

## **Sam Kinison**

# **"Song For Kelly Huckaby"**

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Photographs of the best time you had,  
Windows smugded by the speed.  
Leaving home with our bags from iron street,  
As morning turned into california,  
And smoke trailed from the butt of my cigarette.  
Our glass house it threw rocks at all those it past.

Waking up to the sound of 5 a.m to take my turn at the  
wheel.  
Climbed up shasta, oh how the engine ached  
As the sun tortured california,  
And old alleys turned deep at the heart of me.  
Murals of heros defacing the blank concrete.

Vision tunneled, mission street, hunger beat  
Lodged out as the engine wheezed.  
Still moving regardless of stable ground  
And this stable ground.

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Windows smugded by the speed.  
Leaving home with our bags from iron street  
As morning turned into california.

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