

Prairie Dog

Laika

Prairie, now isn't that a pretty word
Rolls off the tongue like a setting sun
You should have heard what I heard
A shriek, a syllable, a sleight of hand

Prairie, now isn't that a lonely word
Slips through the hands like a falling star
You should have seen what I saw
A mask, an artifice, a skillful smear

If I could pull the nerves from my skin
If I could pull the nerves from my skin, I would

Prairie, now isn't that an evil word
Trips on its feet like a slouching beast
Surely things will change now
A start, a plan, a place to go

If I could pull the nerves from my skin
If I could pull the nerves from my skin, I would

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Rolls off the tongue like a setting sun
You should have heard what I heard
A shriek, a syllable, a sleight of hand

Surely things will change now
Surely things will change now
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