

Emily Picha

"A caged-in sea"

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He staggers into the bar
In the last hour of the night
It's cold in here
But it's even colder on the outside
And do you ask him questions like,
"Where have you been tonight?"
or do you just give him a beer,
and say, "Hey, do you wanna come along for the ride?"

Is this caving in
The kinds of questions you'd like to ask of me
Is this opening
The barriers you'd rather not see
Is this a picture you painted
On a wall which called you free
Is this hazing completely
Boundless in a caged-in sea.

Steady hand in hand
And drinking it so fast
He'll tell you the whole story
At the bottom of the glass
But first let's drink to the women
And let's drink to the day
That we made it through in one piece
That we made it through okay

Well haligh, haligh
I'm not thankful for what you hide
Or hold crookedly in your conscience
So why don't you go home and ask your wife
If she's ready now for forgiveness

He buys a ticket and then sends you postcards of the
truth
And now hideous allocations
Are dancing naked in front of you
The front door is filled with the darkness of her eyes
She says, "Honey, it's so cold out there, please, come
inside."
And the air is so thick that neither of them can see

I'm gonna watch you fall asleep
So you don't wake up to watch me

But haligh, haligh
I'm not thankful for what you hide
Or hold crookedly in your conscience
But I feel that I am honored to be your wife
So I will offer some forgiveness

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