

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