Promise Ring, Everywhere In Denver

your young english eyes on the highways, climbs and dives,
climbs and dives like it's alive. and the black in indiana
is leaving for atlanta. i wonder if she'll ever go anywhere,
anywhere with me.
from the corner of coffee and fever, hazel and curry and your
long walking worry. you say it's easier to sleep when the
engine beats. and you think i'm not eating, "yeah, what've
you been reading?"
we talked over ida and arkansas like the country whispers to
nothing near at all. and they put out the lights and lit up the crickets.
they knew i was taking you out.