

## **Lambchop**

# **"Nothing But A Blur From A Bullet Train"**

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Wearing a halo of mist  
Glowing pink and purple  
In the afternoon light  
A sprawling from a hub  
Gave way to patches of green  
The wine colored country  
Unfolded as we tumbled  
Into our rooms  
And our travel kinks  
Floated away  
As we stroked the sunrise  
Stained the lake a hazy pink  
With the jade tree green rivers  
Or the apple trees  
And the thought of wearing our sun screen  
And evergreens  
Are layered  
Like feathers  
At your feet  
Nothing but a blur from a bullet train  
A picturesque  
Old teahouse  
With a carp pond  
As trundled out of the tunnel  
As trundled out of the tunnel

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