

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