

Husk

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The whole song goes like this: Cm7, Cm7/D#, Bb, F

Thereâ€™s a gulf at the edge of the yard
And the husk of a shed and a garden
Itâ€™s the virus that swells in the grass
Itâ€™s the ration that stays with the water

Thereâ€™s a boy with his back to the porch
Thereâ€™s a root in a jar on the floor
Itâ€™s the field that is tied to his ankle
Itâ€™s the fodder that sticks to the table

Thereâ€™s the ghost of a beast in the woods
And the trace of a shell in the dirt
Itâ€™s the path to the place where he lay
Itâ€™s the look of a crow on the grave

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