

Fair "Monday"

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In the sweet glow of the light,
You revive my folly.
When you shout like nothing dies,
I can see you're sorry.
When your sad mouth figures out
Like a child in mourning.
And you laugh like water drowns,
'Cause you hear it coming.

When you laugh,
You give it away.
(Sing it slow as quicksand.)
You touch my hand and
Say you're never afraid
(And push me off the deep end).

With a hold on paradise
And an act to follow,
You control your compromise
With your white-washed sorrow.
When your hope crawls underneath
And you're dreaming for me.
You're as blind as I can see
When you hear it coming.

And when you lie,
Your lips curl like
A wave of separation.
And when you laugh,
You know you give it away.
(You know you give it away.)
You know you give it away.

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