Trout Silk

Califone

Dissection wise
Half onion stone
Stuff your mattress
Loose dog loose
Waking to a pirate's breath
Hot and sour on the nape of your neck
Calls you by your mother's name
Trout belly silk, a brace of shakes
Tell your man my hands are itching
Lose your shame, see it slow
Two lane cyclone red
Let your backbone ease
Let your hands forget

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