

Kirsty McGee, Coffee Coloured Strings

i was waiting by the back door and all the lights were on
summer was in the air, there was a party going on
somewhere in the barn of a neighbouring farm
there were lights tied to the trees
on coffee coloured strings

i did not expect to see him like some thomas hardy spectre
but he took me in his one-room house and sent me with a greeting
to the party in the barn of a neighbouring farm
there were lights tied to the trees
on coffee coloured strings

we saw the insects flicker on the window's golden beam
and at 5am the ground was wet
we were tripping over coffee coloured strings

seven generations ran their fingers through this soil
a late night last survivor and a party going on
oh we talked about so many things
the things you read in magazines
and as the talk ran out we watched the stars

we saw the insects flicker on the window's golden beam
and at 5am the ground was wet
we were tripping over coffee coloured strings