# Wildlife in America

## Shearwater

Back before
Back in our school days
You were wild-eyed
Before the damage was done
You tasted that fear in your mouth on Sundays
But you know
You know it's not livingWhen the wildfires
Were burning out on the lawn
You held your arms out
Primed for the ready line
With your crusader cross
And your small-dose amphetamine
Gunning for the hours when the sparks rain down
But you can't remember
Which was the last war
Or who it is now
When every shadow is a Saladin
Look at meYou must be dreaming
We must be dreamingNow they've gone,
Scaled up and on the roads
They roll their heavy ranks over
With an ancient song:
"Stay away from old thoughts
Old doubts and old feelings."
But keeping it so far down isn't easy
And you know it's too late
Late for a last war
And it's too late
To back out of (your) real life
Into firelightYou must be dreaming
We must be dreamingBilly's in position
He's rolling into town
Kicking in the doors
That fucker's never coming down
You feel the slightest murmuration
A shiver in the heat
Skinny dogs and safety glass that's shattered in the streetIt looks like diamondsYou must be dreaming
We must be dreamingYou've got your mother's eyes
You've got your father's heart

Look what it did to him

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