

## Hot Water Music "In The Gray"

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I'm suspended now,  
Hanging in the gray of a weather beaten town  
December rolls around,  
Lays a blanket of herself on the ground where comfort  
lives in sound,  
Like a gun laying cold on the ground, no way to spell it  
out.  
Still much to say of a gun left down.  
Most of me is elsewhere wondering  
Shall we hear a song? Shall we live one, soaked to the  
bone?  
I'm suspended now,  
Hanging in the gray of a weather heavy cloud,  
Soften my face and bow,  
Bid my farewells to the ground for now

Part of me is sinking, pondering.  
Hope is a gracious term, aligned with the faith that  
reason  
has a course to take, be the just one.  
until then, I will drown, go down without a fit.  
How glorious is it?  
Bound in sound, even and weightless and free from  
wrist to wrist

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