

Selina Martin

"No Form"

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I've got nothing up my sleeve, I've got nothing.
Sling-shot, switchblade comb, rubber band gun,
nothing.
Check my pocket there's an empty locket with a dead
inscription to the queen of no subject.
Give a little notion, I've got no form.

Take my pulse if you can clock it keeps me cold, it's
slow but constant.
I just need a store to shop in fill my bucket light my
rocket.
A dormant seed, like a leafless tree,
Give a little notion, I've got no form.

I am stone cold but I will not fold.

Lie in state in endless wait for something.
Nothing sexy crossed my mind this morning.
Pass a little brush 'cross toothless teeth.
Don't look in the mirror 'cuz there's nothing there to
see.
Give a little notion, I've got no form.

Take this much it ain't much all I've got is nothing no
form, no form.

Bobby, he's an ordinary man.
He opened a bistro down in the Bahamas, now he don't
bother me anymore.
He's an ordinary man,

Thanks to razvan

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