

Thea Gilmore, You Tell Me

So here we are then you and me
Some little joke of chemistry
With all our sun bleached history
Fading as the light gets strong and
We are brave and we are fakes of
Tortured art and higher stakes
And winter's knocking at the gates
But the clocks are wrong

I am the steel, I am the dare
The angry kid with mud in her hair
Setting off those warning flares
Till the sky got light
And you are the seasons, you are the free fall
Here's the smell of tarmac, here's the clarion call
Here's the reasoning behind it all
Right here tonight

'Cause I've struggled for directions
A blank page as far as I can see
But I'm open to suggestions
So you tell me
You tell me
You tell me

The corner cafe got closed down
A funeral pyre for the wise and the clowns
A little drunk this time around
But the feeling's there
They're drawing out their pocket knives
Till just the singular survives
For all the currency it buys
They don't much care

'Cause I've struggled for directions
A blank page as far as I can see
But I'm open to suggestions
So you tell me
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Now colours blazing through the sky
With autumn fury in our eyes
We'll gather every battle cry
And lay them at their door
'Cause for all the reasons that they spent
To turn poetry to self defence
I guess that what I really meant
Was that's what it's for

But you tell me
You tell me
You tell me