

Son, Ambulance, Case of You/Wrinkle. Wrinkle

In a wasteland of strangers I sought advice from a friend.

And he cast his dreams upon me: try and catch a comet in a net.

While I was stranded in this high school kiss, you kept like honey to my lips.

But did you really want this station, if it means you have to die.

If it means you get off the ride.

Well I forgot to worry because you made a case for me to sing.

I thank you.

Splash water on my face a mirror makes a map to trace.

The lines escape my razors paint, pastoral scenes replaced.

Soon those distant planes in your kaleidoscope you'd cross the sky to tie a scarf around my neck.

And you love to ride electric trains and go or stay till you're back there before I can run away like the

I forgot to worry now you made a case for me to sleep.

I thank you.

Thank you for the patience and your thought for words, our kids, our dream, your arms around me.

On through the changes it wasn't hard to get by on crumbs.

As wolves we starve to tame out wanting.

Long to be hungry as we were.

As I film my mind with a dream tonight, our days align nights sharp decents.

Well, I'm not looking for dead ends as I go running out into the cold.

I was worried about running out alone.

I don't need to worry now, you made a case for me to sing.

I thank you.

Thank you for your patience and the thought for words, our kids in a dream, your arms around me.

I don't often wonder how they built a train, with tracks and steam, add wine, so sweat, to film my mind.

We take our time, we take our time.

We take all.

We take off.

We take our time to drive on, to drive home, to drive on through, to drive straight through town.

Cause it doesn't end.

The future doesn't hide.

And it doesn't bend.

Wrinkle, wrinkle,

And I'm beginning to like my face.