Diane Cluck, I Liked You As Soon As I Saw You

i liked you as soon as i saw you it was something about the way your sweater and your eyes were blue and your hair was silver in the sunlight and your hair was gray when the sun went behind the clouds we run around and try to make the most of ourselves then when we stop we're haunted by the ghost of ourselves and i've been running around and trying to make the most of myself til' that day i stopped and let myself be haunted i'm me outrunning myself so i stop and i hope my heart can find me oh i hear it beating in the background catching up six or seven streets behind me you were standing by the water where the seabirds were circling i stood at a distance regarding you regarding you head thrown back looked like you were trying to drink the sea all alone all alone i liked you as soon as i saw you it was something about your hands and the way you were smoking like king of flaming faggots your fingers floating down from your mouth to your knee gently gently as a butterfly lands we run around and try to make the most of ourselves then when we stop we're haunted by the ghost of ourselves oh oh oh oh and i've been running around and trying to make the most of myself til' that day i stopped and let myself be haunted

because i liked you as soon as i saw you

it was something about the way

you simply stood there

as the light withdrew into a passing cloud

what more can i say