

# Plains

## Wye Oak

Into the desert, weathered forever  
Desperate clouds follow them out  
Seeing the future, cautiously answer  
Slowly the plains sideways rain  
The days whispered and shouted and everything counted  
The signs were around, we looked, so we found  
Been seeking a pattern, none of it mattered  
Watching the sky sparkling by  
Through windows of the past  
We are seeing the same thing but they are not laughing  
Smoke from the engine, the bones of the plain  
And I notice this vaguely but it couldn't contain me  
And so I've been tamed and so it remains and I am ashamed  
And I am in the strangest path  
Try to remember, pen to the paper  
Caution, get out, what's it about?  
The pitchers are empty, voices have left me  
It's only the plains sideways rain  
And I am ashamed and I am ashamed  
That every day is just this

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