

The Gourds

"Cold Bed"

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The cold tonight seems more anxious to talk than he
has seemed in nights before skinless face and yellow
heart, he hesitates and I wait All my stories are about
the same things I find so many beds for them I find this
package of tiny lamps and it makes a firey ring Right
now is the reason I carry this jewel everywhere round
my neck I keep it close but still outside this is my
explanation All my stories are about the same things I
find so many beds for them I find this package of tiny
lamps and it makes a firey ring A box of love and sex
and reflection its got my face and hands the lonely is
yellow and old watch the cold around my bed All my
stories are about the same things I find so many beds
for them I find this package of tiny lamps and it makes
a firey ring

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