

# Cups and Cups

## Field Report

I got a love that brings me home; got no need to terraform  
tried to guide by the stars but I took it too far--  
to the river that the ancient icesheets borne  
I came to with fruitflesh in my teeth; skin stuck in my front teeth  
and the scales dropped off as the sun came up and I knew that I  
could never go back to not knowing I was nude  
in my jacket and and my pants and my boots  
all my love was dammed up here to you  
with my nose pressed into your hair I could smell with seven senses  
danger, preservation in the air  
and I got four kinds of love but the one I'm thinking of is all four  
directions, here and there  
and my bones cried out from sleeping on the ground,  
partly in your arms from behind  
you said there's an underground river that can go anywhere,  
it's just where we choose to dig in and what we find  
all my love was dammed up here to you  
all my love was dammed up here to you  
so I followed the river underground and drank it up:  
cups and cups, and pocketed some  
I'm always drunk, on the verge of spilling everything,  
filled up like a pleurised lung  
Wash away the trail-- wonder what we left behind?  
the extra cups and cups and cups  
You could read me like a horse, with your legs and eyes;  
I got spooked and bucked When I'm pulling away I will say I feel you pulling away  
all my love was dammed up to today If I stayed would you stay with me right here?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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