

## **Brett Anderson**

### **"Wheatfields"**

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Outside the wind is raging, blowing the  
Wheatfield's away  
And now the game is changing, and now the rules are  
thrown away  
And the cards are turning, and my mouth is dry  
As her dress is falling before my eyes, my eyes  
My eyes

And now the hands are turning, and now the clocks are  
changing  
Beauty is on the mattress, lifting the patterns from her  
skin  
And the clothes are falling, and her breast is mine  
And her skin is holy, like the sky, like the sky  
The sky

And the clothes are falling, and our mouths are dry  
And our skin is holy, like the sky, like the sky  
The sky

Outside the wind is raging, blowing the  
Wheatfield's away  
And now the game is changing, and now the rules are  
thrown away  
And now the rules are thrown away

Away, away, away

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