



you look around and no longer
see any
old men



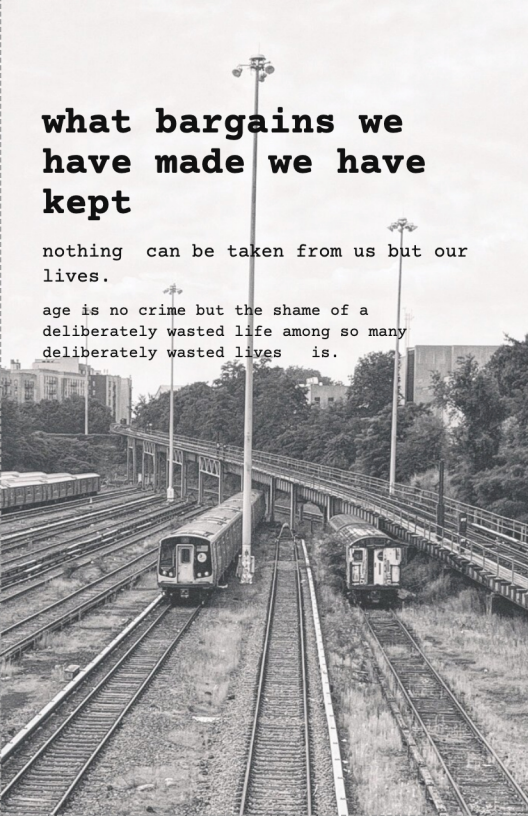
real estate, subdividers,
landlords, freeway
engineers and
this is their land and
I walk on it,
while it was playing, and
I throw the radio through the window
and throw the radio through the window
and throw the radio through the window



it was still playing-
a magic radio
a radio with guts,



While it was playing, and
I throw the radio through the window
and throw the radio through the window
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what bargains we have made we have kept

nothing can be taken from us but our
lives.

age is no crime but the shame of a
deliberately wasted life among so many
deliberately wasted lives is.



roll clear

photo | bdonnelly

words | c bukowski



it's been a tough fight worth fighting
as we all drive along
betting on another day.



sometimes all we need
to be able to
continue alone
are the dead
rattling the walls
that close us in