

Caribou, Yeti

His greasy fingers strung together and stretching 'cross the sky
A skunk that scratches and is leather a sign from up on high
And shivering we cling together and watch it pass us by
For falling like a spiny feather the tears begin to cry.

Twisting turning, bodies burning look up from where they lie
To see the stars and heaven's journey flashing 'cross the sky
You hold my arm and wait forever and look me in the eye
For falling like a spiny feather the tears begin to cry.

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