

Dirty Projectors "Just From Chevron"

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Where she collapses into the shore
[Pump the byproduct?] and ask her for more
there a man lay dying in ice
gasket hair busted out
pinned down like a vice
as the sun sank into repose,
a friend knelt down
listened into his dying words as he froze.

tell my love don't mourn too intense
I'm going down to her great good expense
now all the air is quiet and still
wish I was back home on the [nell?] of the hill

don't think I won't try
when I close my eyes
whatever the people will drive
I swear I will survive

all of my friends my enemies too
live in the shadows of the dirtiest few
burns the land and it's paper to ruin
while winds always whistling an infinite tune

don't think I wont try
when I close my eyes
whatever the people will drive
I swear I will be alive
don't think I won't try
when I close my eyes
whatever the people will drive

I swear I will be alive
I swear I will be alive
I swear I will be alive
I swear I will be alive
I swear I will be alive

now "So long," he whispered softly
closing his eyelids with his face turning grey.

when the workers cleaned up the spill

sent the man home to his [nell?] in the hill.

Thanks to jj.

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