

# Red Tide

## Neko Case

Theres a smell here that stands my hairs on end  
Dog hair in the heater, gas pumps and cedar  
And jackknives on the nine  
and seabirds choked on fishing lineClouds say hush but the chainsaws mush on to Custer and Columbia  
Salty tentacles shrink in the sun but the red tide is over  
The mollusks they have wonTheres a smell here of gravel and cigarettes lit  
When the match made them sweet  
When the engine turned over and beat up our street  
Oh, that was the day  
To rememberI remember because of the fires that leapt  
From the caves of the things that have not happened yet  
When I think of it now they smell to me quite sinisterI want to go back and die at the drive in  
Die before strangers can say  
I hate the rain  
I hate the rain

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