

Alela Diane, Dry Grass And Shadows

There are things that I've seen in my head
While I'm sleeping in bed
Do not wither in the morning light

I'm taken back
O I'm taken back
To the dry grass and the shadows

Thinking I'd like to look at your teeth
Lined up in perfect rows
A maze of childrens' feet in orchard trees
Where the flat lands stretch inside your mouth
And when you laugh all the star thistles stumble out
The flat lands stretch inside your mouth
And when you laugh all the star-thistles stumble out

Strong spines of valley hills
All overgrown in gold
Look softer than a spool of old silk thread
But if we walked down with our feet
I'd be pullin' spines and barbs and fox-tails from your skin
O if we walked down with our feet
I'd be pullin' spines and barbs and fox-tails from your skin

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