

Steve Kilbey, Forgetfulness

Paper flowers tacked to the walls
And cotton sheets back two by two
Softness where the dreamer storms
Leaves are crushing up on you
Different hearts play on these strings
Strangers waking, talking strange
Bad nights on the pillow again
Among the pretty flowers change
I take forgetfulness
I'll share some out

Trust these cards and watch me talk
A million people call out in gold
Success and failure feed my heart
And everything is fine between
Sundail marks the island time
And all the dust it makes you swoon
Come to as you find your mind
Your memories, details, (you learn these details ?) much too soon