

Athlete, In the Library

Put your finger on my lips
We could be a grown up fairytale
Swimming in the library
But were not going anywhere
She said I love it
Oh I love it when we touch
When we touch on something
We cant find in any book

At least Im not on my own
In this ocean of words
At least Im not on my own

We cover up with blankets
Cover up with blankets from the years
That our parents gave us
To keep out the cold and the unknown
Then the library grew
Into a forest of desire
Cut down some friends that I knew
Who were gonna start a forest fire

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In this ocean of words
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