

# 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 living When 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 me You must be dreaming  
We must be dreaming Now 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 firelight You must be dreaming  
We must be dreaming Billy'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 street It looks like diamonds You must be dreaming  
We must be dreaming You've got your mother's eyes  
You've got your father's heart

Look what it did to him

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