More Yellow Birds

Sparklehorse

Is your jewelry still lost in the sand?
Out on the coast, or rushed into the brine
You left your rings on the shoreline
So you wouldn't lose them, swimming in the shallowsA plastic shovel soft sweaty children far from home
On vacation not unlike your very ownAnd the Captain Howdy lit, upon my shoulder
And he left me with sulfur, and rooms full of headaches
I fell in with snakes, in the poisoned ranks of strangers
Please send me more yellow birds for the dim interiorWill my pony recognize my voice in hell?
Will he still be blind or do they go by smell?
Will you promise me not to rest me out at sea?
But on a fiery river boat that's ricketyI'll never find my pony along the rolling swells
A muddy river or a lake would do me well
With hints of amber sundowns and muted thunderstorms
A sunken barge's horns with the cold rusty bells

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