

Broken Whistle

Broken whistle on the old freight train
No steam to blow through the curtain of rain
But it's all I got mine for now
Footsteps and keychains in the dead of the night
The mutter of lies in the shortness of sight
But it's all I got mine for now

Big situations in a world so small
Big voice keep talking saying nothing at all
But it's all I got mine for now

Nothing is simple nothing is near
Looking for clouds on a day so clear
But it's all I got mine for now
The cynic, the victim, the queen and the fool
Cards up their sleeves playing it cool
But it's all I got mine for now

Wise words and praise bounce of the wall
When nothing can get in there's nothing at all
But it's all I got mine for now

Can't draw a bucket from the dried-up well
Sun setting fast over heaven and hell
But it's all I got mine for now
Mule walking weary weighed down by the load
Falls in the ditch by the side of the road
But it's all I got mine for now

Box up the heirlooms clear out the hall
Take all you got till there's nothing at all
That's all I got mine for now