

Storyhill

"Tablescrap"

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Notebook
Scrapbook
Somehow I've misplaced you
You were a scratch on a paper, ink and a voice
Not meant to look back at me
The something or someone played a joke
Put on a twisted show
And there we were

I remember just listening,
Looking up to a fantasy
Til the day it was right in front of me
Now it's ruined, now it looks like tablescrap and
nothing else

It kills me to think about all the things
I threw around while hiding
My nature is and always has been that of a pill-bug
When someone gets too close
I now can see how you saw me when I couldn't see
myself
But there we were

I remember just listening,
looking up to a fantasy
Til the day it was right in front of me
Now it's ruined, now it looks like tablescrap...
I don't think that I really wanted any of it

But before I could understand anything that was
happening
So quickly, the bottle, the squinting
I could not undo the knots of an undeveloped mouth

...On the way back from the island,
The turbulence hinted at no end
All I got, I barely saw...
Now I've finally tied it up with no regrets
But I remember! just listening,
Looking up to a fantasy
Til the day it was right in front of me

Now it's ruined, now it looks like tablescraps and
nothing else

Now it looks like tablescraps
All that's left are tablescraps
All that's left are tablescraps
Tablescraps and nothing else

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