

# Farsickness

Blake Mills

I've got a farsickness  
Bringing out the purple in the trees  
In what I'd always thought up  
As being brown, being brown, being brown

I am still in the cupola  
Wondering about your cryptic dream  
A single piece of sushi made  
From porcelain, from porcelain, from porcelain

Little do I remember  
Of what I saw the night we first  
Slept inside of warm skin  
Remember, remember, remember

I've got a farsickness  
For the open edge of anywhere  
To vanish up an endless stair  
On apple pies, and Julian I don't care