

Poi Dog Pondering "Collarbone"

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Desire hangs on for dear life
on the window sill of the collarbone
of the one I love
And a glimmering shimmer
of sweat gathers into a pool in her palm
from a well in her wrist

(chorus)

And the only thing that speaks the truth
is the eloquence of passing time
the spoken word is a jacket too tight.

There's a shimmering vision
by the window pane
a cellophane figure speaking in
tongues from above

Theres the curve of a stone
and the crest of a wave
here are the lips that cracked
and the sound that they made

(chorus)

Desire hangs on for dear life
on the window sill of the collarbone
of the one I love.
The grass spills out and catches a flame
the trees stand up and scream there blissfullness.

(chorus)

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