

## Swingin' Utters "Smokestack Dreams"

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The smokestack's blowing off my last few dreams and  
isn't that the way its always been? she pours into the  
sky and chokes the trees then disappears from view,  
like empty streams

And the second step from heaven disappeared and  
then I took to crying on my bed and the second step  
from madness disappeared on a rainy day in august  
every year

The denizen of sad and awful days has visited my  
home with all her grace she's taught me worlds of  
knowledge through disgrace she's given me a taste of  
the misplaced

And I've taken to revising my diaries, modifying the  
more adamant entries and the second step from  
madness disappeared on a rainy day in august every  
year

What's missing is the scent of salted air and a song  
sung by your sweetheart, and you're there as a twilight  
breeze sifts slowly through her hair and the angels  
take a split of the devil's share (Koski)

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