

Headlands

Kingfishr

Wheels
Turning all the time
Sundays
Hanging on the vine
Picking out the stones
Turning on the headlands
Tales as old as time

Standing
Staring down the rain
Roaring
Storming down the lane
Well I don't have the time
And you don't have the patience
They're buried in the headlands

Show me
Where to turn to
When the sky comes falling down
Tell me
What to say
When the guards show up at the house
We keep it buried
In the headlands
With the truth
And the blood
And the tears
Genevieve says
Not to worry too much
But I can't sleep for the rattling spears

Walking
Down the open fields
Howling
Tryna sort a deal
But heaven hath no fury
The devils in the clay
Out there on the headlands

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Older than the stones
Older than the winter
Taller than the trees

Buried down within her
Wilder than the sky
Taller than the mountains
Stronger than the sea
Its buried in the headlands

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