Spirit Ditch

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 secrecyWoke up in a burnt out basement
Sleeping with metal hands in a spirit ditchThe moon, it'll rise with a search
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 ditchI woke up in a burnt out basement
Sleeping with metal hands in a spirit ditch

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