

The buffalo are out among the falling stars tonight  
Shadows cross the kitchen in the afternoon  
Daylight break on the hemisphere  
I jumped in the water . . . you left too soon.

Blood red sun . . . moon on the water  
Everything is frozen north of Wichita  
And the rails bear a dangerous cargo there  
Through the latter days of dreamtime  
And the screen door is busted  
And the hours fall and wither away  
Everything is frozen north of Wichita  
Everything is frozen north of Wichita

Yeah I come from sad stories  
Yeah I come from lonely people too  
Yeah I come from California  
God is green . . . eyes are blue.

And the bird is flown already  
And the guns are drawn already

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On re-entering the atmosphere  
I can feel myself beginning to burn.

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