Electric Lash

The Church

The electric lash of trees in the studio Fills my head with light Only the voice of the girl on the radio Falling from a height I turn to leave as if in a cameo It doesn't feel quite right Only one thing you ever really know If it's day or night

Our eyes meet and I love her I suspect she already knows How those eyes see me so very very clearly Even when they're closed

The electric lash of trees in the studio A bite then a caress Only the voice of the girl on the radio Drifting from the west I turn to leave as if in a cameo A moon, a knot, a guess Only one thing you ever really know You might curse before you bless