

Shannon Wright, Floor Pile

I stood inside your pool in some palm setting reel
A picture on a screen there sat you and me
And i comb the wire for a lock of papier-mache
I build a tower for you to portray
You let go of my hand and acted like we never touched
Like some harbour a ship never brushed
I am the floor pile walk over me
My light has grown tired paint over me
All at once i just can't abide i fear
On the cobble swims a king with a hearty smile