

# Dandelion

Big Thief

He's old like the raspberry cold  
Coming in the window  
His gloom room  
Flowers blooming out like armadillos

He looks to the left at the yellow lines  
Moving with the traffic  
His veins have turned to plastic blinds

He was new like the violet dew  
Water looking at him through  
The telescopic mountain view  
Where the stars were still laughing

He lept into the northern sky  
Filled his lungs with peace and  
Never even wondered why

Go with the yellow light  
Your mind is a dandelion  
The weight of your crooked spine  
Is returning to snow  
They know, you were mostly our machines  
Not electrical in dreams

He's old like the raspberry cold  
Coming in the window  
His gloom room  
Flowers then blooming out like armadillos

He walks with the owls and the yellow moon  
Walks like a river lapping  
His blood is thick and tacky

He was new like the violet dew  
Water looking at him through  
The telescopic mountain view  
The stars were still laughing

He lept into the northern sky  
Filled his lungs with peace and  
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Go with the yellow light  
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