

## Angus Stone

### "Pulse"

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You crawled into my bed  
Like some sort of giant insect  
And i found myself spellbound  
That night at the sight of you there  
Beautiful and grotesque and all the rest of that bug  
stuff  
Bluffing your way into my mouth  
Behind my teeth, reaching for my scars  
That night we got kicked out of two bars  
And laughed our way home

That night you leaned over  
And threw up into your hair  
And i held you there thinking  
I would offer you my pulse  
If i thought it would be useful  
I would give you my breath  
Except  
The problem with death is that you have  
Some hundred years and then they can  
Build building on your only bones  
100 years and then your grave is not your own  
We lie in out beds, and our graves  
Unable to save ourselves from  
The quaint tragedies we invent  
And then undo from the stupid circumstances  
We slomen through  
And i realized that night that the hall light  
Which seemed so bright when you turned it on is  
nothing  
Compared to the dawn  
Which is nothing, compared to the light  
Which seeps from me while you're sleeping beautiful  
And grotesque resting caconed in my room  
That night we got kicked out of two bars  
And laughed our way home  
And i held you there thinking  
I would offer you my pulse  
I would give you my breath  
I would offer you my pulse

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