

The Juliana Theory

"Her Velvet Voice -"

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In the cracking cold your velvet voice ventures from
your lips
Stiffly walking words, they seem to hang here
You place each phrase like puzzle pieces:
planned, precise, and perfect
You play me like a pastime

I could be your voice of reason. You can be impossible.

I'm hanging like a spider in suspended time and space
Your thoughts are all I need to keep me breathing
Dig your feet in deeper Plant your heels into the ground
If you could grow roots down you'd be a tree now.

I could be your voice of reason. You can be impossible.
But sunshine you shone. Sunshine you've grown.
I'm just a shadow when you're not here to shine.

Frozen fingers fold inside the pocket of my jeans
But tighter is the grip you have upon me
Clasping, clenching, clinging on: I'm tailor made to act
upon this
urge to keep you for myself forever.

I could be your voice of reason. You can be impossible.

But sunshine you shone. Sunshine you've grown.
I'm just a shadow when you're not here to shine.

The man you fell for fell apart.
He let his demons out of the dark.

Let me hear your voice, my one and only.
Let me see your face. Our love: like breathing.
Carry me away. I'm yours completely.
Hide me in your arms. I don't deserve it.

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