

So Damn Pure

Cass McCombs

You understand
That boy you know
You tell him "Yes,"
But you're thinking "No."

Your spray for pests
Is weakly leaked.
You run the press,
And you judge and preach.
You speak the air,
The giant falls.
And a plague descends
Upon the stalls.

As cattle stir...
Disease is cure.

As paint on fur...
You're always
So
Damn
Pure.

And the letter from Chase,
And the righteous tongue,
And the man-like ways,
And lends our hall.

And stomach pain,
And eagle's thirst,
And equal pay,
For equal work.

And all the while,
And all the more,
And yonder's pile,
And yonder's poor.

As cattle stir...
Disease is cure.

As paint on fur...
You're always
So
Damn
Pure.