

Seeds came in the mail today from Holland
And the language on the package was wonderful and
strange
All sorts of flowers that grow up from the earth
In goodly colors, gloriously arranged

I circled the house and I scattered them around
Let the water sink down into the soil
Stared a long time at the residue
Blood, milk, and oil

God, the humidity is something
Our shirts are soaked clean through
The house is throbbing and the heat keeps coming
And I keep looking at you

And then you're singing in Dutch to me
And I recognize the song
It seems so old and so fragile
I haven't heard it in so long

We may throw the windows open later
But we are not as far west as we suppose we are
Hot wind coming off the water
The sky gone crazy with stars

While we stay here, we imagine we're alive
We see shadows on the walls
There's something waiting for us in the hot, wet air
Sweat, water, and alcohol

Just the old blood
Rising up through the wooden floor again
Just the old love
Asking for more again