

# Sparklehorse, More Yellow Birds

is your jewellery still lost in the sand  
out on the coast, or rushed into the brine?  
you left your rings on the shoreline  
so you wouldn't lose them swimming in the shallows  
a plastic shovel, soft sweaty children far from home  
on vacation not unlike your very own  
and the Captain Howdy lit upon my shoulder  
and he left me with sulphur and rooms full of headaches  
I fell in with snakes in the poisoned ranks of strangers  
please send me more yellow birds for the dim interior  
will my pony recognise my voice in hell?  
will he still be blind, or do they go by smell?  
will you promise not to rest me out at sea  
but on a fiery river boat that's rickety?  
I'll never find my pony along the rolling swell  
a muddy river or a lake would do me well  
with hints of amber sundowns and moody thunderstorms  
a sunken barge's horns, with the cold rusty bells