

## **The Long Winters "Cinnamon"**

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Sun through the curtains,  
I gave you a sign,  
The birds were all quiet,  
You were so quiet,  
Some hear a call,  
Some are the messengers,  
I thumb through the pictures,  
and know them all.

They said, "Do you remember when you saw her last"  
I said, "Her skin is cinnamon, her skin is cinnamon."

I have too many stories, keeping it serious,  
Some are collectores, some keep it straight,  
It was a hospital,  
I was delirious,  
I clung to the stretcher  
and drew them a heart.

Two gondolas to carry us,  
Grand Via was hillarious,  
St. Paul was there to marry us,  
We lied, "We're already married!"

'Cuz here's proof: we have suntans,  
And I spoke up with my new hands,  
Listen to my car,  
What is it telling us?  
Start...please start..please start.

Is it spring where you are?  
I waited all winter  
chasing the lamp cords back to the wall,  
It's a plausible scenario:  
I clung the the stretcher,  
I drew them a heart.

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