Nomads

Chequerboard

Carry me back into the sand
Into the sand with the flowers and the fern
Old Mr. Centipede climbing tobacco leaves
Looking for livers and hearts for to eat

Cold and gray clouds staining the sounds
Straining the weight of a sorrowful sky
Wool on the trees, dust on the eves
The bark on the pines is worse than its bite

All of the lines have been lies this far
There is a feeling I must keep from you

The hills of nomads, we envy their lives
A picture we love, hills have eyes
This old motel song you dig when you're stoned
But sounds like a cheap shot
When you're sober and cold

But if you are
As stoned as a ghost in the snow
Your eyes will be blue flames

These lines are crawling snakes up your open legs
You wear them pale and fine
This is the line I'll give you true as the dawn
While the furious eye on the sun is upon us

The way your breasts dance while we're making love
Now that is a line penned by a divinely guided hand

Tailwind carry the birds to the coast
To watch the clouds roll along
Pollen and pitch whisper the scripture
Of kings in a tongue only spoken by ghosts

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