

Oaks

The Hold Steady

There were days from last week
I couldn't quite complete.
Skipped ahead to the next afternoon.
Sweat through the sheets.
Slept in my shoes.
Hung around with the House of Balloons.

Keep the speed steady.
Hold the wheel straight.
We scratch and we scrape.
We're scared then we're brave.
The kids on the corner making eyes at the cars.
If you want to saved all it takes is a wave.

There were kids at the car wash
That said they could get it.
Gave them half but they never came back.
Drove by so slowly
It felt like we're floating
An inflatable raft.

Our bodies are stoplights.
Our minds are the streets.
We scratch and we scrape.
We're scared then we're brave.
The kids on the corner making eyes at the cars.
If you want to saved all it takes is a wave.

Sarah I still think that you are so beautiful.
I'm sorry that you don't feel the same way as me.
We spent so much time in this town driving slowly.
We spent so much money on things that didn't stay.

So call for a taxi. Slide into the backseat.
It rolls like a glass bottomed boat.
The kids on the corner when they reach in the window
Their arms look like limbs from an oak.

Keep the speed steady. Hold the wheel straight.
I swear I feel each little sway.
Our minds are the windows.
Our bodies are screens.
We scratch
We scrape.
And we dream.

We dream of the limbs of the trees.
We dream of the views from the boats.
Of mountains all covered in oaks.

And we hope.
As we hang from the limbs of the trees.
We cling to the rails of the boats.
The mountains all covered in oaks.

And we dream.
We dream of the limbs of the trees.

We dream of the views from the boats.
Of mountains all covered in oaks.

And we hope.
As we hang from the limbs of the trees.
We cling to the rails on the boats.
The trees as they turn into smoke.
The trees they turn slowly to smoke.