

Moths

This Is the Kit

These feet don't know this ground
And these knees don't know this weight, this weight
And the sun hits the tarmac making her horizon dance, dance
And it wobbles
And a lack of wind and the heat of noon
And my eyes will be quick
And my feet will be fast
And I'll be paying attention soon

These ears don't know this sound
And this skin doesn't know this light, this light
And the moths have all fallen away away from their moon
And my eyes will be quick
And my feet will be fast
And I'll be paying attention soon

These feet don't know this ground
And these knees don't know this weight, this weight