

Arrah & The Ferns

"Bernadette"

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Waking up to the morning through my fishbowl
And I worry is she sleeping? Is she breathing? Is she
dead?
And would I be a better mother to a kitty
Or a puppy, or chimpanzees, or maybe to your baby
Lord willing...
If I'm alive this time tomorrow
then I'll have more time to kill
and maybe we could rearrange my furniture
to make lots more room to fill
You and I we lay like fireflies retired from those
summer nights
All bottled up as victims of our child's play
And when we laugh the walls are muted by our
existence
Should I be a bit more persistent when I was you to stay
over?
If you're willing...
You are the only one that matters
And the only one who knows
Every inch of my perimeter
From my fingers to my toes
And I don't know where we'll be tomorrow
But I have one guarantee
For these arms once held malignancy
You know that I'm willing...
I'm willing I'm willing
I'm willing to take you home
I'm willing, I'm willing
I'm willing to follow you home
I'm willing, I'm willing
I'm willing to take you home
I'm willing, I'm willing
I'm willing to call you home...

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