

# Laika, Looking For The Jackalope

The country's breathing a sigh of stars  
A bitch's baby from a buzzard's egg  
American fortune seekers  
West coast gold diggers  
Southern forgetters  
There's something wrong

I'm panning for hope in a junk sick river  
Trying to find the other two bits on my dollar  
Down fault lines and phone lines  
On every breath of every dawn  
There's something wrong

The prairie's bearing the vulture's child  
The whippoorwill sails on a lonesome call  
From the twilight to the horizon  
There's something wrong

I'm looking for the jackalope in a burnt out car  
In the dirt behind the daydream  
Through a window painted on a blackened building  
There's something wrong  
And the click-clack of the freight train goes  
This and that, this and that  
'Till your ears are ringing  
And your vision is clouded