

## **Coots**

I remember the coots in Scipio  
Red moon on the Mass Pike  
White pelicans over Highway 80  
And the last tear-strewn goodnight  
I could ride that right road to perfection too fast  
And spin out in the wrong direction  
East - West - your house  
Oh, Dragon, go away again

Remember the nights we held so close  
We'd go anywhere, anytime  
I remember all those rides home alone  
Trying not to cross the border lines  
All alone is the Island  
All alone is to die  
All alone and so lonely am I

I sank - oh what that bottom looked like  
Such a harmful mystery  
And in desperation - to save -  
I dove into a cold June sea  
It took my breath away  
When all is said - like quiet times  
When all is done - like now  
We'll grow a child, she'll ride the range  
She'll dive the seas  
It'll take her breath away

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