

St. Augustine (A Belly Full of Swans)

Califone

yellow moon deflates, bless the broken wheel
cold bath and silver rain
a belly full of swans, St. Augustine
nesting in the rafters

a salted notion's bride in a brace of shakes
shot better when your blind
the temperature divides
fevers grow there own hands

silver rain, salt and fire
bullet holes, the light pokes through
water finds an old diviner
water finds an old diviner

a belly full of dimes, St. Augustine takes to water
sweetly
indiana plates on chinese drivers
hydrant drains the lake, divinity is diced
the temperature divides, the vacant corners take
shot better when you're blind again

silver rain, salt and fire
bullet holes, the light pokes through
water finds an old diviner
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