

## John K. Samson "Velveteen"

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Flowers, moonlight, sticky things  
Songs that mean nothing, places I've been  
Blood fruit, crying, old guitar strings  
They're all softly poetic, smoothly obscene

When I use the word "You"  
I don't know who I mean  
If this song was a painting  
It would be velveteen  
When I use the word "You"  
I don't know who I mean  
If this song was a painting  
It would be  
Velveteen

I recall all those wasted snowflakes dying in the fall  
And I remember those starry Eyes, rose glasses  
bewitch me, saw that  
Our words and our bodies will always flow, like the  
Cool, clear stream on the rocks below

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We sat on the beach at night, and it shone fantastic  
And the lake after dark looks like, looks like burn  
plastic  
We all need a space to fall down and grow  
And it's so sickly-sweet like some bad T.V. show

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I don't know who I mean  
If this song was a painting  
It would be velveteen  
When I use the word "You"

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If this song was a painting  
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Forgot that we used to say  
"We all learn to fly some day"  
I thought that was nice  
But I was wrong

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