Elephant Island, Fishy

Voices southern
Dancing badly
As bad as I can
The shape left by your lips
Like a red fish swimming
In my hand

In the mirror I'm like a monster In this dress Oh, I feel like August Expectant before the softness Of your breath

These blankets they threaten to drown us We'll disappear, we won't say anything I looked at you until you looked at me I looked until you were laughing