

Casey Diene

"The Destruction Of The Art Deco House"

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They're knocking down that Art Deco house
The clawfoot tub is cracked and crushed
The mattress springs and the telephone wires
Gnash now through the air like crocodiles

Everything is coming up in 2 x 4's
Concrete walls and concrete floors
High rise homes, high rising rent
The atmosphere is closing in

There's no stars up above when you tilt your head
Though the night is blank and black as pitch
It is not what it seems
What it seems

The polymaths around the town
Yield and shift their weight around
On a new boy, a young wunderkind
He'll give us hope and cure the blind

It's you they've chosen, my favorite son
To heal the sick and cure the blind
Your path is paved, you look terrified
You are not what you seem
Oh what you seem

Oh, what I see when I'm dreaming
Oh, what I see when I'm dreaming
Oh, am I dreaming
Oh, am I dreaming

You're just sinews and bones, smiley faces and frowns
There's a series of numbers that dictate your wiles
Green at the wick, you are still a child
And you stumble when you walk

The guileless cavalry in their brass-buttoned coats
Can't they see no men of pith
Are going to come to lift them from the fuselage
So let's skip town, you and I
Far from where the hemlock lies

Through the beryline hills, like ezeial?s wheels
Cradling the clouds that hold our view

Let?s pass the cities and their neon lights
Their copper-tops and steely spires
Let?s trade them for the simple life
For they?re not what they seem
What they seem

Oh, what I see when I?m dreaming
When I'm dreaming
Oh, what I see when I?m dreaming
Oh, am I dreaming
Oh, am I dreaming

Our days back east are done in numbers
Our days back east are done and over
Our days back east are done and numbered
I?ll test the weights and weigh the odds
You?ll want for nothing even when we?ve got nothing
Nothing, nothing at all

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