

Bluebottle Kiss

"Return To The City Of Folded Arms"

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Can't say that it's great to be back
When all the lavender in my back yard is either dull or
black
Hole in the sky with my sun glasses on
Guess the only conclusion is in song
Someone's gone never knew they were there
Hopeless with stuff like that, don't even know the smell
of hair
Trying to find a positive space
Pick up receiver and someone's father says:

"Can't you see you're nobody"

Such a sickened anti-grace when there's always
someone, or something stingin' you in the face
Black comedies always going too far and this one's
pushing me to burn this wretched guitar
Straight to the city of folded arms I can't be bothered to
siphon out it's charms
Inanimate objects to communicate, strum up and down
and it tells me that:

"This is free, is it really, 'cause can't you see, you're
nobody"

You're nobody

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