

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?