

Plankeye, Good News

Fall down
Kiss the ground once again
This mire too often my heart's desire
Pick me up
Dust me off once again
This mire too often my heart's desire
I create my own shame
Put a muzzle on my mouth when I get so very anxious
So very anxious again
Better off if things were left unsaid
Tomorrow's sorrows waiting there once again
The silver pinholes of the night refuse to sing their starry song tonight
Goodnight
(Well always go back, but not this time)