

Kind Of Like Spitting "Shuffle Kick Hum A Tune"

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Keep your crumbling eyes from the gray skies, It can only make living a chore. To come so many miles on broken legs, please don't put yourself through any more. Keep your arms by your side for now on. Believe in the powers of jet planes. Leave note on the pillow for lovers sake, 'cause no one is safe in these arms. You should be screaming for help for your life. And long walks cross black top, etched fields. On my stomach now, a shoulder. Its not right that I fight being mean to you. Amen, goodnight and turn out the lights. I know where you'll be. Sundown all over town, tuck yourself in strong. Gray and blue striping over you, apples and sunsets and almonds too. Gray and blue on my walk home from you, I could come back, I could come back if you wanted me to.

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