Neko Case, Polar Nettles

He takes his dinner in the bath Love sickened and infirmed The orderly found him there Fileted on the marble stairs Hat still in hand

His smoking remains

Blown out by a kiss from the sunday scene Sunday soon sunday soon someday soon

Someday someday

His eyes are closed his mouth has named her rosary her lips and tongue

She is the centrifuge that throws the spies from the sun

The cistine chapel dated with the gattling gun

Someday soon [x4]

Oh the meadows set on him

Move like starlings of the clearing and tenor of a foggy tongue

The forcefield round his frosty hips

Whose shape recalls the (?)

That buried him but on his lips the last rites of man

Someday soon