

## Mary Timony "On The Floor"

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We'll, I can't stand you lying here on the floor.  
But then again, I've asked you to move before,  
and you haven't.

I tried to get out of my apt. door,  
and you were blocking the way,  
passed out from the night before.

I had to carry my suitcase over you,  
as you lay in your manger there,  
passed out in a pool of drool and despair.

I said, I can't stand you lying here on the floor,  
but then again, I've asked you to move before  
and you haven't.

When I came home, you were talking about the sun  
- how it 'circles' in a dance of its own,  
and talking to it on the phone.

About how the moon is a 'drop of earth'  
covered in thousands of lakes.  
We both swim in them, escaping our darkness and  
hate.  
Looking for love, searching for it,  
we go looking for love, searching for it, above  
music: our love

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