

Saturday Night Inside Out

The Avalanches

We inaugurate the evening
Just drumming up a little weirdness
It gets late so early now
The waves come in in mountain phases
I'd see fire where it's not supposed to be
I first saw her in
a mega store
The day-glow raven born into a free fall
The fulfillment of a 10th grade prophecy
A motel masterpiece
Blind to the branching possibilities
Teardrops were standing in my eyes
Like deer before they bolt
I adored the way she modified my mornings
When I'd wake up in the calm shoals of her bed
Somersaults or smoke in a universe of sleep
Before she slipped into her heritage and disappeared
And she taught me to relight, relight and relight again

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