

Almanac

Widowspeak

On the Rio,
Rode the sparrow,
Drank the marrow,
Spade the clerics I spent all day Saturday toasted,
Roasting in your room Fall fine,
Skin tight,
Unhinged and sizzle.
Call bads,
To the all night.
It's our branch is delicious. You have to rise up.
Slow down baby in the car,
Goin for a whole one.
Slow, left here eyes up.
Slowly baby you'll come in.
You're goin for the whole run.
You can't live with it.
Where you wreck it and run.
Do what you can. All night,
It's on right,
So fresh that it sizzles.
Ball cap,
All night,
So dear it's a little. Small lap,
So nice,
Body's cracked as it wasn't enough. It's the sun have to rise it.
Slow down baby in the car.
Goin for the homerun.
Slow down deep rise up,
When my sooner baby you come in.
So it for the soft ground. Shed skin, for kin.
I'll be alive when all this is over.
When all of us are sober.
Shed skin, with kin.
I could lead you over,
I'll see you in the clover darling.
I'll be here, dancin on the footsteps,
Out here in the beach house, out here in the cold air.
Shed skin, like a master.
How have past and, comin down.

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