

Richard Buckner "A Chance Counsel"

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Another washout, brake lights showing
Probably gonna slow down, no way of knowing
Let's hear the outline
I see where it's going
I know where it came from
A bubble in the moment

Someone'll find out
Finishing the time
Crashing around
And one night you'll try it
Is something at stake?

Seen off safely, but I could've used
A chance at maybe, a time or two
One for the distance
And speaking of the roar
Stopping just to listen
At her number on the door

Isn't something calling
Coming as you go?
Never and always
And missing the throw?
With hours on the fade

It wasn't where you found it
Returning late again
Waking dressed from before
In some week-long bed
Leave it all still made

Fall to a weak floor
And let it lay
Think of somebody
Too far away
Get something easy
Lost in the fuel?
Come back tomorrow
With a new excuse

Sparklers are passing

To the corners of the night
"I feel the heat, and they move on glowing
But I can pull away"

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