

Just Drums

Tapes 'n Tapes

Forget calls to teacher.
Forget calls in line.
We fall off furry creatures.
Fall off all the time.
And it's not your headdress.
It's not your hide.
It's feeling the cold.
It's feeling the cold.

(These things that we don't talk about, breathe about. Do I? No .)

Take me over.
Take it over time.
Your needs keep talking.
Your pets they lie.

(These things we've never seen before come and meet you, come and fight you. You know they do.)

Reeling in fog. Kneeling in fog.
Reeling in fog. Kneeling in fog.
I've been really better under lock.

Come on over the side.
Come on over.
Take the leave for bread
And the leave for brine.

(It seems to me we've been lying here all night)

And bait and bows and sows and troughs.
I've coughed enough and I've walked as much.

(Come to me in metaphor. We've met before and I was all in spades.)

Reeling in fog. Kneeling in fog.
Reeling in fog. Kneeling in fog.
I've been really better under lock.

When you feel the fog,
It takes all the fog.
I can't break the fog.
I've been really better under lock