

# Sparklehorse, Spirit Ditch

I want my records back  
and that motorcycle gas tank  
that I, spraypainted black  
the owls have been talking to me  
but I'm sworn to secrecy

I woke up in  
a burnt out basement  
sleeping with  
metal hands  
in a spirit ditch  
the moon it will rise with such  
horse laughter  
it's dragging pianos to the ocean  
if I had a home  
you'd know it'd be  
in a slide trombone

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(mum on answerphone interlude)

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