

# Green Bottle #6

## The Wiyos

Moonbeams through headlights fall over backroads  
Trumpet low on the stereo  
Not too cold now  
And those pistons moan now  
And the late ride home goes still in the chill  
Well, it makes me reminisce

Backyard dogs cry wolf  
Big rigs shift in low gear  
Shotguns pop in the grove  
My Grundig talks in stale voices  
Wish they'd play some Billie Holiday  
Well I thought of you  
I thought of you  
Oh, I think of you

Wives' tales through bird's trees  
Gaze down on my leaves  
I rake them up by the bunch  
Darkness falls now, 'bout 5 o'clock and then that  
Cold crisp air comes creeping through the woods  
Well, it makes me think of you

Arms lie through fingerprints  
Smear'd over your blouse  
Let's do them up once again  
Years gone by now, I think I'll cry now  
Lucky summer lost in the ease  
Well I thought of you  
I think of you  
Oh, I'll think of you

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Lyrics submitted by Kari V.

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