Cat Faces

Ugly Casanova

my heart's stopped pumpin but my blood is still alive.
the rain hits the ground and the trees they dry it up.
my eyes wake up but my brain is sleeping fine.
one more thing for you and i to do before we shut our eyes
that you blame me and i'll blame you, and we're both right.
cuttin cat faces in the pines.
they say his teeth are wood and they want pictures of him.
the rain hits the ground and the trees they dry it up.
my chain hits the wood and the wood it turns to dust.
i picture you as if you were a pine.
my heart's stopped pumping but my blood is still alive.
we're wood screws [all of our lives]
and we're wood screws [all of our lives]
well my heart's stopped pumping but my blood is still alive.
i lay down with the southern range.
swallows drop in and dash the sky,
tracing lines of cursive on the horizon.
cutting cat faces in the pines.
mark the path back to the point of departure.
two by two and four by four the pines they lay down,
and i lay down with the southern range.

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