

The Highway Is A Foggy Knife

Dirty Projectors

The highway is a foggy knife
Through night time hills I stand flickering
At my brother's side
And he says words I want to hold

Seventh day adventurers collide
Cry soft in the night
Metamorphose

If she sounds like you
She's your daughter

Wobbling in gray with sweaty palms
You shall be released, you shall be released