

An astronaut lost his finger
To the back of a grain truck
And I can't stop thinking about it.
I'm thinking about it.
Thinking about it, I'm thinking about it.
Isn't everything strange?
Buildings as brick boxes to be opened,
Turned sideways and cracked.
Except the water that is inside is much too fluid, too fast.
The you and I that spiral past the windowsill,
The fire escape is on it's back,
Watching us swallowed up in the blue and green.
Flaring in the air with the vapor trails from all the first pages.
The same two color contrails that twist around every other color left
Crowded out.
A record played.
The lights go out.

The Cineplex screen presents new strangled spectrums.
What we mean:
Swallowed up, swallowed up, swallowed up in the blue and green.
1979 in a field with a bloody thumb.
Alone with the whir of the grain wheel hum.
Ten years since he saw us all.
He came back to never look another in the eye the same way again.
He walked inside, put his finger in the ice and didn't flinch at all.
He came back to never look another in the eye the same way again.
He walked inside, put his finger in the ice.
She walked inside, he didn't flinch at all.
She walked inside, put his finger in the ice.
She walked inside, he didn't flinch at all.