

Furslide

"My Friend's Gallery"

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The walls are filled in here with glass
My eyes are stolen with a glance
And the cheap persuasion that has emptied
It's perfume and left us weary
Has been overlooked as art

I'm handed cups of tepid gleam
From smiles colorless and careful
My face is frozen as the winner takes his prize
And all eyes turn to stare
The lonelier the better
And all my friends are there
The click clicking of the floss
A dabble here and there
Why I'm here and why they're there?

I don't know why
The shaker's breaking up the peace
But I heard him stare, I heard him stare
The lonelier the better
And all my friends are there, are they all there?

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