

## Silver Timothy

Damien Jurado

I was met on the road by a face I once knew  
SHAPELESS was his frame and his colors were few  
We went out for a time but the sentence is in  
CLIMBING into the isle where the numbers begin

Go back down, don't touch the ground  
Go back down, don't touch the ground  
Go back down, don't touch the ground  
Go back down, don't touch the ground

I was met on the road by a face that was mine  
ECHOED chambers staked with diamonds from mines  
You can't never go home if you were never shown  
SPOTS on the isle bleed where the numbers are born

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