

The Verve Pipe, Veneer

Thirteen miles on 31 are drying
All along adopt-a-highway lay the empty cans of
Masquerade

Thirteen miles on 31 are drying
The sky is lavender with ivory clouds that threaten
Drops of finger paints
Puddle jumping children clad
In yellow raincoats splash the deeper
Purple of veneer

Rows and rows of animals, their shiver skin
Is painted different shades
And from grazing painted grass their teeth
Are stained the incandescent green
Indifferent they watch the rainfall steady
Blend their spots and run their stripes
Of veneer

Lovely ladies strip themselves of furs the winds require
Lovely ladies bathe themselves in technicolor mire
Lovely gentlemen

At 85 on 31 I'm flying
Flying