

THE RUNGS IN BETWEEN

That old sun so lazy
No way for the day to begin
I watched bakers coming home
And butchers, done with their night's killing
Steered my bike up one a rich man's lawn
Laid down took the best of that night's tokes
Filled my eyes with the night sky light
And for a while I let go of the rope

I don't lie good like I used to
I can't sleep much now past dawn
I see the pain that folks are carrying
Been carrying mine around so long
Wish I could find a sign of Jesus
What I find makes me afraid
The sun dies red and swollen every evening
I die a little bit each day

To watch her face when she was sleeping
I'm never gonna be that clean
It's not the top of the ladder that matters
It's the rungs in between

The pale moon thin blue like a see through spoon
Finally climbed up and over the wall
It's Hard to miss, even a half dish like this
Is better
Than no dish at all
At the riverside where its so wide at night
You might decide you're staring out and over the sea
There's something they're trying to hide on the other side that's not right
And there's another side of me

To watch Her face when she was sleeping
As close to the soul as I've been
It's not the top of the ladder that matters
It's the rungs in between

Saw a boy five or four
With his baseball cap turned back
Trying to get his old man's attention
So he could climb up into his lap
Made me think about my own boy
Pretty close now to a man
And my ma, she had so much love for me
And no idea who I am

God's good but he don't listen
Or he don't listen well
My old man kept it all inside so long
Now his insides are torn to hell
It's just like that man to find his way in
To a song supposed to be all about me
Try to scrape away old paint and what you find is

Older paint underneath

Thinking about those days
My heart beats a little slow
If I'd lived the right way
Would she have stayed

That sun, good for nothing,
no way for the day to begin
I Watched bar maids coming home and butchers
Done with their night's killing
I lay there on that fine front lawn
Smoked up all the rest of my dope
The grass got wet
A backwards sunset,
and the horizon
a burning rope.

Eyes shut, breathing lightly
Her face resting on her hands
I had an angel who'd sleep beside me
Then she found out who I am
To watch her face when she was sleeping
It made me want to get clean
It's not the top of the ladder that matters.