

Emerson Hart "Cigarettes And Gasoline"

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Cigarettes and gasoline
Morning seas they call to me
Pulling line in the early light
Being seventeen
Good things, good things

Far away from the painted doors
The town where I was born
Where my heroes came before me
And the crowds called out for more
Good things, good things

I am trolling the ocean
For the soul of my father
Heavy sand kicks water
And makes like a ghost
He's waiting for me
He's waiting for me

Holding in and letting go
Freezing hands and coffee burns
Steering straight in a heavy tide
All these things I've learned
Good things, good things

I am trolling the ocean
For the soul of my father
Heavy sand kicks water
And makes like a ghost
He's waiting for me
He's waiting for me

Cigarettes and gasoline
Morning seas they call to me
I'm pulling line in the early light
Being seventeen
Good things, good things
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