## Camper Van Beethoven, Porpoise Mouth

The white ducks fly All past the sun Their wings flap silver at the moon

While waters rush down the mountaintops My [?] plays circus tunes

I dance to the wonders of your feet And I sing to the joy of your knees The cold white dress on the mountain crest [?] the frozen tree

The maple-[?] in the sky
It seems to kiss the wind
While scores of glittering [?] [?]

I whistle symphonies of your face And laugh For your hair is so fine

In startled reeds
Of playground grass
A child jumps rope to [?]

Reeds and grass The marching drum They make a joyous sound

She bends low with lust and love And falls [?] on the ground

I hunger for your porpoise mouth And stand erect for love The sun burns up the winter sky And all the Earth is love