

Marty Willson-Piper "Sleepy Metal Box"

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Sleepy Metal Box how many secrets can you hold
Inside your head how many stories have you told
A secret life, a seaworld swim
And you at the bottom where most things begin
Biscuit crumb graveyard how much sweetness
Inside your head you scheme with the neatness
A forty mile leap to the bedroom floor
And black sugar in a cake-stand war
Speckled moon with a slight dip
The sky is a pencil and you're the tip
Draw me an ocean where I can swim
Or a Sleepy Metal Box where I can begin
Lacey lacey can the curtains cope
Throw me a ladder or swing me a rope
I'm a romantic gypsy king
Stealing the box where all things begin
I purchase wicker baskets empty
And fill them up so there is plenty
Down at the bottom when everything's gone
Your grateful circle has again begun
Joining the sun with a curving line
Sink behind the cloak of time
Throw me the moon I'll check it's locked
Sleepy Sleepy Metal Box

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