

Angus Stone

"Tiptoe"

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Tiptoeing through the used condoms
Strewn on the piers
Off the west side highway
Sunset behind the skyline of jersey
Walking towards the water
With a fetus holding court in my gut
My body highjacked
My tits swollen
I'm sore
The river has more colors at sunset than my sock
drawer ever dreamed of
I could wake up screaming sometimes
But I don't
I could step off the end of this pier
But I've got shit to do
And I've an appointment on tuesday
To she'd uninvited blood and tissue
I'll miss you I say to the river
To the water
To the son or
Daughter I thought better of
I could fall in love with jersey at sunset
But I leave
The view
To the rats
And tiptoe back

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