Look Out

James Vincent McMorrow

Out with the golden drizzle
and the lower past that crawls.
Now, to the doorway you run
to the girl that's not enough.Shower's looking, now we're peeking over, I was lurking.
In the calm the feather flip the so, you've heard it's all the same.
And I hope I'm still in love of course, and it doesn't listen.Now, in the passed them again.
I will die with your hand.
So, I have gathered your cracks
and replaced them with mine.Shower's looking, now we're peeking over, I was lurking.
In the calm the feather flip the so, you've heard it's all the same.
So I hope I'm still in love of course, and it doesn't listen.You'll be lucky once, waiting for the send around.
When the summer comes, dry tears from my eyes.
So you come around as the weather starts to change,
and you settle in. And the best has yet been made.

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