

Fox Confessor Brings The Flood

Neko Case

Driving home I see those flooded fields
How can people not know what beauty this is?
I've taken it for granted my whole life
Since the day I was born Clouds hang on these curves like me
And I kneel to the wheel of the fox confessor
On splendid heels
And he shames me from my seat
And on my guilty feet
I follow him in retreat What purpose in these deeds
Oh fox confessor please
Who married me to these orphan blues
Its not for you to know
But for you to weep and wonder
When the death of your civilization precedes you Will I ever see you again?
Will there be no one above me to put my faith in?
I flooded my sleeves as I drove home again

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