

Magazine "Cut-Out Shapes"

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I enter the room
Confident enough
For now I tread
A straight and narrow way
So I sleep soundly
A little blue in the face
Cut-out shapes
In secondhand daylight

Somewhere else
Something else
On my mind

She's caressing me
With the hidden hands
Of the only kind of violence
She thinks I'll understand
We've got them dancing
To all of our confessions
They don't know how
We rehearse our dreams

Somewhere else ...

I just get numb
When you're hard to find

We met at a psychiatric unit
She was in for having habits
No one else would try
She didn't know what she was in control of
She had all the advantages of magic
No one could deny

There was an old lady
Who swallowed a fly
Your inescapable mother
Such a crazy lover

I just get numb ...

Find out

You'll find out

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