

Pretty Things, Defecting Grey

Sitting alone on a bench with you
Mirrored above in the sky
Wondering if you will say goodnight
Leave me a grave and goodbye

Night sky hangs in blackness
Night threads, patterns weaving
Somebody going tells you where I need me
Casting gardens of shadow
The lights flash, someone is driving
Heat exchange, car on a highway going my way

Sitting alone on a bench with you
Talking 'bout your life and mine
I find and bet you just don't like snakes
They are just no friend of mine

You've seen it all but you're foregoing
You passed it by but you're not knowing

You've heard it all before, you're going home
You've seen them dying, now they're all alone

Sitting alone on a bench with you
Dipping my eyes in the stream
Breath of your lips chases shadows away
Clearing the mist from a tree

Sitting alone on a bench with you
Just as you get up to leave
Holding my breath as I touch your hand
Then with the brush of your sleeve

Later in the morning
Just as dawn starts snoring

Sitting alone on an empty bench
Mirrored above in the sky