

Brett Anderson

"Ashes Of Us"

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When the sky is clear,
and the clouds are torn,â€”
And the strange ones play,
and the insects swarm.
Falling like feathers,
drifting like petals,
pieces of paperâ€”
The ashes of usâ€”
Break like bone china,
faces in mirrors,
piece us togetherâ€”
The ashes of us.
And the orchid grows,
in a sunny place,â€”
Where I sip my tea,
with a scarecrows face
Falling like feathers,
drifting like petals,
pieces of paperâ€”
The ashes of usâ€”
Break like bone china,
faces in mirrors,
piece us togetherâ€”
The ashes of us.

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