

Red Tide

Neko Case

Theres a smell here that stands my hairs on end
Dog hair in the heater, gas pumps and cedar
And jackknives on the nine
and seabirds choked on fishing line
Clouds say hush but the chainsaws mush on to Custer and Columbia
Salty tentacles shrink in the sun but the red tide is over
The mollusks they have won
Theres a smell here of gravel and cigarettes lit
When the match made them sweet
When the engine turned over and beat up our street
Oh, that was the day
To remember
I remember because of the fires that leapt
From the caves of the things that have not happened yet
When I think of it now they smell to me quite sinister
I want to go back and die at the drive in
Die before strangers can say
I hate the rain
I hate the rain

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