

## **Drifter's Lullaby**

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When I was young  
I hopped a freight train to the coast  
and when I got there  
hitch hiked back, to boast

about my worldly travels  
the things that I had seen  
Instead of flippin' through the pages  
of a travel magazine

Yet with each year I lose  
more memories than I gain  
And dread that I will end up  
the same the day I came.

a blank roll of paper  
Gone on the road  
all my stories told

When I was young  
I had the world at my feet  
In dim City Lights  
I dropped my lines to a beat

in free form verse  
I planted the seed  
for the drop outs and bums  
for the rose among the weeds

I pray nor confess  
you'll never see me blink  
You see, the spirits I believe in  
Are the ones that I can drink

Four sheets to the wind  
Gone on the road  
all my stories told

Drawing to a close  
I paint the poems of the night  
They never hit the canvas  
Without putting up a fight

As the crowd goes left  
I still go right  
And though Jack and Neal are gone  
I'm still basking in their light

I'll fiddle when Rome burns  
Shoot a squirt gun at the sun  
They'll have to drag me to my grave  
when my time has come

I'll run with the bulls  
right down to the wire  
And sing this drifters' lullaby