

Blank & Jones

"Furr"

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Yeah, when I was only 17,
I could hear the angels whispering
So I droned into the words and
Wondered aimlessly about till
I heard my mother shouting through the fog
It turned out to be the howling of a dog
Or a wolf to be exact.
The sound sent shivers down my back
But I was drawn into the pack.
And before long, they allowed me
To join in and sing their song.
So from the cliffs and highest hill, yeah
We would gladly get our fill,
Howling endlessly and shrilly at the dawn.
And I lost the taste for judging right from wrong.
For my flesh had turned to fur, yeah
And my thoughts, they surely were turned to
Instinct and obedience to God.

You can wear your fur
Like the river on fire.
But you better be sure
If you're makin' God a liar.
I'm a rattlesnake, babe,
I'm like fuel on fire.
So if you're gonna' get made,
Don't be afraid of what you've learned.

On the day that I turned 23,
I was curled up underneath a dogwood tree.
When suddenly a girl
With skin the color of a pearl,
Wandered aimlessly,
But she didn't seem to see.
She was listenin' for the angels just like me.
So I stood and looked about.
I brushed the leaves off of my snout.
And then I heard my mother shouting through the
trees.
You should have seen that girl go shaky at the knees.
So I took her by the arm

We settled down upon a farm.
And raised our children up as
Gently as you please.

And now my fur has turned to skin.
And I've been quickly ushered in
To a world that I confess I do not know.
But I still dream of running careless through the snow.
An' through the howlin' winds that blow,
Across the ancient distant flow,
It fill our bodies up like water till we know.

You can wear your fur
Like the river on fire.
But you better be sure
If you're makin' God a liar.
I'm a rattlesnake, babe,
I'm like fuel on fire.
So if you're gonna' get made,
Don't be afraid of what you've learned.

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