

Pretty Strays for Hopeless Lovers

Holy Holy

Pretty strays for hopeless lovers
With grace in mind
Empty days filled up with promises that you deny
Flooded creek, now still and quiet
Deep and black
The bed is smooth
The bank is scavenged
Swept all that's past

Time will bury all these years
While the rustlings in your ear
Under the mountain a century
Under the ocean a memory

If my love should fail and falter
If the horses balk
And if my luck should take or leave me
For the singing road
If days and nights are inked and numbered
Can you call the count
If morning breaks like words that shatter on this hollow ground

Time will bury all these years
While the rustlings in your ear
Under mountain a century
Under ocean a memory