

Clare Bowditch And The Feeding Set "Starry Picking Night"

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Once a starry picking night I fell into your arms
Like a lover lost of all her charms,
And the moon it stood like salt,
Fell out of the sky like snow
And you loved her so you failed to let her go.

Lying in the back of the car
As the street lights turn to fire
You remind me much of her
And perhaps that's why when
Lying in the back of the car,
And you she'd your heart like skin
I was watching you watching her.

Shadows and their multitudes.
Shadows were our favourite food.
You blessed me, sent me on my way.

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