

## The Vincent Black Shadow "Dream"

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Blew the dust off a wooden box  
And set it on the piano  
Nasty words came from its mouth  
The bite marks were to follow  
I should have given it away  
Now I never dream  
Wide awake for much too long  
My eyes glued to the table  
Tried to feign authority  
But sadly wasn't able  
And then it threw me to the floor  
I never dream  
They say I'm late by half a century  
He died in 1943  
I can't just leave  
(He smells it when I'm gone)  
So I just take it in my sleep  
The road is going  
Me: "Ask for her another day"  
The spade's up your sleeve  
There's sweat on your brow  
And I will be damned  
If I let you back into this town  
December 17th, 1955 - Broken  
Seven hours passed on your floor  
Seven hours isn't that long  
Seven hours isn't

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