Chris Garneau, Castle-Time

Men doing men thing times Chewing candy and tobacco lines Drinking harpoon pints Tossing nickels and dimes They're looking for exit signs They're looking for lucky nines They're talking in boring rhymes Damn, they're keeping up old times My teacher died Even the frying pan cried Rain fell according to castle-time I was only nine I was looking for exit signs I was looking for lucky nines They're talking in boring rhymes Well face it, we're living in war times Let's cry about it Let's cry about it You can cry about it Don't be embarrassed I won't laugh at you The river flows north and winds Traveling south you hit wind time The passers by are not kind But the sky's sublime