

# Nomads

## Dead Ringer

Carry me back into the sand  
Into the sand with the flowers and the fern  
Old Mr. Centipede climbing tobacco leaves  
Looking for livers and hearts for to eat

Cold and gray clouds staining the sounds  
Straining the weight of a sorrowful sky  
Wool on the trees, dust on the eves  
The bark on the pines is worse than its bite

All of the lines have been lies this far  
There is a feeling I must keep from you

The hills of nomads, we envy their lives  
A picture we love, hills have eyes  
This old motel song you dig when you're stoned  
But sounds like a cheap shot  
When you're sober and cold

But if you are  
As stoned as a ghost in the snow  
Your eyes will be blue flames

These lines are crawling snakes up your open legs  
You wear them pale and fine  
This is the line I'll give you true as the dawn  
While the furious eye on the sun is upon us

The way your breasts dance while we're making love  
Now that is a line penned by a divinely guided hand

Tailwind carry the birds to the coast  
To watch the clouds roll along  
Pollen and pitch whisper the scripture  
Of kings in a tongue only spoken by ghosts

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