

Horses at Night

Strand of Oaks

One, two
One, two, three, four

Distorted frequencies locate her mood
Impressive lingering of salt in the wound
The sweet dependency they stole from you
They answer back, with no respect

We're just movement in the dark
Lonely fragments made of stars
Mild interruptions in an endless fog
Cosmic dust, pumping blood

Scuff your sneakers they look better when they're worn
Broken fingers never reach the chords
Jesus Christ Tim, what's the matter? What's wrong?
They're just songs, this should be fun

We're just movements in the dark
Lonely fragments made of stars
Solar orphans in the maternity wards
Cosmic dust, pumping blood

September 6, 1970
Was Jimi's last show in Germany
Fifty years of refracting light
Lonely aliens might hear him in the night
They'd get stoned and he'd blow their minds