

Dime Fangs

Califone

out to seed for the slow entire
can't wait to lose you now
say grace and roll aside

gave your lower lip and tried to steal it back
speeding in your palm all powder fleece and tame for you

lit machines the motor streams
down your kitchen throat
a fine goodbye again
fell in between the stations

dime store fangs and dirty wings
lap dance from the boys choir
one by one

petticoats and pails
the milk maid up the back seam

ghosts against your sun drugged horses
it only rains for you

your name was on the mortar
maced and still amused
a fine goodbye again
fell in between the stations