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## Steam-Driven Jaw

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# Steam-Driven Jaw

*Cal Morton*

Break out of the chains of broken dreams  
in the small town fields of the cool one's glory  
we never thought these days would ever see their end  
in a time of quickly thought-out stories

flashing lights and a night of toilet paper throws  
we never act like you always paint us  
before the faithful ones of laser dates and shows  
with the close calls rushing in your head

and if you looked very closely  
you would see my unsaid thoughts  
are crucified by your cross  
in a way that shows my pain  
and i don't care to know  
just where our souls will go  
worn out and used in youth  
in light of all that's you

tufted lawns and the clanging ways of home  
by the doors leading to the unpaved roads  
we shall wait for belated friendship cards  
with the crushed hopes of the flannel bearing toads

going out and the pictures we had taken  
you never need to say your sorry  
we know the script had made you say it  
even though it was a line we had crossed out  
and if you looked very closely  
you would see the words we chose  
made perfect total sense  
in those times of idleness  
and i don't care to know  
just where our souls will go  
worn out and used in youth  
in light of all that's you

but we never knew  
what we learned anew  
and we never knew  
what we thought we knew  
and we never knew  
that we knew the few  
who had the only fun

In the fleetingness that is now  
Bruder yade, gone from these deep blue moods  
Trapped by the freaks, the alter, the found  
Captured by the weak, the drugged out, the sound  
And the glamour of disillusioned doubts  
    School life and the tales we were forced to tell  
    Holier than thou preps who'd bow before you  
    Not enough poem could ever be wrote  
    About these nights of wired caffeine heights  
        And if you looked very closely  
        You would see these days of youth would never end