

Spirit Ditch

Sparklehorse

I want my records back and that
Motorcycle gas tank that I spray painted black
The owls have been talking to me
But I'm sworn to secrecy
Woke up in a burnt out basement
Sleeping with metal hands in a spirit ditch
The moon, it'll rise with a search
Horse laughter, it's dragging pianos to the ocean
If I had a home you'd know it'd be
In a slide trombone
I woke up in a burnt out basement
Sleeping with metal hands in a spirit ditch
I woke up in a burnt out basement
Sleeping with metal hands in a spirit ditch