

Lydia, A Camera Lens And Careful Days

It's always blue and black or breaking skin,
well cover up girl we'll finally leave again.
And you breath me in so well,
in your room under the cover of this night.
We are safe; we are, as long as you whisper.
But my eye was caught by your picture.
That's hanging from your mirror,
like something you forgot.
I'll say that we couldn't sleep just staring at the clock.
But when numbers seem to blur and the reflection is lost.
Anything is love as you stare into your box.
So now we're used to the rain.
We can swim and i'll say we were, never worried.
Because the floods will only bring the coast, and Atlantic closer.
I thought I told you girl.
I thought I showed you the reason.
That all I truly want is to get in your head.
And steal your imagery.
So we can both go to your second story house.
You would never believe this snow.
It's so heavy on our lungs.
But it's creeping up your walls and closing down the roads.
But I swear i'm loving while.
I swear I still will hide away from the cold.