

Re: Stacks

Gretta Ray

This my excavation and to-
-day is Kumran
Everything that happens is from now on
This is pouring rain, this is paralysed

I keep throwing it down two
Hundred at a time
It's hard to find it when you knew it
When your money's gone and you're drunk as hell

On your back with the racks as the stacks of your load
In the back with the racks and the stacks are your load
In the back with the racks and you're unstacking your load

I've been twisting to the sun
I needed to replace
And the fountain in the front yard is rusted out
All my love was down in a frozen ground

There's a black crow sitting across from me
His wiry legs are crossed
He's dangling my keys, he even fakes a toss
Whatever could it be that has brought me to this loss?

On your back with the racks as the stacks of your load
In the back with the racks and the stacks are your load
In the back with the racks and you're unstacking your load

This is not the sound of a new man
Or a crispy realisation
It's the sound of me unlocking and you lift away
Your love will be safe with me