

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