

## Some Are Lakes

Land of Talk

what started at a summer lake  
a sentence and a name  
if only for a moment's sake  
we called it and it came

held it down-the loving heat-  
longer than a while  
held it down-the loving heat-  
softer than a chime

We've seen how Sick Wind blows  
but i've got your bovine eyes  
i'll love you like i love you  
then i'll die

shot the rats and as they ran  
from the quarry to the tracks  
chased them as you took my hand  
and never took it back  
held it up and felt the wind  
blow and miss a chime  
found a god and begged it in  
to fight your body crime

we've seen The Sick Wind blow  
but i've got your bovine eyes  
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I relate, kid, but i'm the one who wants to let you  
wonder  
i relate, kid, but i'm the one who wants to let you  
wonder

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but i've got your bovine eyes  
i'll love you like i love you  
then i'll die  
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