

Califone, Silvermine Pictures

She's a loose tooth and she's a bare wire
Unholy fine with a broken charge
Black hearted wife in the growling yard
Silvermine pictures and tongues of flame

Small hands wished away and held back
Painted ocean floor
Pipe and seed the weight relaxes
Razor to the tape

Out to thread taste the silver jets
As they lose control over you
Punctured houseboats in punch drunk cases
Four sunday shoes caught under the stall

Read the rope and steer the pitch dark
Lost on you
Motel sex still fresh on your hand
Razor to the tape

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