Helicopters

Laura Burhenn

...and how your heatwave ran
Through our snow black fields
And we dropped our young
To a ragtime feel
And it's been ten long weeks
And there's still no word
Our Arctic Graceland
And the whale fat burn
My moon's a naked cold star
Why do you take this so hard.
So keep this song

Til you catch diseases
And wait them out
Til this tundra freezes
..and how your heatwave ran
Through our snow black fields
My moon's a naked cold star
Why do you take this so hard.
Helicopters are chasing
Animals through the fields
Helicopters are chasing
Our spirits into the sea

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