

South of America

Phosphorescent

Oh There's dogs calling awfully out here
There's cows with their mouths filled with tears
And there's black water curling all around where we lay
And I have been sad now too many days
And she would harness my heart if it harnessed that way.
So babe, I am going, iam going away. The men are all gorgeous down here.
Long and brown like deer.
And she's always arriving in her dark river skirt.
Winding holes through the valley.
Bending bones in the dirt.
Hiding poems I had tossed under blankets of sand.
Babe, I am sorry. I'm sorry I am. It never gets cold way down here.
I can live off of watermelons and beer.
And I'll never go hungry; I will never go home.
Never call to my lover, "lover, leave me alone."
Never harden my heart like some prude in the snow.
Oh, babe I know this. I noticed. I'm no one.

Songwriters

HOUCK, MATTHEW Published by

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