

Eureka Birds, The Still Life

Paint your windows black put your clothes aside
Stare at the Camel pack where you can run and hide
Let your hair down long, let your breath go deep
And let your song along as you drift to sleep

All these crazy things you think that you can't show to the world
All these crazy things you think

In a quiet time you sat and thought of him
If you could change your mind, would you meet again?
Or would you come undone? Would you call it off?
Or would you turn and run to your attic loft?