

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
 lemona-ade, 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...

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