

# Rounder

Cass McCombs

Were a radia gunslung  
Were a murdream boysroom  
On a slight of jadeself  
Are you tied of drying, rounder?

Dimed a thousand cycles  
Come around to meet we  
Holding each folding  
How are you keeling, rounder?

Were a rounder too

Plant a seed to vulture  
Damned to returning  
Who married the widow  
Were a round man turning, rounder?

Hostess of November  
Were the horses clodding  
On slick embers going  
Past the gamblers odding, rounder

Were a rounder too