

## Red Tide

Neko Case

There's a smell here that stands my hairs on end  
Dog hair in the heater, gas pumps and cedar  
And jackknives on the nine  
And seabirds choked on fishing line

Clouds are a hush but the chainsaws mush on to Custer and Columbia  
Salty tentacles drink in the sun but the red tide is over  
The mollusks they have won

There's a smell here of gravel and cigarettes lit  
When the match made them sweet  
When the engine turned over and beat up our street  
Oh, that was the day  
To remember

I remember because of the fires that leapt  
From the caves of the things that have not happened yet  
When I think of it now they smell to me quite sinister

I want to go back and die at the drive in  
Die before strangers can say  
I hate the rain  
I hate the rain