

Fools Gold **"Wild Window"**

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Weâ€™re not quite a wild window
Opened to the aching hot sun
Where the heat warms our eyelids
And our skins melt into one

Weâ€™re quite not a raging winter
Thereâ€™s no snow where I come from
The stars pan over our foreheads
And our palms are wet and numb

No, you have not ruined me (yet!)
No, you have not ruined me (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)

We might be struck by some notion
That each crossing pathâ€™s a new start
But it takes more than this moment
For us to find out what we are

Itâ€™s true; weâ€™re not a wild window
And we might never be one
But weâ€™re not just empty matter
Floating across the unknown

No, you have not ruined me (yet!)
No you have not ruined me (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)

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