

# Frightened Rabbit, Poke

Poke at my iris, why can't I cry about this?  
Maybe there is something that you know that I don't?  
We adopt a brand new language, communicate through pursed lips,  
You try not to put on any sexy clothes or graces.  
I might never catch a mouse and present in my mouth  
And make you feel you're with someone who deserves to be with you.  
But there's one thing we've got going and it's the only thing worth knowing.  
It's got lots to do with magnets and the pull of the moon.  
Why won't our love keel over as it chokes on a bone?  
We can mourn its passing and then bury it in snow.  
Or should we kick its cunt in and watch as it dies from bleeding.  
If you don't want to be with me just say and I will go.  
Well we can change our partners this is a progressive dance,  
But remember it was me who dragged you up to the sweaty floor.  
Well this has been a real...  
I've got shin-splints and a stitch from weed(?)  
But like a drunken night it's the best bits that are coloured in  
Should look through some old photos I adored you in every one of those.  
If someone took a picture of us now they'd need to be told  
that we had ever clung on tight and maybe not with arms at night.  
I'd say she was his sister but she doesn't have his nose.  
And now we're unrelated and rid of all the shit we hated,  
But I hate when I feel like this and I never hated you.