

## Pedals

The Real McKenzies

When she starts to move  
I can see heaven  
The flowers agree  
And blow pedals past  
But this season there  
Will be nothing growing  
Empty it lays  
In her open hand

Make it all a meager dream  
Someone wake me from my sleep  
No more counting discarded white livestock  
Chasing lonely

Make it all a meager dream  
Someone wake me from my sleep  
No more counting discarded white livestock  
Chasing empty

Seeing her mouth  
Crest into a smile  
It's enough to make my  
My legs give way

But this journey you'll  
Have to take solo  
Awake in the past  
Is where I must stay

No more counting discarded white livestock  
Chasing lonely nights  
Chasing lonely nights  
Chasing lonely nights  
Chasing lonely nights  
Chasing lonely nights