

## **King Creosote**

# **"Snakes From Single Socks"**

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It's the day after she left  
And the sun shines less bright  
It's as though all the clouds  
Have gathered over night

But still I laugh  
At all the boobie traps she's left for me  
Like the plunger in the shower tray  
She stuck it there to flood the tile floor  
And all things left in shoes  
All the laces tied up in knots  
Pen marks on the wall paper  
And snakes from single socks  
There's sand across the hallway  
Cut out bits of paper in the toaster  
What a funny flavor to the milk

And I love her more than anyone  
And I miss her more each time she has to go  
And I love her more than anyone

And I miss her more each time she has to go

She's only added orange juice, some paper and some salt  
And I've still got nine more days to straighten it all out  
I must try harder  
To make those faerie cakes using Rupert's recipes  
And the plans that I made for us campin out  
It's time they took shape  
Cuz she won't be four in a week forever I know  
And all these daft pass times  
She'll no doubt soon out grow

And I love her more than anyone  
And I miss her more each time she has to go  
And I love her more than anyone  
But I miss her more each time she has to go  
I loooooove her

