

Waxwing, Blue Days And Green Nights

Maybe tonight in the few short moments In which we converse
We can speak of something other than the ways our bodies hurt us.
Please, please, think of me. I'm Alive and still breathing
I'm wondering is this a death bed in which the living lay.
This turned out to be something that I have no control over
This secret reservoir that can dry up, or spill over
As it pleases. This power is stripped from me.
So I'm listening for you to speak to me,
Of Green Days and Blue Nights,
or at least nothing that even remotely,
Reminds me of these Workhorse Days
Blame everything on me,
I can carry the weight of everyone on my body.
Give Justice for these sins,
or at least an explanation for how I have been feeling.
Please, please, think of me. I'm Alive and still breathing
I'm listening for you to speak to me,
Of Blue Days and Green Nights,
or at least nothing that even remotely
Reminds me of these Workhorse Days