

Salad

"Nothing Happens"

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Waiting upstate in the pines
There's a man
Whose arms are twisted round the vines
Looking out for her to show
But she's late
The sound of the crickets all around
In the heat
In the heat
They say you'll sell your body to the heat
So he takes his muslin bag
To the well
Runs his fingers through his hair

He's unwell
Then the sea comes into view
And he moves downhill
Meets his car down by the bay
Drives away
Chorus
Come on now - gotta take it in your stride...
Well a fugitive can run but he can't hide
Nothing happens in the town
Nothing moves
A lone mosquito settles down
On a shoe

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