

Iota "Pockets"

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I think you're
Taking it too hard
I didn't think
You looked so bad
Its coming back
Into fashion
The envy of
The designers
Catwalk makes
You nervous
Behind your shades
At night i slipped
And i've tripped
Over too many times
Your standing out
Like no other now
Maybe brighten
The colour
And bring it in
At the waistline
The tailor wept
When he made it

This splash of melancholy
Is rubbing off on me
Take your hands out
Make some room for me
'cause i can't see
'cause it's too deep
I describe it well
If you want me
Evidently you hold
My tears and joys
In your pockets
Time can only tell
You can quote me
Elequently put you hold
My tears and joys
In your pockets
I feel lucky
Bursting seams
I overflow

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