

Frigid Spring

Chairlift

High in the ranks of the bleeding hearts
With one to call my own
On the docks of the fishing boats
Of semi precious stone
Recent light
Fresh with vacant envy
Failing all alone
Frigid spring
Of the wishy washy wishing well of home
Missing the mark
At your seat in the dark
At a barter banquet, amen
Riding the ride and unleashing the tide
Of a maiden's mood swing, amen
Won't go as planned without asking the hand
Of the mastermind, amen

Heavenly harness of obstinate power
He's down on her knees
Far in the land of the scribble scrabble
Lightning field of loam
Where the plow pushed sod with devilled hooves of clones
Shanty towns
Harvest hollyhocks
All frothing full of foam
Past the claws of the city light is the doorstep you call home
Call home
She needs you
He's down on her knees
Call home
She needs you
He's down on her knees
She needs you

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