

Writing

Juan Fourcade

Is there anything left
Maybe steak and eggs
Waking up to washing up
Making up your bed Lazy days, my razor blade
Could use a better edge It's enough to make you laugh
Relax in a nice cool bath
Inspiration for navigation
Of our new found craft Oh, I know you and you know me
It's always half and half And we were oh oh, so you know
Not the kind to dawdle
Will the things we wrote today
Sound as good tomorrow We will still be writing
In approaching years
Stifling yawns on Sundays
As the weekends disappear We could stretch our legs if we'd half a mind
But don't disturb us if you hear us trying
To instigate the structure of another line or two
'Cause writing's lighting up and I like life enough to see it through And we were oh oh, so you know
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