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Stills, The "Helicopters"

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...and how your heatwave ran Through our snow black fields And we dropped our young To a ragtime feel

And it's been ten long weeks And there's still no word Our Arctic Graceland And the whale fat burn

My moon's a naked cold star Why do you take this so hard.

So keep this song Til you catch diseases And wait them out Til this tundra freezes

..and how your heatwave ran Through our snow black fields

My moon's a naked cold star Why do you take this so hard.

Helicopters are chasing Animals through the fields Helicopters are chasing Our spirits into the sea

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