

Map Being Made Up

The Microphones

Oh, the sand
Oh, the spark
Oh, the open land
Oh, the swelling dark
Oh, my hands
Oh, my bending limbs
Oh, my empty laugh
Oh, my lack
Oh, my nap
Oh, my lap
Oh, the width of your lap
Oh, the size
Oh, the span
Oh, the swelling hills
And the rise
Oh, the skies