

## **Pinback "Avignon"**

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I spent a life time knocking round  
the same old patch of concrete,  
I waste all my time breaking rocks  
and painting smiles on my feet.

I seize the end  
for we drift toward the blue shore  
send the birds along  
I'm not waiting for this day

She's my little sad eyes,  
I'm her bluest boy,  
She's my little sad eyes,  
I'm her bluest boy,

I've become a weapon,  
She's my little sad eyes  
She's become a toy,  
I'm her bluest boy  
You may call me a fool  
destination to no end  
I may cast the anchor  
down into the bottom of this well

I dreamt about the train we somehow lost,  
That bled those giant marbles made  
Of sand for us  
I wrote all night, Free man, Alright!  
Big Day, All smiles. Burned all their files!  
I wrote all night, free man, Alright!  
Big Day, All smiles. Burned all their files!  
I wrote all night, free man, Alright!  
Big Day, All smiles. Burned all their files!

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