

## Jericho

Cory Branan

She was looking over my shoulder  
Out of the window at the moon  
As I watched her  
There in the silver napkin dispenser to my right...her left...my right

And there was no one at the jukebox  
When suddenly it turned on  
And suddenly there was motown  
The trumpets blow towards Jericho

They go, "No one knows how no one feels, I wonder why I bother."  
"  
Bah-bah-bah

Tonight the sky caught flower, it was damn near absurd  
A wash of wasp and bob-white, moth and mockingbird  
And in the blinding hindsight of the long dead starlight stood  
the unconnected dots of history, patron saints of luck and mystery  
Unnerving coincidence of reoccurring fingerprints  
White rose in an onion and an ocean in the oxygen

Muhammed, Kali, Buddha, Baby Jesus and the gang  
The whole slipshod she-bang  
Under this perfect awning, my pretty girl is yawning

"No one knows how no one feels, I wonder why I bother."  
Bah-bah-bah

She said, "Look the sky is perfectly clear just there."  
"Where there?"  
"No, right here."  
Finally feel I found it  
Each star points to the five around it  
And on and on and on and off  
And on and on and on and on and off  
And on and on and on and on and off and on and on

[No one knows how no one feels, I wonder why I bother]

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Out of the window at the moon