

## DUSKY HUT

Choking engine  
kettle pipe dream  
Started a world

Glistening while  
in the shingle lodge  
Bound for open road

Floating lines  
Queuing on silver bends  
With the traffic flow

Sorting do-lists  
Doo-little dumb  
Pale discoveries

Dash, hush-money  
You're a member of  
The ordinary

Bringing back old summer days  
I was walking, you was talking like that  
Clinging down this sandy trail  
Banging my drum, you were hanging your head

Striking matches in the dusky hut  
Innocent teasin started a treason  
Thunderbelts over distant lakes  
Guess all the snipers they have gone to bed

Could be easy  
in a pleasing bliss (if she pleases me)  
little issueless  
an old spy.

and the rockabies  
meet your mocking eyes  
so irrefutable lies.

Peeking out the streets and alleys  
Found a weather for my aim that's true

Poke around the malls and palais'  
Hiding out I set, got set my mind on you.

