

Walkabouts

"Got No Chains"

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Locust wind came blowin' right through them swinging
doors
It knocked me off my toothpick legs and up the spiral
stairs
To a room of long locked lore - museum of fools and
lies
No room for my change of heart, no room for my
second
thought
Spoken down the past, go, there is a makeshift trail
And in the room I carved your name out of my tooth
and
nail
And I was so cool, it stripped my clothes and stuck 'em
in a hole
No room for my change of heart, no room for my
second
thought
Got no chains, got no chains at all
Left them in motel with my wrecking ball
Got no chains, got no chains at all
Rest assured that he'll soon be cured of that serpent
will to score
Jack be nimble, Jack be quickly, Jack drink one of
these
And trace the lines of infamy upon the palms you read
The prophets are the profiteers that throw the tethered
ball
No room for that change of heart, no room for that
second thought
Got no chains, got no chains at all
Left them in motel with my wrecking ball
Got no chains, got no chains at all
Rest assured that he'll soon be cured of that serpent
will to scorn
Emissary of luck on you must pull the funeral cart
Down the blacktop finger into the last hurrah
Once a shrewd collector, that cart had overflowed
No room for my change of heart, no room for my
second
thought

Got no chains, got no chains at all
Left them in motel with my wrecking ball
Got no chains, got no chains at all
Rest assured that he'll soon be cured of that serpent
will to score,
And the beast was lost and it lies here slain in the
darkness of this hall

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