

Astronautalis, Hurricane Isabel

Teenage girls and skinny bones
Riding past my window
Storm rolls in from Africa
And rain falls on the shingles

Teenage girls and skinny bones
Running on the rain
Power cuts out on the neighborhood
And begin to park the game

She had bare ankles, that's a plus
Simple desire and demand met
by the girl who swore to God
that cold would cause her untimely death

God swore, "Bless the little one"
But then this off his dirty secret
Baby blue gossiped green his gossamer halo polished

I rub my handle upon my sleeve
And my apple upon the other
I see which one of these is coming clean
And which wasn't worth the bother

I got a job that I am saving for
A wife and kids I'm waiting for
It's kinda hard to be facing north
When you got a head full of things you care for

Please, take my hand and hold
Please, take them away from me
They do me far more harm than they ever could promise
To protect me from the sea

And I got a feeling
This thought, it isn't so far out of the left side.
It's me verse the horseshoe, the corkscrew, and the next guy.

A dream as American as missionary sex erector apple pie
And I swear I'll never, ever, ever make it out of this, this, this god-forsaken land

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