

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 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
by you
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