

Broken Horse

Freelance Whales

October's got those orange eyes
But somehow I still lost sight
When you lifted the lid off of my pumpkin head
And kissed me goodnight

She could be a thorn in my side
We never quite broke that horse
She slept in the cul-de-sac rye
Seven miles from my front porch

Bundle up and come with me now
Down the road where to the burned down barn
We could make a blanket of coats
And breathe our souls into the neighbor's front lawn

But, oh god, that look in your eye
Trouble that does not search words
It sprung from the biblical vine and
Awaiting to return to the dirt

The stitches in your winter clothes
Your cello bows
We stole your hair to make them
We're sorry for the iron shoes
We nailed to you
And stuck you in the rain
And then you sprinted away
Sprinted away to where I don't know
God's moving in your bloodstream
Where the cross beats aren't so slow

You swept all the red from my cheeks
I didn't hear you come back inside
I light up the gas in the den
And stand there in the thin winter light
But, oh god, that curve in your spine
A question mark, a doctor's sigh
Was framed by the windowsill
And you saw something I did not in that night
You saw something I did not in that night

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