

Los Calzones

"Drop It Doe Eyes"

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You expected my war diaries
But time ran out and I,
I let you down.
A small thanks note written in French
Is no shorthand for this thing gave me writers cramp.

I had a dream about shapeshifting
Well we move with such elegance
With such grace
With all our dignity just in place.

Deer die with their eyes wide open
Eyes wide open
Eyes wide open.
Deer die with their eyes wide open.

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons
To get across the sense of impending doom.
And the leaves like the artwork to major leagues
Look like dead foxes on the hard shoulder.

And for some reason I think that I attributed
This story to the bypass of the town I hadn't visited,
So goes the backing track
Of all the sighs we'd ever sighed.

Deer die with their eyes wide open
Eyes wide open
Eyes wide open.
Deer die with their eyes wide open.

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons
To get across the sense of impending doom.
And I am 17 pages through this notebook now
And there are little more than how I see
And an x-ray machine that's more like a television
screen
And you're in a rut
And I know that you know what I mean,
Then the realisation hits
That not even two gospel choirs could save us now.

We are beautiful;
We are doomed.

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