

Brett Anderson

"Julian's Eyes"

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Softening her winter
With his eyes
Sitting in the meadow
In disguise
Feeling his way
Touching the stone
Watching the day
Through a telephone
Colours in the carnage of his hand
Lose it in the debris on the stairs
Feeling his way
Touching her hand
Making his way
To the panstand
He's in the sky
He's in the tide
He's in the trees
And the buzz of the night
Feet in the sand
Watching life
Through Julian's eyes
(Just repeat it)
Softening the winter
With his smile
Sitting in the doorway
Counting tiles
Feeling his way
Touching life
Watching the day
Through quiet eyes
Elephants and spiders
In his hand
Capital letters
Green and red
Feeling his way
Making a start
Watching the day
Through cut glass
He's in the sky
He's in the grass
He's in the winter
And the curve of the stars

Feet in the sand
Watching life
Through Julian's eyes

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