

## **The Long Winters** **"Scent Of Lime"**

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You are light-tasting  
Fine, with a scent of lime  
My part in your art is just to be there

You're right  
I'm wasting such a meager grace  
So soon  
What you're doing is aiming

The plainest words are the finest  
I gladly waive my rights to find the real world  
If you find the real world let me know

It never rains enough to cool my fever  
All it does is rain

The worst you can do is harm  
Waiting for the other shoe to fall  
And shouting from your car at an empty road

The plainest words are the finest  
I've been waiting half my life to find the real world

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