

Uncle Ho, Come On, Come Clean

You know it's a funny thing.
You might even be my favourite human being.
I want to meet you where
If we choose, we can do it; I'm almost there.

I move like I'm asleep.
Everything's solid, still, a kind of fatigue.
But I can feel you rushing me
Into your arms, off my feet ...

COME ON WATCH ME SLOWING DOWN.
ONCE AGAIN I'M COMING ROUND.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
COME ON, COME CLEAN.

The glow of things at dusk,
Sometimes I think I'd die for a single touch.
Come on and taste the air,
God, I want to meet you there.

COME ON WATCH ME SLOWING DOWN.
ONCE AGAIN I'M COMING ROUND.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
COME ON, COME CLEAN.
COME ON, LET'S DO IT ONCE AGAIN.

SOON THE MOSS WILL COVER UP OUR NAMES.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
COME ON, COME CLEAN.

Decorated with casualness:
The abyss in my stomach, so much bliss.
The messages you send...
Stage fright, here we go again.

Yesterday's miasma creeps
Round the flowers you intend to keep.
But the sun is breaking through
The fuzzy mist between me and you.

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