

Tunng, Secrets

find a pine tree up in the hills
with a hole that's silent and dark
place your hands and stand as you feel
whisper secrets into her heart
small black stones with glass at their edge
soft red squares that sigh as they bleed
yellow curves shaped just like a girl
wood-cut discs that nobody sees
tell me frankly, tell me again
what you told me out on the street
all these trap doors slip behind time
drag like cans on strings on your feet
open up your tin of cold soup
heat it up with bread from the shop
sit in front of jeremy kyle
wonder when the secrets will stop lock your secrets inside a tree
let it grow for one hundred years float your thoughts far off out to sea store them
up in pelican's tears