

## Crossrail Drive

Elysian Fields

If I was a fly, on a frog, in the sky  
On a pad, on a lake of olden  
Days I would count  
Days I would grow  
Days I would call for mother  
Starve the night  
Hope for light  
Brother and I  
How heavy our eyelids  
Cold in the sun  
It's cold in the sun  
We can't undo what has been done  
Even now, scratches soft  
The traps in my head  
And the roof lifts off

Off with their heads  
Can't stay in bed  
Sick of counting cars  
Is she never coming home  
For her babies  
Ghosts of no  
Fragments show  
Hunted by the creek in Burke, Virginia  
I want to be touched  
I want to be moved  
I want to be felt and feeling  
Here's where I'll die  
Here is where I'll die  
Won't you help me  
To reach the sky