

# Astronaut

## Dear Genre

Come over to my house  
I'll pour some tea for us  
one sugar or two  
Your hand is right in front of me,  
your finger fragilely, holy on  
my side  
Faster than an astronaut  
who's coming home to what  
he left long ago  
I've made this brand new bed for  
you, I trust the things we do,  
holy or not

Open the gate cause you're already late,  
at the end of the lane, is a glass of  
lemonade, keep or the path when  
you hear the laugh, in the white of her  
Palm is your heart!  
I'll be brave for a while  
I won't bring you down  
anymore than you are  
Please, be my baby, don't mean  
maybe or not, look out the  
window, there's a bright  
yellow cat...

Lyrics provided by  
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