

## Electric Lash

### The Church

The electric lash of trees in the studio  
Fills my head with light  
Only the voice of the girl on the radio  
Falling from a height  
I turn to leave as if in a cameo  
It doesn't feel quite right  
Only one thing you ever really know  
If it's day or night

Our eyes meet and I love her  
I suspect she already knows  
How those eyes see me so very very clearly  
Even when they're closed

The electric lash of trees in the studio  
A bite then a caress  
Only the voice of the girl on the radio  
Drifting from the west  
I turn to leave as if in a cameo  
A moon, a knot, a guess  
Only one thing you ever really know  
You might curse before you bless