

## Cowboys & Indians

Nits

I thought that I saw you in the last train  
With a plastic white fork in your hand  
Your teeth, your elbows, your shoulders  
Your mouth and your eyes

You saw me standing on a platform  
One second with 24 frames  
I was gone with the last letter of your name  
When we were looking  
Looking at the sky  
When we were cowboys and indians  
Waving goodbye

My dream fell into pieces  
It's so difficult to paint a horse  
And your sister said  
"There's no Wild West"  
That's when I needed  
I needed more time  
When we were cowboys and indians  
Waiting in line  
When we were looking  
Looking at the sky  
When we were cowboys and indians  
Waving goodbye

"Hope is a strange invention", Emily said  
And words come down like rain  
On our head