

Slope Song

The Essex Green

These day of canvassing the ground
It's a careful step or two into town
Tracing one of every sign
Six million cracks don't lie

There's ice upon the veil this year
It's hard to keep one's frozen head clear
Read the color on my cheeks
Or dripping nose tv's
Gonna find out

There's a wave upon the Corney shore
That drowns the old fat lady's roar
There's a locket full of sand
And a terror wind by hand
Gonna find out

These days I look up now and then
The slope seems a familiar friend
When it's lines have left my palm
In queerness and in calm
Gonna find out

Gonna find out