

Blake Babies, From Here to Burma

Thick as a wooden block, white-walled tire.
Thin as a blade of grass, pointed spire.

From here to Burma, The time it takes to get to you.
From here to Burma, How far it is from me to you.

Black as three a.m., chocolate swirl.
White as milk and snow, mother-of-pearl.

From here to Burma, The time it takes to get to you.
From here to Burma, How far it is from me to you.