

Wildflower Honey

Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

I stood up tall in the flowers
All with bright yellow blooms at the tip
Like they've been set on fire
And put out but left alone. All of the embers stay lit
And I passed a hillside in Texas
Where the cacti all raised up their arms
Like they've been caught in prayer
To some evangelist preacher or absentee gods

So I drift to sleep
Eating wildflower honey
In the evening heat
With the windows down around me
Laying low on the side of the road

I played a dive in St Louis
My guitar started sounding like shit
Got it fixed up in Nashville
The lady said "Kid you can't bang on your fret-board like this"
And I found some boys out of Philly
That were willing to play in my band
For drinks at the bar
And the promise of places that they've never been

So we drift to sleep
Eating wildflower honey
In the evening heat
Watch the fireflies arriving
Laying low on the side of the road