

Cocorosie

"Grey Oceans"

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In heaven worm souls flutter
They flutter by with rosaries
Dangling from their necks
German shepherds guide by nightfall
Little kinder
Little kinder dressed in starlight
Inside I feel like
Like I'm crying besides a tree
I'm watching myself like an old T.V.
I'm watching myself like an old movie on color T.V.
When people whisper in Portuguese
It's just as mysterious
And the stubble on his face
It hurt me when
When we fell onto each other's faces
Dawn retraces heart ached patterns across grey
oceans
Windows brighten up the room
And one could cast a smooth worn lover's stone
Worn smooth from days of fertile deliberation
Dawn retraces heart ached patterns across grey
oceans
Worn smooth from days of fertile deliberation

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