

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