

Califone, Dime Fangs

Out to seed for the slow entire
Can't wait to lose you now, say grace and roll aside
Gave your lower lip and tried to steal it back
Speeding in your palm all powder, fleece, and tame for you

Lit machines the motor streams
All down your kitchen throat
A fine goodbye again, fell in between the stations

Dime store fangs and dirty wings
Lap dance from the boys choir, one by one
Petticoats and pails, the milk maid up the back seam
Ghosts against your sun drugged horses
It only rains for you

Your name was on the mortar, maced and still amused
A fine goodbye again, fell in between the stations