

Laika, Prairie Dog

Prairie now isn't that a pretty word
Rolls off the tongue like a setting sun
You should have heard what I heard
A shriek a syllable a sleight of hand

Prairie now isn't that a lonely word
Slips through the hands like a falling star
You should have seen what I saw
A mask an artifice a skillful smear

If I could pull the nerves from my skin
If I could pull the nerves from my skin
I would

Prairie now isn't that an evil word
Trips on its feet like a slouching beast
Surely things will change now
A start a plan a place to go

If I could pull the nerves from my skin
If I could pull the nerves from my skin
I would

Prairie now isn't that a pretty word
Rolls off the tongue like a setting sun
You should have heard what I heard
A shriek a syllable a sleight of hand

Surely things will change now
Surely things will change now
Surely things will change now
Surely things will change now