

## **Vic Chesnutt**

# **"Strange Language"**

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Up on the bluff, where I wish I was  
Twisting up the pages of history  
My cold feet dangling, my bony arms gesturing  
To summon up a little chunk of that history

In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language

Up on the bluff, where the hardwoods jut  
Out toward the gusts of history  
My crusty mind cracks, my restless heart tracks  
The fractal lines of history

In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language

In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language

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