

Castilleja

Molly Tuttle

Woah, Castilleja
You're a prairie fire dancing in the wind
But you're cold as a high sierra
Every time I try to bring your flower in

I promised you the golden California
On the painted horse and reins of silver thread
But if I can't steal your heart, Castilleja
I'll end up with a price upon my head

You were bold, Castilleja
When I saw you at Mojave's drinking slow
Pull up poison like an arrow
Was just tryna say how much I love you so

I promised you the golden California
On the painted horse and reins of silver thread
But if I can't steal your heart, Castilleja
I'll haunt you like a fugitive instead

Two strangers mate when dark and shadow
Then moved against papered wall
When suddenly, there loomed another
And Castilleja came to fall
So I lit out east of Inyo
To where the highway turns to sand
There, I met that heartless devil
With desert flower in his hand

And I was quick, like a streak of lightning
I fired first and then he fell
Now I dream of Castilleja
A secret I will never tell
I promised you the golden California
On the painted horse and reins of silver thread
But if I can't steal your heart, Castilleja
I'll ghost this world long after I'm dead

Woah, Castilleja
Oh, Castilleja
Woah, Castilleja