

# Blackfield, Blackfield

Curling lips, fingertips, dead eye dips  
I saw it all in the blackfield  
Splinter cracks, summer tracks, paperbacks  
We found them all in the blackfield  
In the shade, whistle blades, singing fades  
In the blackfield

She wants to stay and talk all day  
so I remark when it gets dark  
All the pale things under the earth  
Will reverse

River glass, cycle past, overcast  
I saw it all in the blackfield  
Copper sky, shadows rise, bridge of sighs  
We had it all in the blackfield  
Skin tracks, face facts, fade to black  
In the blackfield

She wants to stay and talk all day  
so I remark when it gets dark  
All the pale things under the earth  
Will reverse