

# 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