

# Meat Puppets, Beauty

Below the road a dozen times now  
Within the leeway, behind the sandhouse  
The fascinating book of strings  
Picks the leaves  
That drift down between  
Suns to lift up in between  
They told some stories like you've never seen  
Just about everything slips down in between  
Mine to lift up and to follow  
In the steps of fluids hollow  
Without time we pick up all the streams  
To find the leaves  
That drift down in between

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