

Desert Wine

Joshua Burnside

Oh Polero sing me a song
I said it comes easy but I was wrong
I was clastic sediment
All Kozelek and hell bent
On climbing the steel palisades
Catching them tidal waves

So I take the 11 home
Comedians in Kodachrome
Where I'm going I won't be confined
Back row, the desert wine

You can't have some, you're just too young
By and by you will come to know
There's acid in the kindest soul
The devil sleeps where red tulips grow

Always waiting a rhyme for a way out of this time
Or a way out of my head
I need the hours but it don't pay so well
Now where I'm going I won't be confined
Where I'm going I won't be confined
Where I'm going I won't be confined
To the back row, to the desert wine

No, no, you can't have some, you're just too young
By and by you will come to know
There's acid in the kindest soul
The devil sleeps where red tulips grow