

Andy, do you love me?  
Do you think about it, will you say  
Turning brushwood into blazes  
Turning summer grass into hay  
Turning sharply past the graveyard to the lakefront  
With the black waves licking up the stones  
To the swayed back screened in front porch  
Who could ever stay the weight of flesh and bones

Andy, aren't you tired?  
From the sun and rain and river soaking you  
From the beer cans on your dashboard  
And the bullet hole glass spiderweb staining your rearview  
I have watched you watch an empty road  
Is it only her upon which all of you's depending  
To fill your twenty hour work day  
While all the fences in this county still need mending

And in the night I do my checking  
And fix the broken part with visions of rare beauty  
But in my heart I know I'm second  
Forever fixed in you pursuit it is my duty

Andy, will you toss me  
A little scrap of something I can taste  
Instead of dust from all the leaving  
And the smell of summer lying here to waste  
Under the burnt pyre of all the cast away  
The tiny shoots will spring like questions will you take me  
Out to the fenced field sprinkled with horses  
Wild in resistance to the taming will you break me