

Knives of Summertime

Sparklehorse

A flock of knives cut the sky
And buried in my black eyes
And the clouds they bled in my head
And autumn rain soaked the dry beds And the hurricane of her eyes wailed away the knives
The knives of summertime, summertime
The knives of summertime, summertime
The knives of summertime And I did swallow stained glass tears
Absorbed by the sun for many light years
And the fire flies in her hair
My red concertinas coming down the stairs And the hurricane of her eyes wailed away the knives
The knives of summertime, summertime
The knives of summertime, summertime
The knives of summertime

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