

The Church, Electric Lash

The electric lash of trees in the studio
Fills my head with light
Only the voice of the girl on the radio
Falling from a height
I turn to leave as if in a cameo
It doesn't feel quite right
Only one thing you ever really know
If it's day or night

Our eyes meet and I love her
I suspect she already knows
How those eyes see me so very very clearly
Even when they're closed

The electric lash of trees in the studio
A bite then a caress
Only the voice of the girl on the radio
Drifting from the west
I turn to leave as if in a cameo
A moon, a knot, a guess
Only one thing you ever really know
You might curse before you bless