

## James Spaite - Killowen

tom: G As joyful rocks came out to breath Feathers on stilts picked at the leaves Blue and white shells underneath my feet And a golden-rose fire Broken to coins on the water By the tide and the way she sways В She sways the way she sways my mind And the cold-bitter salt water Up to my hips as I stripped to my knicks Plastic bag in my fist Muscles tense, I lament For the poison in the beauty ( Dbm A Dbm A ) Our fingertips searched the beach For smooth stones to skip troughs and peaks It takes me back to the river weeks And a golden-rose fire Broken to coins on the water By the tide and the way she sways В She sways the way she sways my mind



## **Acordes**

