

Nine Mile Kite
Oshima Brothers

Rain showers in the September sun
Her flower petal lips begun
Showing all her teeth in rows
Toss your clothes and run outside

These sour apples overrun
Devour yours and leave me none
Endless eyes of indigo
Leave me standing here untied

She's a nine mile kite
Stitched with dynamite
Watch the clouds ignite
And she'll dance in the storm

I called you to tell you
That's it's raining in Whitefield
And this loneliness I feel
Has been bringing me down
The twilight is coming
Turning into the nighttime
And my eyes will be drying
Once I get on the road

You walk to the mirror
Try to see what's behind you
And I wanted to find you
Before the memories fade
I've checked all the backroads
And I've looked by the ocean
But you're always in motion
And you never come home