

Fox runs with the lightning
Worked its way into an open field
Come midnight, we'll all be dreaming
It's the owl who owns the evening

Remember when the engine quit?
My head against the steering wheel
You sparked up, began to grin
You and all your silver linings

Desert flowers wait for rain
Scattered seeds along the plains
Storms will swell, the days will fly
I'll love you like the passing time

There's hissing in the underbrush
Let's try and not talk too much
Promise I won't say a thing
It's the owl who owns the evening