

Fog Mouth

The Irish Front

Put on your feet I can see space in your bones,
Catapulting lions from Saturn,
While we were waiting on the snails.
While we were waiting on the snails.

Spines grew from the ceiling and the blouse escaped,
With a taste in his hand.
Haven't you noticed the tidal waves/clouds of birds,
Coming from behind the cliffs stuck in the air.

Livestock stampede through neighbor hoods,
Leaving trails of little kids and swing sets.
Livestock stampede through neighbor hoods,
Leaving trails.

Take to the vents and inhale the skin of your instrument,
And by the time the snails returned,
We fell asleep in salt cocoons.
We fell asleep in salt cocoons.

I can see space in your bones,
Every star, planet, and UFO.
I can see space in your bones,
Every star, planet, and UFO.
Oh, Oh, Oh!