

## Falling Down

Sparklehorse

Before a record of a sunset  
After the fires before the celeste  
Had keyed and rung her chimey two-step  
A-from the mountain sprung the forest  
Spirit wings for flight is all wound  
Language from a lip yet unfound  
The hour drowned, the leaves have sped their rounds  
Before the boarders ever knew ground

A-keep on falling down  
Keep on falling down  
Keep on falling down

Solo in crept to infect  
As they wept and slept, then ingest  
Things that men prefer to forget  
Than peer into a glass of reflect  
Am I seen to all my dead kin?  
When death floats near, are they the ones  
Who shout in my ear?

Confederate river ghosts come lie down  
Inhale the earth's breath, that's your bed now  
You're of hummingbird and quasar  
The cannonball has flown its arc now  
To be found by the plow  
Years from now

Keep on falling down