

Sparklehorse, Knives Of Summertime

A flock of knives cut the sky
And buried in my black eyes
And the clouds they bled in my head
And autumn rains soaked the dry beds
And the hurricane of her eyes
Willed away the knives
The knives of summertime
Summertime
The knives of summertime
Summertime
The knives of summertime

And I did swallow stained glass tears
Absorbed by the sun for many light years
And the fireflies in her hair
My red concertina's coming down the stairs
And the hurricane of her eyes
Willed away the knives
The knives of summertime
Summertime
The knives of summertime
Summertime
The knives of summertime