

# Pea Sized, Cat Song

A head filled with words,  
a hurting skin.  
And underneath,  
this bleeding heart.  
Revolting stomach  
and cold feet.  
There is someone creeping up my back.

Shivering hands,  
whistling ghosts,  
behind a Spanish house.

He's got hands to stroke cats.

Lips made of red wine and amber  
with nautical eyes.  
And his skin is a baby feather.  
He isn't as sick as I am.

Shivering hands,  
whistling ghosts,  
behind a Spanish house.