

The Gathering Field "Dylan Thomas Days"

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Treetops spinning at the outskirts of my vision
In the back yard of a stranger on the edges of my mind
I lay broken with my belly up to heaven, I guess
Drinking hard for seven days can turn your blue eyes
blind

Held that tragic destiny
Like a puppet on my knee
Blurred the line 'tween him and me
And nearly lost my soul

'till I realized I could
Get that puppet, get him good
I used that doll for kindling wood
To warm me from the cold

Chorus:

Oh my Dylan Thomas days are finally over
I'm through with all those self-destructive ways
And though I ain't exactly clean at least I'm sober
I made it through my Dylan Thomas days

Lord have mercy, it's a sunny, Sunday morning
And I am not in a coma and there's nothing I regret
I did not wake up thirsty or to the sound of my own
snoring
And the not so faint aroma of tequila on my breath

What a concept, can it be?
I feel a little like Dorothy
When she woke up and found that she
Was safe in her own bed
But oh that nightmare sure seemed true
And you were there and you were too
I don't know how I made it through
Thought sure I'd end up dead

Chorus

God rest his soul, and his broken heart
"Time has ticked a heaven 'round the stars."
Watch over me now, wherever you are

Probably drinking whiskey in the Sweet Hereafter Bar

There's angels in the atmosphere
Crying sympathetic tears
To wash away our doubts and fears
And help us on our way

I used to run from their concern
Light the bridge and watch it burn
I took a while, at last I learned
That ain't the only way . . .

Chorus

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