

Helicopters

The Stills

And how your heatwave ran
Through our snow black fields
And we dropped our young
To a ragtime feel

And it's been ten long weeks
And there's still no word
Our Arctic Graceland
And the whale fat burn

My moon's a naked cold star
Why do you take this so hard?

So keep this song
Till you catch diseases
And wait them out
Till this tundra freezes

My moon's a naked cold star
Why do you take this so hard?

And how your heatwave ran
Through our snow black fields

My moon's a naked cold star
Why do you take this so hard?

Helicopters are chasing
Animals through the fields
Helicopters are chasing
Our spirits into the sea

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