

Diane Cluck

"4 Score Lightnings"

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Leave a little something
By the door of each places you're leaving
Your back will be much lighter
On the road on the road
People here are kind
You'll soon find there's not much you'll be needing
The farmers don't mind if you reap some of what they
sowed
4score lightnings hit the sky at night and I think of you

Oh, the effect was blinding, frightening
For a while I could see the bones and everything
Like I had x-ray view,
Mmm, mmm, mmm

Leave a little something
In the bowl for each mouth that you're feeding
You'll find that the actions last a fortnight or more

Sock away a song
In the mouth
Of each lover you're kissing
You'll hear it ring out from the opposite shore

And it will comfort you in your travels
We only comfort in our travels
Comfort me in my travels
The only comfort in our travels

4score lightnings hit the sky
That's a if you multiply it that's more than a few
I suspect now the rain's washing down my face and
neck
It's a sign from you
Beckoning me home from my travels oh
Beckoning me home from my travels oh
Because you're the school through which it all unravels
The big ol' block which the judges bang their gavels
Should I should I
Cleave aside the mountains
Keeping score of the valleys I'm carving
Rocks and water kicked up

For the times when I'm thirsty and starving

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