

Kayo Dot

"The Awkward Wind Wheel"

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The wooden lookout seven stories high
The steeple at the top it won't stop singing
Singing singing singing
It's got a rigid rule number one
It's to keep the bodies living
The last crooked sign to bend to the way trees are
growing

The usual size of a growth that's been trying
For several hundred thousand seconds
Allows you to drop from the eaves to the leaves in only
several hundred thousand seconds
You almost can see the fearless machine milling
blindly
Beneath the calamity looming when the sun goes down
We hope the clouds stop bouncing each other off the
mountains
We hope the wooden lookout has a gutter it can use
Ear to the ground alone where the edge of the day was
The valley clicking to the tape already rolling
Makes me want to turn the violin down

This wind wheel won't stop spinning
This damned wind wheel won't stop spinning around

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