

Sense Field, Trip Poem

it stood out more than any other
you took me by surprise
to lead me on
you lead me on
take a picture it lasts longer
lay my soul to rest upon
the stairway that leads me on to you
tied up in tape I've got no clothes to wear
I'm afraid to write this
someone might read it
the sky just opens wide
on and on and on and on
you keep myself up every night
on and on and on and on
I want you all to myself
it makes me just love myself
and how it makes me just lose myself
and how it mixes and it will not leave
no it will not leave
the steam engine
steam engine
you keep myself up every night
my eyes just open wide
lay my soul to rest upon
the stairway that leads me on to you