

# Helicopters

**Burhenn, Laura**

...and how your heatwave ran  
Through our snow black fields  
And we dropped our young  
To a ragtime feel  
And it's been ten long weeks  
And there's still no word  
Our Arctic Graceland  
And the whale fat burn  
My moon's a naked cold star  
Why do you take this so hard.  
So keep this song

Til you catch diseases  
And wait them out  
Til this tundra freezes  
..and how your heatwave ran  
Through our snow black fields  
My moon's a naked cold star  
Why do you take this so hard.  
Helicopters are chasing  
Animals through the fields  
Helicopters are chasing  
Our spirits into the sea

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