

## Santa Barbara

A Toys Orchestra

Pour on the rum on the wound  
And send kisses through a postcard  
The winter has come  
Straight to the bones  
While you're still rubbing your eyes  
Let the wax dry on the pulps  
Prayers are becoming courses  
Salt-away heart/cuttlebone knife  
...nobody loves as i love you tonight!  
Far away from here  
Where the sky is getting clear  
The blueberries float  
In the outdoor washtubs  
And my hampered fingers  
As a compass without a needle  
It will never end  
Looking for your hands  
Far-from-here-so-far-away  
Far-from-you-far-far-away  
Over the foam of the waves  
The tail of the whale  
Over and over  
And more far away!