

Psapp, Infra Red

Your spit still clings to bottles in the fridge
It brings relief to know that you've been there
All this time

The taste of AM shifting through the darkest night
It battles for a space that's right
How I collect

My eyes you drew
Cross them for something to do
Mmmm

Barefeet cross, in infrared they meet
They last, the images they make still stay
Close to me

Pins and things, they're caught up in your hair
They made, they made me want to care, still there
And I collect

Half-sucked sweets and fine receipts
Stuck in my pocket for you
For you