

Euphoreador

"Retreat Down The Long Haul"

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Been being sown up
Under the stitches
Been scratching off all my riches
Been digging ditches deeper, further
With the loins of my britches
And yet I still haven't found
A taste for above ground
To be sliding within great sleep's fold
Of nation-hood yourself
Get prepared for unnerving sites
And frights of passage
The tales the rails
The horse's hooves
Are the best of glues
To tie and bind the mind
Until we guess it's moves
Let's start being fucking kind

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