

## **Blow, The "Parentheses"**

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Some philosophies fuel a belief in the self  
constructed to keep one's goods on one's own shelf  
Built well you're a strong letter I  
With your feet on the ground and your head to the sky  
Now and then you can bend  
It's okay to lean over, lean over my way  
You fear that you can't do it all and you're right.  
Even day takes relief every night  
From its work making light from the night

And when you're holding me  
we make a pair of parentheses.  
There's plenty space to encase  
whatever weird way my mind goes  
I know I'll be safe in these arms

If something in the deli aisle makes you cry  
Of course I'll put my arm around you  
And I'll walk you outside  
through the sliding doors  
why would I mind?

You're not a baby if you feel the world  
All of the babies can feel the world  
That's why they cry

And when you're holding me  
we make a pair of parentheses.  
There's plenty space to encase  
whatever weird way my mind goes  
I know I'll be safe in these arms

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