

Neko Case

"Red Tide"

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There's a smell here that stands my hairs on end
Dog hair in the heater, gas pumps and cedar
And jackknives on the nine
and seabirds choked on fishing line

Clouds say hush but the chainsaws mush on to Custer
and Columbia
Salty tentacles shrink in the sun but the red tide is over
The mollusks they have won

There's a smell here of gravel and cigarettes lit
When the match made them sweet

When the engine turned over and beat up our street
Oh, that was the day
To remember

I remember because of the fires that leapt
From the caves of the things that have not happened
yet
When I think of it now they smell to me quite sinister

I want to go back and die at the drive in
Die before strangers can say
I hate the rain
I hate the rain

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