

Chris Flew

"Castle-Time"

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Men doing men-thing times,
Chewing candy and tobacco lines,
Drinking harpoon pints,
Tossing nickels and dimes.

They're looking for exit signs.
They're looking for lucky nines.
They're talking in boring rhymes.
Damn, they're keeping up old times.

My teacher died.
Even the frying pan cried.
Rain fell slow according to castle-time;
I was only nine.

I was looking for exit signs.
I was looking for lucky nines,
And we're talking in boring rhymes.
Face it, we're living in war times.

Let's cry about it.
Let's cry about it.
You can cry about it.
Don't be embarrassed;
I won't laugh at you.

The river flows north and winds.
Travelling south, you hit wind-time.
The passers-by are not kind,
But the sky is sublime.

Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah.

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