**Dusty Groove**

Even in an evening gown

You always got your sleeves rolled all the way down

Messages you wrote were to be read alone

A laundry list in a clenched fist never meant to be shown

Can you read my mind? Then how was my day today?

Ask the river to divide, what does the river say?

Flash of hope like a lightning strike

Ran down the line, shot up your spine like a shorted out mike

Swallow the sky, swallow the sea

Number one with a bullet, no you can’t catch me

Swallow your pride just follow me

Tied down inside where the nightmares hide

Let the poor girl be

All the while that winning smile

Pale and still draining Snow White’s blackout bile

Underneath your sweater ten fingers all red

I bequeath this gold map of the stars to the living dead

A little songbird singing inside my head

Smack down on the sofa, breakfast in bed

Swallow the sky, swallow the sea

Number one with a bullet, no you can’t kill me

Swallow your pride, just follow me

Let the poor girl be

**Save Our Ship**

Save our ship, save our sinking soul

One false step and you feel your feet slip

Oh, the deepest seas where the steepest waves will roll

Save our ship, save our sinking soul

Busted lip when you hear the sheets rip

No anchors now to bind you, no sorrows to remind you

That Hell is vast and the time is past

To pay for what we stole

Flying the old black flag

Every lock swings open wide

Every harbor will welcome me in

When they see I'm on the winning side

(Half) sees over the cabin cruiser

High tide can't hide this dreck, this drunken half-sunk loser

There will be many storms out on the ocean blue

I will always count on (depth/death) to see me through

Save our ship, save our sinking soul

One false step and you feel your feet slip

Oh, the deepest seas where the steepest waves will roll

Save our ship, save our sinking soul

Busted lip when you hear the sheets rip

No anchors now to bind you, no sorrows to remind you

That Hell is vast and the time is past to pay for what we stole

Sooner not later I'll be getting better not worse

I'll dock the black freighter outside your door like a Cadillac hearse

**Flowers of Darkness**

Flowers of darkness see your kerosene headlamps

Fractured like the sun through the waves

Flowers of darkness see your broken coal miners

On their hands and knees to dig their own graves

Look away, shine your beam

On down the line, down the seam

Look away, turn your head

Flowers of darkness are blooming for the dead

I'll follow that vein back to where the blood spills

Follow the blood back to the hills

Follow that chord back to the powerlines

On a black train back to Harlan, back to the mines

Have six coal miners to dig my grave

And their little children (too lifelines?)

They'll burn up brightest by noon in the middle of the night

Flowers of darkness see your kerosene headlamps

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