Spirit Ditch (Black Session)

Sparklehorse

I want my records back
And that motorcycle gas tank
That I, spray painted black
The owls have been talking to me
But I'm sworn to secrecyI woke up in
A burnt out basement
Sleeping with
Metal hands
In a spirit ditchThe moon it will rise with such
Horse laughter
It's dragging pianos to the ocean
If I had a home
You'd know it'd be
In a slide tromboneI woke up in
A burnt out basement
Sleeping with
Metal hands
In a spirit ditch

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