

Irving "Faster Than Steam"

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Let me make a bet back in 1833
you were a racehorse faster than steam
you know that I am not as old and I barely ever listen
but I'll regret it when I grow up

You leave your feet
where you plant your garden
under the smokestack lights
where you're not stronger than the radio
that keeps me up all night

my superstition is alarming
I missed you but maybe you'll write

Your toy box says it all with a car that barely whispers
over astroturf on your front porch
I'm not a fan of your meatloaf
or the train outside that shivers
through the window when I stay overnight

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