

Roches

"Looking For God"

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I'm looking for god
Go to a book
Read the words of a story
But the lover dies
And the woman is left
In the bedroom
With a shadow of herself on the wall

She falls from the bottom, o no
But her arms grow
Like pipe cleaners with rubber
Bands inside only prettier
She taps the sky and the guy
Who died taps back

That is quite a fairy tale
Gimme something real
Go back re read the very last page
Cracking there to feel

A fall from the bottom, o no
How far down do you have to go
Like the red balloon
With a pink elephant inside
Getting heavier...can't reach the sky
Please everything that died come back

In this dream of daily life
I cannot describe
I recognize the words i read
In the wrinkles around your eyes

We all fall down to the bottom...but then
Get lifted up again
Like a soap bubble
Flying past a weeping willow tree
Only prettier
To tap the sky
And burst once more to try

I'm looking for god...

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