

Nina Nastasia, So Little

I am not a part of all your torrent, feathering talk
I only hear teeth clicking about
And your voice bouncing on walls in our house

My belly is warm
And soon we'll be taking you in
And out of the wild, cold storm

I don't want to shout back
Or answer one question
Without a plan or a counter-attack

So little gets done
So little
Yes, fun

I am not a part of the long and tiring walk
I only have fingers and sentiment
To mind where we keep all our sweet thoughts

So little gets done
So little
Yes, fun