

Close Lobsters "Foxheads"

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A summer of disease began
Where the sacred river runs
I reluctantly threw the boomerang
Loop to loop of a satellite
Relaying, not speaking or saying
An eye in the sky for boomerang

Foxheads stalk this land
Foxheads stalk this land

Drifting through the tropic of Cancer
A summer disease began
I reluctantly threw the boomerang
Loop to loop a river ran
A summer of last rites began
And I am the sky for boomerang

Foxheads stalk this land
Foxheads stalk this land

Where the sacred river ran
A summer of last rites began
And I am the sky for boomerang
Loop to loop of a satellite
Relaying, not speaking or saying
An eye in the sky for boomerang

Foxheads stalk this land
Foxheads stalk this land

(How does it feel when your head hits the pillow?
(Feels too low?)
How does it feel when your head hits the pillow?
(Feels too low?)

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