

# Julians Eyes

Brett Anderson

Softening her winter  
With his eyes  
Sitting in the meadow  
In disguise  
Feeling his way  
Touching the stone  
Watching the day  
Through a telephone  
Colours in the carnage of his hand  
Lose it in the debris on the stairs  
Feeling his way  
Touching her hand  
Making his way  
To the panstand  
He's in the sky  
He's in the tide  
He's in the trees  
And the buzz of the night  
Feet in the sand  
Watching life  
Through Julian's eyes  
(Just repeat it)  
Softening the winter  
With his smile  
Sitting in the doorway  
Counting tiles  
Feeling his way  
Touching life  
Watching the day  
Through quiet eyes  
Elephants and spiders  
In his hand  
Capital letters  
Green and red  
Feeling his way  
Making a start  
Watching the day  
Through cut glass  
He's in the sky

He's in the grass  
He's in the winter  
And the curve of the stars  
Feet in the sand  
Watching life  
Through Julian's eyes

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