

Kt Tunstall

"Yellow Flower"

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Still the pulse survives
The conscious candour of our conversation
Lovely as you are
I see the strain, the pain, the degradation
Strips of light delightful
Either side of bars so thick and wide
You hide them with a colourful sigh

Falling at your feet in sheer joy
That you were able to receive me like a favourite chair
Soaking up the tears if by magic it'll make me
Ever warmer even after you're not here

Could I be a boat for you a while?
Could I stay afloat for you and sail in your smile?
Could I be a boat for you
And navigate this weight for you?
Could I be a boat for you a while?

You are the yellow flower of my youth
The scent of nothing wasted
With little left to prove
Oh graceful evergreen you take me
Over every hill I ever dreamed
And others, just illusions
Only seeming to be

Falling at your feet in sheer joy that you were able to
Receive me like a favourite chair
Soaking up the tea as if by magic it'll make me
Ever warmer even after you're not here

Could I be a boat for you a while?
Could I stay afloat for you and sail in your smile?
Could I be a boat for you
And navigate this weight for you
Could I be a boat for you a while?

