

# james vincent mcmorrow, Look Out

Out with the golden we sew,  
and the lower past that crawls.  
Now, to the doorway you run  
to the girl that's not enough.

Shower's looking, now we're peeking over, I was lucky.  
In the calm the feather flip the so, of harlot's. All the same.  
And I hope I'm still in love of course, just doesn't listen.

Now, in the passed them again.  
In the dawn then we hurry.  
So, I have gathered to bring,  
and I guess that it never.

Shower's looking, now we're peeking over, I was lucky.  
In the calm the feather flip the so, of harlot's. All the same.  
And I hope I'm still in love of course, just doesn't listen.

You'll be lucky once, when the fall listen to send around.  
When the sun comes, dry tears from my eyes.  
So you come around as the weather starts to change,  
and you settle in. And the best has yet been made.