

Red House Painters

"Katy Song"

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some escape some door to open
this path seems the blackest but i
guess it's the soonest
but there in the clearing i
know you'll be wearing
your young aching smile and
waving your hand
can't go with my heart when i
can't feel what's in it i
thought you'd come over
but for some reason you didn't
glass on the pavement under my shoe
without you is all my life amounts to
a final sleep no
words from my cutting
mouth to your ear or
taut wicked pinches
from my fingers to your bitter face

that i can't heal
i know tomorrow
you will be
somewhere in london
living with someone
you've got some kind of family
there to turn to
and that's more than i could ever give you
a chance for calm
a hope for freedom
outlet from my cold solitary kingdom
by the forest of our spring stay
where you walked away
and left a bleeding part of me
empty and bothered
watching the water
quiet in the corner
numb and falling through
without you what does my life amount to?

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