

Beth Jeans Houghton & The Hooves Of Destiny

"Veins"

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She met him hollow
All caustic in the lamplight of her sixteen years
Crass and making roaches from her house of cards
And her paper tears

She called it silence
He called it all that ever left his lips when in her gaze
A soft reminder of those things she liked to call
The good old days

Her head is in her hands (her head is in her hands)
Her head is in her hands and as it is she says:

"I wanna see the earth, tremble in the falling rain
I'll cradle all his words, and store them all inside my
veins
Oh darling have you heard, there's nothing else like
your own pain
To remind you, that nothing's ever gonna be the same"

She made him nervous
A little casket for his feelings that had died and gone
She hoped to bury them and find some others
Futher on

She stayed all night
Inside herself and found that she had lost her way
The road subsided as she wandered out to where he
lay

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