

Brandtson

"Little Birds And Spiders"

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your eyes are full of worry
your heart has wings like some angelic thing
(wrapped up around me)
it occurs to me that all your favorite stories have
really great happy endings
and you're high and circling
tell me, do you think you'll ever come down again?
and i'll just wait between hospital visits
counting close calls and near misses

my stomach's full of spiders
my heart has wings, just not the kind you think
(clip them and ground me)
it occurs to me that all my favorite writers are
either dead or insane
and you're off to better things
to find brass rings and conquer dreams
and i'll just sit here pulling out the stitches
of a tangle of arms and kisses

and you're flying gracefully
with bones full of air
and a heartbeat like the fluttering of little wings
and i'm living quietly under the stairs
in a web made up of part of you and part of me

and you're high and circling
tell me, do you think you'll ever come down again?
and i'll just wait between hospital visits
counting close calls and near misses

and you're flying gracefully
with bones full of air
and a heartbeat like the fluttering of little wings
and i'm living quietly under the stairs
in a web made up of part of you and part of me

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