

Shannon Wright, You're The Cup

Up the hill to a vacant lot
There's nothing to see
Walk the pillars to settle in
And find that you've turned from me
You're the cup and you're the drink
That keeps swimming up north through the stream
I'm the raft that got filled with sand
That keeps knocking about in the drain
My hands are laid out to persuade a gathering
Hair is polished and shiny trim
Just keep a friend in me