Seeds

Hey Rosetta!

the road bends long, like mother's arms
reaching for these four black tires
and through the night, our knuckles tight
we knock off miles and yellow linesand when it all comes in it's the biggest thing
it's the blooming night in the white of your bright blue eyes
and when it all goes past, it's the fastest wind
and we make it, we make it, we make itand we don't look back, cause we don't need that
and we're going too fast, and we don't want to, don't want to
crashthe road comes round, it's a curving crown
and our tired temples try and wear it proud
cause you get away from all you made
all the kid's mistakes you were taught to makebut we don't look back, cause we don't need that
and we're going too fast, and we don't want to, don't want to
crashat last we stop when the night comes on
and i drive into you, like i'm driven to do
and when we then lie still, i still feel
the road go, and them spinning wheels...(the minutes dropping off, the miles are dropping off...)
(obedient kids, obedient kids, look what we missed, being obedient kids...)
(we go by a million minds, we go by a million dreams, a million silent buried seeds
we go by a million lives, we go by a million streets, million silent buried seeds...)
(we are seeds...)and we don't look back, cause we don't need that
and we're going too fast, and we don't want to, don't want to
crash...

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