

The thing about gravity
It won't ever let on
The gavel won't knock yet
It's just the falling and falling
It's a wholly different day
Than what I woke in yesterday
Blink at the ceiling
And everything has changed
And there is nothing to offer
That won't look meek in the morning light
I got nothing to offer
But words that just keep falling down all the time

Hey you're a bullet
You're a bullet now

Given the blacktop
And a donkey to ride
There's some that you'll follow
And some you'll bury in the night
And august is gleaming
And it's easy to forget
That the record is leaning
To overwrought and underfed

Hey you're a bullet
You're a bullet now

'I'm taken with purity'
One time a mouth said to me
With the moon on her shoulders
And the water in her hair
And with all of your clothes
Lying there on the bank
And all of your troubles
Brought to the water softly sank