

Cass Mccombs

"Petrified Forest"

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Our lives weave a pattern
A staff twined by adders
Our mouths, sore to chew
Now you're eating for two
Yesterdays, wine and song
Are you very far along?
What's the dream to the bed?
What's the wreath to the Glorious Dead?
Look at what I found in the dresser
No means yes
Petrified forest
Dad gummit, gall dangit, dag nabbit
You're darn tootin' tipping is Un-American
Do you ever get the feeling
that you're being followed by a van?
Yesterdays yet to come
Win some, lose some
No means yes
Petrified forest

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