

Sweet Billy Pilgrim "Joy Maker Machinery"

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We will wake as light is draped
Like ribbons on the trees
With woven tongues and fingers spun
Between these dusty knees

The branches crack beneath my back
We sigh like sleeping tigers
The forest stirs and shrugs the birds
From shoulders stooped in silence

And they sing for joy

We are engineers and we are architects
Making better guesses and empty threats
It was all for something, and there's nothing wrong
We know what is coming and what is to be done

Bones will arc and cradle sparks
From circuits smudged in bliss
The newborn blush that makes us drunk
On every little kiss

We are happy scientists
Our theories long abandoned
For kites of red and feather beds
For moments without sadness

We will jump for joy

And I'm helpless darling
Cause you turn me on

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