

Bargains

Last night was the first cold snap
I pulled down a rug and unwrapped it
inside were fragments and shreds of leaves
they popped and cracked as I pulled the rug down...over me

He was there when the leaves first hit the ground
with silent risks and arms around
it's winter now, and it falls to me
not left behind, but the one to leave; always the one to leave

Sometimes our hands make bargains that we cannot keep
I've seen you lose control and I have seen you sleep
Your exclamation hollows out the part that's silent
I understand why tiny stabs are violent

you can't hold anything but when
the time comes I will spring to life
I'm not the sand I am the tide.
I'll take the turn, I'll draw the line

I'm blowing down these city roads taking notes, breaking codes
thinking of my bones, what's within their scaffolding
my compass madly spins, it's not tied to gravity
broken glass pricks the earth, a serrated galaxy

Being heard can touch a nerve, truth's not just to do with words
we all need to be seen, feral holy machines,
works in progress spilling out, we're remade and not contained
Ricochet between a state of grace and one of shame

V 1
G C D F X 2
C Bb D

RPT

CH
G Eb G Eb Bb Cm Ab x 4

Bridge
G5 Eb5 X a few

G Eb Bb F X 3

Harmony continues, drop, build.