

Branch Michelle

"Washing Machine"

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Your eyes, they look so bright
a funky flair in my appetite
but there's no room for you
My feet are on the ground
and my head is in the clouds
but you still can't break through
whatcha gonna do?
I'm not gonna stand around
Waiting for my lips to be read
falling through the cracks in the ground
my feelings need to be said
Flowing like water in a crimson melody
the orange plastic sun is shining
true so hard to see
the rain of your existence is falling down on me
and the soap suds spread like a disease
from my washing machine
I'm not just gonna stand around
waiting for you
falling through the cracks in the ground
and I'm hoping that you'll make your next move

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