

# Gourds, Cold Bed

The cold tonight seems more anxious to talk

Than he has seemed in nights before

Skinless face and yellow heart, he

Hesitates and I wait

All my stories are about the same things

I find so many beds for them

I find this package of tiny lamps

And it makes a firey ring

Right now is the reason I carry this jewel

Everywhere round my neck

I keep it close but still outside

This is my explanation

All my stories are about the same things

I find so many beds for them

I find this package of tiny lamps

And it makes a firey ring

A box of love and sex and reflection

Its got my face and hands

The lonely is yellow and old

Watch the cold around my bed

All my stories are about the same things

I find so many beds for them

I find this package of tiny lamps

And it makes a firey ring