

## Captain Sparky

### "Poolhall Champions"

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With my hands in your hands, we're just cold hands in  
mittens,  
You're freight trains and freeways and I'm burnt out  
ignition.  
Our whisky and coffee and late night offerings,  
These stencils and craft glue won't see us through.

Nothing but closed doors I drink my way through,  
Counting regrets in empty cans and cigarettes,  
With passion of a powder keg, and manipulative  
segues,  
You sold your dreams for abusive extremes.

On card-stock outside my broken bedroom door,  
I wrote that I tried and wish there was more,  
But time is nothing but what we make of it  
You chip it away counting all the ways I waste it.

What will we do, when all our plans fall through?

Well I'll keep swimming for you.

I'm sinking this ship, they told me that its true  
I'll still try my best despite crash lines and empty  
words,  
I'm taking on water faster than the air,  
We're all taking on water faster than the air.

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