

Sunday Noises

Califone

The violins collide
Into a rabbit chase a lost try
Lay easy now in warmer hours
And steal back the century
The open window lets it in
Sunday noises scratch you awake
Our mice and skulls old wives
Projected on the black sand
Thin my blood California
If we ever get to home
Plant myself among the weeds
And pray the violins collide
Into a rabbit chase of careful words
Plant you deep down in the clay

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