

Let Rasputin Do It

Fireside

The course with its gray lanes, my body feels to tense
from the lake to the mountaintop takes forever on icy roads

We ain't saying nothing. We're staring at the clouds with tired eyes

Too many hours like these messes up everything
and her picture before my eyes stuck somewhere in between

We're doing nothing but staring at the clouds
trapped with each other and the car around
we're shutting each other out with tired eyes

The landscape is beautiful, horses are pitiful
and her picture before my eyes won't let go no matter how I try

And I ain't doing nothing but staring at the clouds
so lonesome in this crowd we're shutting each other out