

## George Smith

# "Tripping Fuzzy Ducks"

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And she comes,  
tired in the night  
Ties a rope around her arm  
and her teeth grip it so tight  
And her arms,  
they move so slowly  
Eyes cloud into a haze,  
and her dreams take her away  
I don't know why it seems  
Can't trade a life for dreams  
And her life,  
she's nervous and tired  
Spends her days alone,  
and her night's getting higher  
She says love only moves in the day  
Tripping always seems to make the worst seem ok  
All that she believes  
Is Positioning her dreams  
And she's numb, cold & blue  
Six days have gone  
and there's no-one left to scream to  
And she lies without a sound  
Shadows rise above her  
and a needle drips on the ground  
Now that everything  
Is stolen by all her dreams

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