

## 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