Solid Ground

Maybe that’s where you can find me

When the sun is going down

I’ll be sitting on the back porch

Staring at the solid ground

Wondering how to get below it

Wondering how far should I dig

Always wondering what’s down there

Precious metals or a pig

Maybe the pig is cooking slowly

In a bed of white hot coals

Maybe that’s where you can find me

When the moon is rising slow

I stopped watching cable news shows

I stopped reading all the blogs

I’m not scrolling through the Facebook

Social mediated fog

I disconnected my devices

From the cyber world out there

No conspiracies or vices

Don’t want to post don’t want to share

I just sit here on the back porch

And watch the moon arising slow

Maybe that’s where you can find me

When you’ve got no place left to go

Maybe that’s where you can find me

You can bring your fishing pole

I’ll be sitting on the back porch

Staring at a giant hole

I didn’t find me any bacon

Didn’t find me any pork

Just a thousand souls aching

An empty bottle and a cork

So bait a hook and cast it down there

Into the black of the abyss

Maybe that’s where you will find me

Singing a song that goes like this

Yeah I just sit here on the back porch and watch the moon arising slow

Maybe that’s where you will find me when you’ve no place left to go

When you’ve no place left to go

When you’ve no place left to go

When you’ve no place left to go