EARTHBOUND

Jim Dixon

Pour the poet thru the pen

The ink dries and the words set in

I’m not the man I used to be

But he part that’s left you can’t take from me

I’m tired of trying I never win

I just get up and start again

I’m tired of trying I never win

But I’m thankful for these few friends

I can’t fly but I’ll try again

Take off running with my fist in the wind

Jump to find I’m earthbound again

Am I the Poet, am I the pen

I like the way whiskey taste

The picture I keep of a girl with a smile on her face

They both burn me going down

I give it one last look before I hit the ground

I don’t have wings but I do get high

Stumbling in for one last try

Well look at me I’m up here high

Staring down before I dive

I can’t fly but I’ll try again

Take off running with my fist in the wind

Jump to find I’m earthbound again

Am I the Poet, am I the pen

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