

## **Banner Pilot** **"Baltimore Knot"**

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What's wrong? What's right? Who cares?  
Not when you're living in strange nights and sleeping  
through strange days.  
Plot lines and motives twist up;  
It's hard to navigate streets when signs are pointing in  
new ways.  
Odds are rough, but still you pick your dog,  
If he gets turned around you bet again.  
That corner's tough; sometimes you play the game,  
Sometimes the game you play plays you.

Watch me rust, can't read this compass I used to trust.  
It's all broken, It's all corrupt.

This Baltimore knot's got me all tied up.  
Spark combust, and sift for something in ash and dust.  
It's all broken, It's all corrupt.  
This Baltimore knot's got me all tied up.  
When you're all tied up you let go.

Down by tracks, outside the county line.  
Sit on our hoods and stare up at the sky for signs.  
Drink until there's nothing left to say.  
Licking black and blues,  
Most efforts end confused.  
You do too.

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