

# Wire, A Touching Display

With all the front  
And more besides  
Bitch, thrust, and parry  
And a few asides  
With considerable charm  
You chose not to decide

I really like you  
Becomes my message  
I really want you  
Becomes my message

But how long can we sustain  
Ourselves apart?  
The pressure's increasing it  
Squeezes my heart

I bought a ticket  
You took a walk  
So much to say  
We're unable to talk  
Suffering in silence  
Our eyes give it away  
So close as we part  
A touching display  
Colouring my thoughts  
Predominately grey and

Fighting bravely  
Will she save me?  
From what or who  
I do not know