

# Evangelista, The Blue Room

Where will you go now that you're alone? I'll dig a hole bury some bones. What will you do when it just burns? I'll figure somethin new to learn. What will you see when his face fades away? I'll se his things I'll see his grave.

Stay inside my hands aren't fit to pray today. Willing but unable to come out and play. This is something pouring thru me. I close my eyes you come right to me.

Shall I fold you under and under again so that you are so tiny that no one can see? And it'll be alright for me to carry you around with me. Shall I fold you like a dead poem and put you in a teacup with a crack and the broke off handle that I can't throw away? But I can't drink either cuz it's all busted up and spilling down.

Spilling down my hands aren't fit to pray today. Willing but unable to come out and play. This is something pouring thru me. I close my eyes you come right to me.