

# Camper Van Beethoven, Porpoise Mouth

The white ducks fly  
All past the sun  
Their wings flap silver at the moon

While waters rush down the mountaintops  
My [?] plays circus tunes

I dance to the wonders of your feet  
And I sing to the joy of your knees  
The cold white dress on the mountain crest  
[?] the frozen tree

The maple-[?] in the sky  
It seems to kiss the wind  
While scores of glittering [?] [?]

I whistle symphonies of your face  
And laugh  
For your hair is so fine

In startled reeds  
Of playground grass  
A child jumps rope to [?]

Reeds and grass  
The marching drum  
They make a joyous sound

She bends low with lust and love  
And falls [?] on the ground

I hunger for your porpoise mouth  
And stand erect for love  
The sun burns up the winter sky  
And all the Earth is love