

Blue Dogs "River Material"

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A pothole ate my motion
And let me lay there for a while
Where I lie smells like a fossil, something died
Powerful inanimate objects they mortered me
Some piercing my skin some consuming me
Saliva on the pavement next to me
Wash away, wash away oh so gently please
Is there nothing unpredictable something to hold on to
Except for math and science and all they know is true

Well it's something like the river and it's always
heading out
A steady source of motion going down
Water and debris knockin things down to the sea
The bottom of the valley and the leaves on the trees

I began to think that this could happen to me
Wash away wash away oh so gently please

Is there nothing unpredictable something to hold on to
Except for math and science and all they know is true

True, true, is there nothing true

The desert is the place where the wind makes more
desert
Carrying out the mission of a zillion bits and pieces
more like everything
Go down, be down, get small like me
Chaotic sand and random sea
Everything unglued at the seams
Is that not the nature of how things will be

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