

MOW THE LAWN

She likes to wrap the scent of summer
He likes to mow the lawn at dusk
Skin's getting sunny it ain't so funny
how many summers we have lost
You lavish roses on my laundry
I watch the peacocks in the spray
Feeding the cat and letting her sprawl
Dancing this riverboat someday
Spotting the rovers in the gardens
Walking the dog alone at dawn
rain flower perfume, a lilac powder
the purple evening show goes on

There was a time of wild at hearted nights for evermore
Chasing the chant of bright elusive butterflies
Spinning away across the land the walls of sycamores
We want for evermore sometimes

THESE CITIES IN MY MIND I REALLY
WANT TO GO
LEAVE WILDERNESS AND RAGGED
MOON BEHIND
MAKE MY BED OF NEON WHEN THE
STREETS ARE LOW
THE CASHIER AND THE WAITRESS
GONNA BOW DOWN

