

## Bal Plaine

### "Flour Drawing"

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The berries on the way home from the barn  
Stop running the wasp won't do you no harm  
The faces I would make, baking the cake with my mom  
I wanted to grow up, drink in a cup, dig a pond

My father tapping the blade in the foam  
He's sweaty, his leather hands green as the lawn  
Now take me to the woods, show me the ruins, make a  
bow  
I wanted to achieve, call me naive, I'll prove you wrong

And all the chandeliers I forged in my great hall  
I can't decide which one should better fall  
And all these pieces of me, I watch them tenderly  
I keep them all inside our sacred ship

My brothers breaking the slates on the roof  
They're sweaty, who hit the ball, speak the truth  
Now pick out your disguise, choose the right size  
young indian  
We'll climb up the old trees, what's overseas, leave  
your land

And all the chandeliers I forged in my great hall  
I can't decide which one should better fall  
And all these pieces of me, I watch them tenderly  
I keep them all inside our sacred ship

And now that I'm older, with my head and my heart  
I'll make you king and queen  
I won't resign 'til you get what you've bet

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