

Warm

Vic Chesnutt

Warm, the body is warm
The muscles twitch
The posture compensates
And cold, the arrow is cold
The friction warms nothing
But the point is pure
The wound it is secure
Trial by error
Follow a sun
And the one we have will do
What is the message on those gamma rays
That are a'penetrating you
Do they say that the end
Is a'coming soon
Or do they say forget the sun
Worship the moon
But whatever it is our pinhole prespective
Cannot a'translate sufficiently
But any way, A or B
You know, it's alright with me