

Laika, Red River

tell me where the blood red river runs
from my back door to the rising sun
on again away till dawn
never straight and way too long

I weighed the trees and hills on scales
the zig-zag lightning and killer whales
silver clouds reflected in deep
I don't measure up I don't measure up

red water's boiling the wind will blow it
halfway 'cross the ocean the wind will blow it
red water's boiling the wind will blow it
halfway 'cross the ocean the wind will blow it

I am a liar I rage on paper
a piece of string could only do better
been talking for years it's hard to remember
a piece of string could only do better

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