

An Angle

"For Every Day Brought Up To This One"

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These trees dissolve into fields of oranges
And the sun is not embarrassed to make me sweat
As I walk these orchards to pick rotten fruit
So that my tongue can taste something familiar

It says it sees a fountain of remembrance
Where we'd wash our faces clean
And no we never took a towel to those days
Were our parents covered in dirt
No we just filled it into cups
So that we may pass to hand and hand
And we devour ourselves once again

Well I meet my laughter just yesterday
And these chemicals and liquor help
My self structure so that we would
Drink and drink and drink and drink
And it threw up our words in hysterical laughter
That when we spoke our stomachs became untied
Into French knots so we would just be gasping
For air while tears suddenly poured with joy
That it made me stand and collide by your wall
So that I may Shake this house with our love

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