

Sharing a Gibson with Martin Luther King Jr.

Lambchop

All the leaves have turned to leather
I have lost faith in the spring
Withered like a dark balloon
I hear no robin sing
Ushered with no shower still
Oh the rain falls off the eaves
And a rim of shady light
That forms these patterns on my hands I can see your ring
Is it camouflaged or etch
Tell your king
From me this errand sent
To call such a hole
In the kingdom of the Lord
That we are afraid
Where there is no fear Oh he fell into a slumber
And did not wake until the dawn
To see a band of orange clouds
Cross the middle of the sky
He got into a fluster
He felt a tightening in his leg
With such finesse he waived a hornet
From a wine glass And tiny fluffs of the feathered life
And you wander forth
With your insolence and wine
The fruitless mourn
To whom that cannot hear
What the fuck am I doing here

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