

Alix Olson

"Picnic Table"

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We sat outside
at the picnic table,
drinking beer and smoking cigarettes.
I asked you to take out your barrettes, you said yeah,
and as you glanced up,
Your hair danced up and down.
I smiled, you got shy, you said "don't smile"
I said "why", you said "just don't"
I said "okay, I won't"
And I smiled.

And your skin caught like wildfire,
like there was no need for the sun,
You placed a finger on my cheek,
you said "that had to be done"
You carved something like a comma
And I wondered what would come.
We went inside, I pet your cat,
you said "I think she's lonely,
I think she needed that"
I said "are you lonely too?"
You said, "no girl, that kind of talk won't do"
You said "the futon's kind of lumpy,
but the bed's pretty smooth"

And then I thought about her laughing heart
and all the tears that make us grow
And I looked into your smiling eyes
and all the lines that take me so, so,
So much further than I intended to go.
I said "thanks for the bed
I think the lumps will have to do"
You said
"it's better that way"
I said "yeah, I think so too..."

And then I thought about her laughing heart
and all the lines that make it

And I tucked that heart into the cradle of my brain
cause I'd never want to break it.

But I still picture your hair sometimes,
dancing all wild in the dark
I still wonder about that comma carved
so curiously hard and sweet.
And yeah, sometimes I finish that sentence
you left there on my cheek.

Cause you know us poets,
We like our moments complete.

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