

Most of the brine has got to boil away
Most of the air has got to choke you
Most of June I spent in jail again
I don't mean jail, exactly

Up in the pine tree
Red squirrel looking down at me
I am losing control of the language again
I am losing control of the language again

Most of the things I used to hold onto
Most of the things I used to say to you
Most of the ways I knew around the local roads
Are disappearing daily

High in the cottonwood
You were looking down at me and it sure looked good
Hair hanging down in the leaves
Your neck tilted back to make a rainbow

I was losing control of the language again
I am losing control of the language again