

Land Lovers

"The Pocket Orchestra's Death Song"

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When Nana asked the pocket orchestra to come and
play for her
I didn't know how to tell her they had broken up again
Who was sent for but a lone trumpeter?

And so he played an air that hung still like a childhood
She was hardly fooled, but nonetheless she told him it
was very good
Empty as evening, I dropped him to work

And there I was, with no one to my name anymore
Alone by seventeen years of streamlining
Redialling a number I had kept to order something

There is a shallow cutout water feature
That's shadowed by three-story structures
A ghost pleading his case by them, woah yeah

That evening, my eyes were embarrassed
The pollen assaulted the palate
The ghost knew I had been to her
And a death song came to life

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