

Cannon March

Ohbijou

Snow is falling in lightning flash
In the morning we wake to thunder blasts
It's so mild the dogs march in,
deflating circles till the sun breaks in

I lost my journal but I'm certain that
a thief is after my most secret past
To broadcast in twilight my buzzing mind
Creates this nonsense turns my neglect into crime

My mother tries to keep the pace
with rush hour ladies who aren't afraid
to shoot their arrows at the good name
she built with cannons and subtle grace

Listen now to these sounds
All I have oh these sounds

Mother shoot those cannons off,
destroy this wicked place
The winter brings peculiar things
to thaw and leave no trace