

Frog Eyes

"The Hardest Night To Sleep In The Swamplands"

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Running to town in your fabulous gown with a dollar
and a
Pound. There were two dollar swamps and the road
with it's
Haunts and it's multitude of taunts. There's a room
made
Of brick that will rise above the sticks and it's height
Makes you sick. But when you get through the night
with
Your head full of fright you need the sun for a sight.
Because your running out the parlor again, running
around
With your head for a friend. Singing how your making
Amends. Singing your songs to the many bends.

The river was scotch and you belted your notch and
you
Slept for awhile. And leaving the room where you fled
From your doom and your blood beat a bom. It's a thin

Trail gone but you still have your song and the
mountains
Were wrong. So walk in the fields and sleep in the
grass
And pine, pine away. And when your thinking of love
stop
Thinking of lights stop thinking again and in latitudes.

When you're walking alone stop thinking of dates stop
Thinking again stop crying on narratives. When you're
Dying alone, you done dying alone. You brought crying
to
Every one. And when you fell on your lives keep
sleeping
Alone keep running alone with every one. Baby's gone
and
I don't think I'll be running here. Oh no. Baby's gone.

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