

Far From Any Road (Be My Hand)

Andrew Bird

From the dusty mesa
Her looming shadow grows
Hidden in the poison creosote
In the hushing dusk
Under a swollen silver moon
I came walking with the wind
To watch the cactus bloom

She twines her spines up slowly
Towards the boiling sun
And when I touched her skin
My fingers ran with blood
Then rise with me forever
Across the silent sands
And the stars will be your eyes
And the wind will be my hand, will be my hand

A strange hunger haunted me
The looming shadows danced
I fell down to the thorny brush
And felt a trembling hand
And when the last light warms the rocks
And the rattlesnakes unfold
Cats will come to drag away your bones

She twines her spines up slowly
Towards the boiling sun
And when I touched her skin
My fingers ran with blood
Oh, rise with me forever
Across the silent sands
And the stars will be your eyes
And the wind will be my hand, will be my hand