Fake Fur Coat

Tweedy

Behold the drift of a distant sun
Cold as my own heart
Blind at the edge of no return
Every time I dare depart

I believe the myth may illuminate
An anchor in the dry weeds
At the end of July, in a fake fur coat
Hoping that your heart still needs me

I can see thereâ€™s beauty in bubble gum
Iâ€™m rolling up my sleeves
To advertise the new freedom
I accept I canâ€™t receive

Behold the gift of a distant sun
Canyons full of loose bones
The nettles and the brambles and the jack ditch boss
Thundering down from his throne

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