

Odds

"Out Come Stars"

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A city cloaked in orange
Glowing, heavy clouds
All the belches of indigestion
Weigh heavy all around

A small car buzzing down a wide road
Drifting out of bounds
Out to a place where the noises of light
Make a distant tiny sound

When out come the stars
Pinholes of light
In a moth eaten blankets
Held over night

Tuning the engine
Tuning out the song
Get there but I don't know
How and why it took this long

I need something to burrow
Through my weeds and blast me from the sand
To open up the new twilight
Open up the can and

When out come the stars
Pinholes of light
In a moth eaten blankets
Held over night

Out come the stars
Targets for wishes
And satellite dishes
Reflecting their light

And they're so far away it can't be fathomed
And elephant made of all these atoms
Nature is patient with its jailers
Like brothels will humor all those sailors

Awestruck dumb and silent
Consumed by all that's vast

It's a comfort to know that you're not in control
Of anything but past your when

When out come the stars
Pinholes of light
In a moth eaten blankets
Held over night

Out come the stars
Targets for wishes
And satellite dishes
Reflecting their light

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