

Thea Gilmore, Brittle Dreams

Looks like you caught me with my hair down
See the lights are on but there is no one home
Waiting through darkness for a second time
If it's the same our dreams are right again
I wish that I could talk to you
And you could ease it out or maybe not

And I say you never, ever get away
Close your eyes into light the sun machine is
The only prize for having far too many
Brittle dreams

You've not been looking quite so hard lately
Your hair is gone, you wait for the rain to ease
My head is numb so maybe I can't see
But in my sleep reveals my deepest fears
I wish that I could talk to you
And you could ease it out or maybe not

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Your twinkle-toes have lost their sparkle
The stink of love's lost its attraction
And you know, and you know, and you know, and you know
The girls are sworn

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