

## Nothing But A Blur From A Bullet Train

Lambchop

Wearing a halo of mist  
Glowing pink and purple  
In the afternoon light  
Sprawling from a hub  
They gave way to patches of green

The wine colored country  
Unfolded as we tumbled into our rooms  
And our travel kinks floated away  
As we stroked the sunrise  
And stained the lake a hazy pink

And the jade tree green rivers  
And the apple trees  
'N' the thoughts of wearing  
Our sun screen and evergreens  
Are layered like feathers at your feet

Nothing but a blur from a bullet train  
A picturesque, old teahouse with a carp pond  
As we trundled out of the tunnel  
As we trundled out of the tunnel