

# Diane Cluck, 4 Score Lightnings

Leave a little something  
by the door of each places you're leaving  
your back will be much lighter  
on the road on the road  
people here are kind  
you'll soon find there's not much you'll be needing  
the farmers don't mind if you reap some of what they sowed  
4score lightnings hit the sky at night and I think of you

Oh, the effect was blinding, frightening  
for a while I could see the bones and everything  
like I had x-ray view,  
mmm, mmm, mmm

leave a little something  
in the bowl for each mouth that you're feeding  
you'll find that the actions last a fortnight or more

sock away a song  
in the mouth  
of each lover you're kissing  
you'll hear it ring out from the opposite shore  
and it will comfort you in your travels  
we only comfort in our travels  
comfort me in my travels  
the only comfort in our travels

4score lightnings hit the sky  
that's a if you multiply it that's more than a few  
i suspect now the rain's washing down my face and neck  
it's a sign from you  
beckoning me home from my travels oh  
beckoning me home from my travels oh  
because you're the school through which it all unravels  
the big ol' block which the judges bang their gavels  
should i should i  
cleave aside the mountains  
keeping score of the valleys i'm carving  
rocks and water kicked up  
for the times when i'm thirsty and starving