

Uniform Motion

"Saving Up For Sundays"

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A drop of ink on a yellow leaf,
Blows up a tank on a page-less book.
I see a shrine of their shameless belief,
Swallowed whole by a scrupulous crook.

And I'm not time, not doing time, for a gaunt clue stuck
in the sky.
And I'm not time, not doing time, not doing time.

We're saving up for Sundays,
That's when the owls come out and sing,
Following the sundown,
Happy to see the darkness rule again.
(Again) we hide the wide smile,
That's 'cause our teeth don't like the air.
Hurry through the wild spot,
Happy to see the Daylight come again.

And we're still saving up for Sundays,
That's when the owl came out to play,
Following the sun-down,
Happy to see the darkness rule again.
(Again) we hide the sad smile,
That's because our teeth don't like the air.
We hurry through the wild spots,
Happy to see the Daylight come again.

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