

## Mewithoutyou "Timothy Hay"

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on a cold December, just before dawn  
as the sun said Hello! to the sky  
the Mantis prayed while the Lamellicorn  
tunneled and rolled in a threadbare tie  
while the Holland Lops in the Karakung Glades  
indignantly thump their feet and hop away  
when they cut their noses on the sharp-tipped blades  
(which the grass doesn't mind in the least)  
and there's a heat-pat waiting in the chicken-wire hutch  
where the does from the Netherlands stay

[but that dry alfalfa don't taste like much  
and we're tired of the Timothy hay]

I touched her back, she was lying facedown  
as the dew turned to frost around her eyes,  
me and Sister Margaret on the Pentagon lawn  
arrested, our wrists in a plastic tie  
while the rats by the tracks on these winter days  
seeking shelter from the cold make a nest  
from the tracts of our various ways  
they can save their immortal souls

[oh, no...Timothy hay?  
please, no more Timothy hay!]

on a cold December, just after dusk  
as the sun bids its cordial goodbyes,  
we'll be split to pieces like an apple seed husk  
to reveal the tree that's been hidden inside  
which sapling called in a tattered sarong  
as the seeds from the Shepherd's Purse fell,  
broke the news to Mom,  
we found a better Mom we call 'God,'  
which she took quite well  
singing, what a beautiful God there must be!

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