

Hem, Funnel Cloud

Clapboard on the houses
Clothesline threading through
Holding down the corners of
The field where we grew

Off on the horizon
The same thing everyday
Until a painted backdrop rises up
And blows the world away,
Blows your world away

Carry off the blankets
And carry off the trees
The light you've seen can touch you now
And change the way you see,
Change the way you see