

## Slope Song

The Essex Green

These day of canvassing the ground  
It's a careful step or two into town  
Tracing one of every sign  
Six million cracks don't lie

There's ice upon the veil this year  
It's hard to keep one's frozen head clear  
Read the color on my cheeks  
Or dripping nose tv's  
Gonna find out

There's a wave upon the Corney shore  
That drowns the old fat lady's roar  
There's a locket full of sand  
And a terror wind by hand  
Gonna find out

These days I look up now and then  
The slope seems a familiar friend  
When it's lines have left my palm  
In queerness and in calm  
Gonna find out

Gonna find out