

I Felt Your Shape

The Microphones

I thought I felt your shape but I was wrong
Really all I felt was falsely strong
I held on tight and closed my eyes
It was dumb I had no sense of your size
It was dumb to hold so tight
But last night
On the birthday in the kitchen
My grip was loose my eyes were open
I felt your shape and heard you breathing
I felt the rise and fall of your chest
I felt your fall
Your winter snows
Your gusty blow
Your lava flow
I felt it all
Your starry night
Your lack of light
With limp arms I can feel most of you
I hung around your neck independently
And my loss was overwhelmed
By this new depth I don't think I ever felt
But I don't know
The nights are cold
And I remember warmth
I could have sworn I wasn't alone

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