

## **Junkies Cowboy "First Recollection"**

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My first recollection is a day in December  
Black iron steam engine covered in ice  
Like some Precambrian monster moaning and snorting  
Nothing is going to beat that beast in a fair fight

I've sat and watched the woodpiles grow through the  
summer  
Now I'm sitting, smelling summer burn through the fall  
Winter's coming on, days getting dreary  
And I'm thinking this is the season that I leave you all

I've heard a man in a crisis falls back on the one he  
knows best  
A murderer to murder, a thief to theft  
And I don't want you to think that this is some kind of  
deathbed confession  
But run is what I did when put to the test

My first recollection is a day in November  
Seven forty seven tracing lines through the sky  
Like some old gypsy curse silently preying  
Upon the dreams of those who jealously will watch life  
pass them by

I've sat and watched my troubles pile through the  
summer  
Now I'm sitting hearing my youngest cry down the hall  
Winter's coming on, days getting dreary  
And I'm thinking this is the season that I leave you all

I've heard that the son must bear the burdens of the  
father  
But it's the daughter that's left to clean up the mess  
And I don't want you to think that I'm asking for  
absolution  
But run is what I did when put to the test

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