

## Street Dogs

### "Boxcars Boxcars Boxcars"

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Love was thin thread in the seams  
Of her harsh words and your soft defeat.  
But love need never decide.  
Other girls are Styrofoam inside.  
Empty sidewalk, Empty street.  
Walk on weary worried feet.  
Heaven spreads above the trees,  
You set your woman down.  
And you can't recreate the sound  
Of home  
Remorse is such a filthy bloodhound  
Stalks your steps, nose to the ground  
Your face is cold against the window pane  
Across the fields on endless waving grain  
Will you rust up come the rain?  
Will the tears erode your face?  
Its a bitter bloody taste!  
You set your woman down  
Sink back into the soil.  
Let your imagination spoil.  
Combust amongst the toil,  
You set your woman down  
And you can't recreate the sound  
Of home

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