

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.