

# Autamata, Goldilocks

I remember

We fight about nothing and I'm in a huff  
This makes you frustrated and then we make up  
Shorten the distance for the long view  
This is the conclusion I come to

Who's been sleeping in my bed?  
Laid between music sheets and me

How can we know the partners from their parts  
A small expiration, as they say in France  
Hence the conclusion I've come to  
Come too

Sometimes I have to hide from your eyes  
Too close within your sights for disguise

You know it's a strange thing, this physical act  
So fearsomely naked, so matter of fact

Down on my knees