

Tarkio, Standing Still

An eight ball
And two and all
Is how I measure the length that I must go
To outrun you standing still

A soft flight
And such delight
A nervous gesture that dropped me to my knees
Now I wonder where you are tonight

A hard fall
And through it all
I never felt so callous

A cut sleeve
And to believe
And once again I walked home alone

This old world counts for nothing
I did all I could do
Now I won't accept your blessing
On this, our final night
Won't live to see the light
Of morning

So I cling to apron strings
As I recall my father's dying words
"Some girls are sweet, some girls are wicked"

From this tree comes ???
An ugly cloister of flat foot bookish boys
Who'd as soon kick you as kiss you

(Chorus)