

## Spanish Cellar

Prairie winds upon my face, naked rain upon our backs,  
Lightenin' falls on moonlit grass, thunder on the tracks.  
Tremblin' freight train, Cilia waved, tight lace upon her gown.  
Familiar strangers, full of tears, headed out of town.

### Chorus

Dusty Spanish cellar, burlap sack on a trundle bed,  
Hidin' out with the loss of love, a place to lay my weary head.

You creep into my dreams this night, my head upon your breast.  
I breathe alive the tiny fronds that light upon unrest.  
You whisper in my mouth and speak, the subtleties of kind  
And run your fingers through my hair and kiss me on my mind.

### Chorus

Dusty Spanish cellar, burlap sack on a trundle bed,  
Hidin' out with the loss of love, a place to take my weary head.

### Space

Rainbow falls fill my sleep, covered cotton, a double E.  
Patchwork stars, oily moon, the eyes of your skin feel every room.  
Kerosene skies, cascading night, the bell rings true, relieves the light.  
Angels chirp from bended beak upon the ceiling our souls shall seek.

Point a way back for me, across a storm swept screaming sea.  
Point a way across for me, across the storm swept sea.

- Brett M. Wilbur  
March, 2010