

## **Between Blue "Tin Cans Rattling (wherever It Beats)"**

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The tendon-bound back

Of the mountains

Is where Iâ€™m going

Past the northlands (to the right of the river-land)

With music in my bag

And a rhythm in my heart (wherever it beats?)

Am I a peddler with tin cans rattling,

As I rattle on about the silver Iâ€™m selling?!

-Chorus-

If Iâ€™m a boastful axe,

Dull me down!

And if Iâ€™m a tilting glass,

Pour me out!

Youâ€™re calling me to smaller things,

With the great love of a peasant King!

Wherever it beatsâ€¦

Iâ€™m sure youâ€™ve been tracking me

Just to be with me, and for no other cause!

But dear, this people-and-paper shuffling

Rarely lets me pause!

How quickly have I been climbing?

Iâ€™m sure my heartâ€™s been timing it!

If I stop the flicker of tin machines

And for a moment just be quiet!

Maybe I could hear it!....

In the reflection of the glassy mountain

I saw a bursting, starry fountain.

Could I loose the cords of Orion

Or lead the Bear and her children?

Who pushed in those thumbtack lights?

Wherever it beats, make it right!

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