

Brett Anderson

"Blessed"

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With your mauve pillow.
and your laddered tights
With your neat covers.
and your midnight Eyes.
With your sisters in the suburbs.
With your ballerina's Grace.
You smile and I am blessed.
You laugh and I am possessed.
You climb
the clouds caress.
Yes, I am blessed.
Yes, I am blessed.
With your grey Denim.
and your hostile life.
With your teeth missing.

and your mystic eyes.
With your tenderness and trouble.
With your son against your breast.
You smile and I am blessed.
You laugh and I am possessed.
You climb
the clouds caress.
Yes, I am blessed.
Yes, I am blessed.
You smile and I am blessed.
You lie and I am dust.
and you ride
London's wilderness.
Yes, I am blessed.
Yes, I am blessed

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