

Plains

The Dead C

Into the desert, weathered forever
Desperate clouds follow them out
Seeing the future, cautiously answer
Slowly the plains sideways rain
The days whispered and shouted and everything counted
The signs were around, we looked, so we found
Been seeking a pattern, none of it mattered
Watching the sky sparkling by
Through windows of the past
We are seeing the same thing but they are not laughing
Smoke from the engine, the bones of the plain
And I notice this vaguely but it couldn't contain me
And so I've been tamed and so it remains and I am ashamed
And I am in the strangest path
Try to remember, pen to the paper
Caution, get out, what's it about?
The pitchers are empty, voices have left me
It's only the plains sideways rain
And I am ashamed and I am ashamed
That every day is just this

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