

Son Volt

"Circadian Rhythym"

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Blind Spot of a lifetime this litter, pretty fingers on the
phone
Non violent grace this religion, no one wants to be
alone
Reclaim the rust the northern birds stay, they like the
sun to hit their feet
Bandoloro on the radio, take a little time on Cherokee
Street

Chaos and precision with a smile, sipping soma in the
shade
Thoughts for the plane with brown eyes waiting, guitar
callous whirlwind belief gets made
Carried on so far under the cross, manifestos to keep
us safe
The time so weary of conflict, silent answers silent
blame

I can't stand anymore, indecision

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