

Lord Dog Bird, The "Song for Woodthrush"

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One to one
Nowhere born
Made it out of the tropical storm
Facing away at a distance to you
On to the other side

Pray with a hand mangled in shame
Faced in the road this way
Pick up your hat and lift up your eyes
Recall all that you say
Drift in the mountains bleed in the tide
Rest in the withered bell
Dreaming of flowing and passing water by

And the way that you see
And the way that you make up your mind
The song that sounds when the music's finished
And all is behind

Like a wave we can't stop it now
Every step is ahead
And all that's coming alive is dying
As fast as I can say
And you somewhere off in the night
Distant and far from here
Crane your neck and recall the last verse

You are here
You are here
You are here

You are here
You are here

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