

Emily Dickinson

Clutch

The farmhouse was overtaken
By vine and the snake
Hooked on phantom power
The acres seemed to ache
Pursued by floating rebels
They'd take us if they could
I thought a spell of country living
Would do my spirits good

Emily Dickinson
Won't you lay your hair down low?
Staring out the windowpane
There's so much more to know
Emily Dickinson
All buttoned down in Victoria black
Let's watch the white clouds run
With the cool grass on our backs

The door mouse was mistaken
There was no quarter there
The attic and the cellar
Were but jaws of a bear
The hunter was the quarry
All tangled in the wood
I thought a spell of country living
Would do my spirits good

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Disembodied gentry
Gathered by my door
Your electrical habits
Aren't welcome here anymore

That day I left
With a locket and glove
Keepsakes lest I forget
A woman by the name of

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Emily Dickinson
Trade your lily for a rose

Run to the valley
Where the wild daisy grows
Emily Dickinson
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Staring out the windowpane
There's so much more to know