank you God of nothing
I'm free at last
I'm free at last
I'm free, free at last

A chip on the shoulder usually means
There's wood up above
But no man at this shiny oblong table
Is very, very fibrous

Picnic demographics
I'm scorched and corn fed
Leaning on the banister
I knew it's just another 20, 20 years of sweat

Making up his milk dud mind
Gnawing on a Charleston Chewooh
Look inside his hothouse eyes
See his budding youth

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I'm free, free at last

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