

# Winterpills, Threshing Machine

## Threshing Machine

We took a picture together  
We held the camera in front of us  
Your arm was cutting right into the frame  
Your smile was for both of us

Something about the way we looked that day  
Caught in the act of trying to look away  
From the sight of our hands caught in this threshing machine  
Do you feel like you've seen anything,  
Ever, at all?

We took a walk on the dykes  
And walked by the proscenium arches  
Paused at the mouth of a rabbit hole  
Stared down and wondered how far did it go

Something about the way we talked that day  
Caught in the act of trying to look away  
From the sight of our hands caught in this threshing machine  
Do you feel like you've felt anything,  
Ever, at all?

Try to imagine us in a house  
Try to imagine us in a car  
Try to imagine us staying alive  
And not just hiding away in this bar

Something about the way you looked today  
Caught in the act of trying to look away  
From the sight of your hands caught in this threshing machine  
Do you feel like you've done anything,  
Ever, at all?  
Do you feel like you've said anything,  
Ever, at all?