

Sunday Noises

Califone

the violins collide into a rabbit chase a lost try lay
easy now in warmer hours and steal back the century the
open window lets it in sunday noises scratch you awake
our mice and skulls old wives projected on the black sand
thin my blood california if we ever get to home plant
myself among the weeds and pray the violins collide into
a rabbit chase of careful words plant you deep down in
the clay