

Red House Painters, Katy Song

Some escape some door to open
this path seems the blackest but I
guess it's the soonest
but there in the clearing I
know you'll be wearing your
young aching smile and
waving your hand.
Can't go with my heart when I
can't feel what's in it I
thought you'd come over
but for some reason you didn't.
Glass on the pavement under my shoe
without you is all my life amounts to.

A final sleep no
words from my cutting
mouth to your ear or
taut wicked pinches
from my fingers to your bitter face
that I can't heal.
I know tomorrow
you will be
somewhere in london
living with someone
you've got some kind of family
there to turn to
and that's more than I could ever give you.

A chance for calm
a hope for freedom
outlet from my cold solitary kingdom
by the forest of our spring stay
where you walked away
and left a bleeding part of me
empty and bothered
watching the water
quiet in the corner
numb and falling through
without you what does my life amount to?