

Wide Mouth Mason, Shot Down Satellites

I crawl home from underneath a stone
Shaking all the pebbles out
Telephone screaming all alone
I'll go out and walk it off
Body shivers mind is racing all over tonight
Sky is burning riders coming for shot down satellites
I don't know where your feather tongue
Is at when the fork is out
Stole the cold from the under winter snow
Froze in the rising sun