

## Standing Eight Count

Jakob Dylan

In which direction are we going?  
How many runaways are we stowing?  
Over the Black Sea with your arms around me  
In whose honor have we gone missing?  
I am too hungry to imagine  
A different ending to this famine  
In the building chaos of calendars and clocks  
I missed a mark somewhere and I got us lost  
It's a standing eight count

Out on the dark and shore-less waters  
Comrade do you think we'll go under?  
On which horizon is my lover waking up?  
You pass this bottle and then I think too much  
Now lean your body up against me  
And make believe that you still want me  
The swell of white caps and a silver streak of light  
Right on the bowline we pay dearly for our size  
It's a standing eight count

Lessons will come, wisdom will wait  
Whatever it does it's too late  
What good are we now?  
Our backs on the ground  
Our faces both bloodied and bowed  
When we oughta know better by now

The flat and troubled shapeless earth  
Oh it stretches further than you've heard  
There's no love like our love and I know that none is cursed  
You hurt the ones you love and we couldn't do much worse

How many fingers am I showing?  
How many tears are you withholding?  
There's beads of sweat pouring in our eyes  
If it were blood we wouldn't know it  
It's a stand...  
It's a standing eight count