

Red House Painters, Medicine Bottle

Giving into love and sharing my time
letting someone into my misery
I told it all step by step
how i landed on the island
and how i swim across the sea
and it crosses my mind
that i may wake to a knife in me
no more breath in my hair
or ladies' underwear
tossed up over the alarm clock
blood dripping from the bed
to a neatly written poem
a heartfelt last line reading
there is no more mystery
is it gonna happen my love

It's all in my head she said
morning after nightmare
you're building a wall she said
higher than the both of us
so try living life
instead of hiding in the bedroom
show me a smile
and i'll promise not to leave you

It happened under a rainy cloud
passing through the dark south
we went into a big house
and slept in a small bed
I didn't know you then
as well as you of me
we talked of our sad lives
and we went off separately
I found your overseas souvenirs
holiday greeting cards
and some long forgotten high school fears
it's all in my head i said
banging a piano
I've not been so alone i thought
since kicking in the womb
I drank so much tea
I wrote my letters in kanji
around the block i walked and walked
pretending you were with me
not wanting to die out here
without you

The hurting never ends
like birthdays and old friends
we forget what is flesh blood and bone is human
trading phone lines to airlines
unwilling to face
the love is found on the inside not the outside
and like a medicine bottle
in the cabinet i'll keep you
and like a medicine bottle
in my hand i will hold you
and swallow you slowly
as to last me a lifetime
without holding too tight
I do not want to lose
the thrill that it gives me
to look out from my window
and scowl at the houses

from my world in the bedroom
it's all in my head she read
in her girlfriend's self-help book
it's all his own making
a war with himself
like two sides of a wall
that separates two countries
he shuts out the world
and wants only to love you

Not wanting to die out here
without you