

# Dry Grass & Shadows

[Alela Diane](#)

There are things that I've seen in my head while I'm sleeping in bed  
They do not wither in the morning light  
I'm taken back, oh I'm taken back to the dry grass and the shadows  
Thinking I'd like to look at your teeth lined  
up in perfect rows  
A maze of children feeding orchard trees  
Where the flat lands stretch inside your mouth  
And when you laugh all the star thistles stumble out  
The flat lands stretch inside your mouth  
And when you laugh all the star-thistles stumble out  
Strong spines of valley hills all overgrown in gold  
Look softer than a spool of old silk thread  
But if we walked down with our feet  
I'd be pulling spines and barbs and fox tails from your skin  
Oh, if we walked down with our feet  
I'd be pulling spines and barbs and fox tails from your skin  
There are things that I've seen in my head while I'm  
sleeping in bed  
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