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mmm long time remembering the tug of the waters against my ankles in the days before hairs something like time is a rinsing thing or star a alabaster start or like a river i am always just begin if how you approach things is clean then poke this way along up over the lane where the creaking and the fans and the more more belts watch your fingers around them friend behind the beautiful rocking never will quite quit tip this grace friend you don't have to wait for what i am talking about hug me out airy fear manure carts throwing turkey tail of you know what till the land stands so green them golfing radicals dream and drool a pillow so heather in linnet you could wring it and satiate an birdie for least one two moon