

# Kirsty McGee, Static

i fell asleep in trieste harbour with my back against the wall  
and i swear we're only half awake till something sees us fall  
and all the houses in the harbour were as ripe as watermelons  
in the afternoon cathedral of the red hot july sun

i held my head under the water of a fountain clear as glass  
and i lay my head upon your heart when you lay on the grass  
there was a bird and i remember how it flew across the sun  
and how its shadow fell upon us as the clouds moved in  
i fell asleep in massachusetts with my head against the wall  
and i slept like i was dreaming for a thousand souls  
when i raised my head the water was the colour of the sun  
and my heart was full of fortune and my head as light as sand

we made love among the pine trees on an island full of butterflies  
where hot successive summers had turned the grass to hay  
and all the trees so still above our heads were tender

with the scent of pine and static with both sunlight and forgetfulness

i fell asleep and when i woke up all the world was somehow different  
the colours burned more brightly and the sunlight seemed more strong  
and i remember blue glass shadows and the fine hair of your arm  
and all the clouds in the cathedral of the red hot july sun.