

Bell X1, The Ribs Of A Broken Umbrella

He wondered how close he'd ever been to her in this ebb and flow of the distance between us
Maybe she got the same bus
He left a trail of string wherever he went, when he was sleeping he tied it to his toe
If she crossed it then he'd know
But he knew that all was unraveling
And he was bare, stripped of his skin
Like the ribs of a broken umbrella Sticking out of a bin