

Sparkle

"Spirit Ditch"

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I want my records back
And that motorcycle gas tank
That i, spraypainted black
The owls have been talking to me
But I'm sworn to secrecy

I woke up in
A burnt out basement
Sleeping with
Metal hands
In a spirit ditch

The moon it will rise with such
Horse laughter
It's dragging pianos to the ocean
If I had a home
You'd know it'd be
In a slide trombone

I woke up in
A burnt out basement
Sleeping with
Metal hands
In a spirit ditch

(mum on answerphone interlude)

I woke up in
A burnt out basement
Sleeping with
Metal hands
In a spirit ditch

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