

# Califone, Sunday Noises

the violins collide  
into a rabbit chase a lost try  
lay easy now in warmer hours  
and steal back the century  
the open window lets it in  
sunday noises scratch you awake  
our mice and skulls old wives  
projected on the black sand  
thin my blood california  
if we ever get to home  
plant myself among the weeds  
and pray the violins collide  
into a rabbit chase of careful words  
plant you deep down in the clay