**Walking**

*August 2, 2014*

Walking On The Shoulder.

Thumbing For A Ride.

Blues Are Getting Bolder.

Hopes About To Die.

Pockets Empty.

Flat Busted Poke.

No Love. Ain't Getting Any.

Future Looks Like A Sad Bad Not So Funny Joke.

No Moon. No Stars.

Not Much Chance For Light.

Not Much Action With Any Friendly Folks Or Cars.

Trying To Make It Through The Night. I Was Riding High In Frisco.

Chi Town. Orleans. Nashville. Memphis. St. Louie. Kansas C.

Some One Said How Bout A Hit Of Junk To Chase A Shot And Toke.

That's When The Monkey Jumped On Me.

It All Went Up In Smoke.

First Class Ticket On A Train Of Misery.

Pawned My Soul To The Poppy.

Traded My Guitar For A Dime Bag Score.

Long Time Since I Caught A Glow.

Chills. Sweats. Shakes. Cold Turkey.

Can't Hook Up. Connect No More.

Time To Hit The Road.

Walking In Cold Cruel Wind.

Driving Rain.

Sleeping Under Bridges.

Three Days With No Meal.

No One Cares. Nothing.

No One Left To Help Me Bear The Pain.

Once I First Hit The Stuff.

Started Heading Down.

Heading Way Beyond Beyond The Outside Rough.

When I First Kicked The Gong Around.

Hard To Stop. Once You Start.

Breaks Your Back. Spirit. Body. Mind. Soul. Heart.

No Way Out.

Just Keep On Trying.

Hurts Too Much For Crying.

Just Keep On Walking.

Thumbing. Hoping. Thinking. Talking.

Trying To Keep On Keeping On.

Keep Coping.

Keep From Crashing. Burning.

Keep Moving Along.

Beware The Pipe And Needles Siren Song.

Black Sorcerers Craft.

Twisted Art.

Thumbing Through The Fog And Dark.