

On a cold December, just before dawn
As the sun said "hello" to the sky
The mantis prayed while the lamellicorn tumbled
And rolled in a threadbare tie

The Holland lops in the Callicoon glades indignantly
thumped their feet
And hopped away when they cut their noses on the sharp-
tipped blades
(Since the grass doesn't mind in the least)
The heat pad waiting in the chicken-wire hutch where
the does from the Netherlands stay
But that dry alfalfa don't taste like much and we're
tired of the timothy hay
(hey)

I touched her back, she was lying face down
The dew turned to frost in her eyes
Me and sister Margaret in the pentagon lawn
With our wrists in a plastic tie
While the rats by the tracks on these winter days
Seeking shelter from the cold
Make a nest in the traps of our various ways
That they can save their immortal souls

Oh no, timothy hay
Oh no, timothy hay
Oh no, timothy hay
Oh no, timothy hay
Oh no, timothy hay
Oh no, timothy hay
Please no more timothy hay
No more timothy hay
Oh no, no more timothy hay
Oh no, no more timothy hay
Oh no, no more timothy hay
No more timothy hay

Cold December, just after dusk
As the sun bid its cordial goodbyes
We get splits of pieces like an apple seed husk
To reveal the tree that's been hidden inside
We're a sapling caught in a tattered sirah
At the seams from the shepherd's purse-belt
Broke the news to mom: we found a better Mom
We call "G-d" (which she took quite well)
What a beautiful G-d, what a beautiful G-d, what a
beautiful G-d there must be!
What a beautiful G-d, what a beautiful G-d, what a
beautiful G-d there must be!
What a beautiful G-d, what a beautiful G-d, what a
beautiful G-d there must be!
What a beautiful G-d, what a beautiful G-d, what a
beautiful G-d You must be!