

Neko Case, Lion's Jaws

You're gone, the trees are so quiet
When your hand was in my pocket
How they swayed from side to side
Now the meddling sky and my snowy eye
Sees a different night

The night I fell into the lion's jaws
To my regret and your delight

Those teeth themselves could not divine
Nor their pressure estimate
The haze I wish to never break
And to never contemplate

Momentum for the sake of momentum
Momentum for the sake of momentum
Of momentum