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 shadowsThinking 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 outStrong 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 skinThere 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
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