

## More Yellow Birds

Sparklehorse

Is your jewelry still lost in the sand?  
Out on the coast, or rushed into the brine  
You left your rings on the shoreline  
So you wouldn't lose them, swimming in the shallows  
A plastic shovel soft sweaty children far from home  
On vacation not unlike your very own  
And the Captain Howdy lit, upon my shoulder  
And he left me with sulfur, and rooms full of headaches  
I fell in with snakes, in the poisoned ranks of strangers  
Please send me more yellow birds for the dim interior  
Will my pony recognize my voice in hell?  
Will he still be blind or do they go by smell?  
Will you promise me not to rest me out at sea?  
But on a fiery river boat that's rickety  
I'll never find my pony along the rolling swells  
A muddy river or a lake would do me well  
With hints of amber sundowns and muted thunderstorms  
A sunken barge's horns with the cold rusty bells