

Looking For The Jackalope

Laika

The country's breathing a sigh of stars
A bitch's baby from a buzzard's egg
American fortune seekers
West coast gold diggers
Southern forgetters
There's something wrong

I'm panning for hope in a junk sick river
Trying to find the other two bits on my dollar
Down fault lines and phone lines
On every breath of every dawn
There's something wrong

The prairie's bearing the vulture's child
The whippoorwill sails on a lonesome call
From the twilight to the horizon
There's something wrong

I'm looking for the jackalope in a burnt out car
In the dirt behind the daydream
Through a window painted on a blackened building
There's something wrong
And the click-clack of the freight train goes
This and that, this and that
'Till your ears are ringing
And your vision is clouded