

Cold is night  
To a bold new light  
Oh you're settled in  
Bloodstream medicine child  
Hold your reticent babe  
Close to your breastbone and smile

You golden god of fables  
What could not be real  
Endless parallels, though you hide it well  
So nothing today can stay the same for me  
You hollow log, immeasured  
You genius cracked, so forever  
You've got it all  
You lucky dog

How so smitten to lick at wounds bitten with lips  
Three fine fingers the look was so near to the touch  
(count the blessings on your table)  
Gone stare out into night got it wrong about time

Time, time's a fickle line  
Lines, such capricious lies  
Lies, lies, lie in wayward time  
And in a day's week every salt's gone to seed  
A garden shed mistook for turbulent seas  
So blown out the 30 way today for me

You hollow log  
You're genius cracked  
You've got it all  
You lucky dog