

A Valiant Little Rat

Traversing the ages back to ancient times, I meant look wise. ^{WISE.} I really do. And yes, maybe I am a do-gooder ecologist! But isn't a very humble mindset? Oil or blood...

And why the hell should I care? I'm only a guitar-player.

A guitar-player.

A guitar-player:

The frets slide beneath my fingers. I'm the plank spanker of the band!
This song is so self-penned!

I have a sore neck—it's a stiff one—and no physiotherapist can relieve my lower back pain. Even my lover cannot.

Not even him.

Does the weight of those sounds frighten you?

Do they...

I am the bearer of sounds. I carry a burden of memories, but that load matters little to me! Even if that cargo means a lot to you!

To you.

To you...

Flying through the times to ancient days, I will return to stretch the thread of saliva from the median groove of my tongue, in order to try and dry upon it the scores you do not read.

Lyrics: Owen Bartlett.