

# Peace & Quiet

**Jenny MacDonald**

After the red ants  
The black-out comes peace and quiet  
Those little footprints  
Fleshed out calm in my mind  
I lay like a compass  
Digits accusing the sunrise  
Raindrops abseil the window  
And flinch through the hurt cries  
I feel this great pressure  
Coming down on me  
And the tide of my bliss  
Pulling at your sympathy  
I feel this great pressure  
Coming down on me  
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)  
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy  
After the hunt and the sweat  
Now comes peace and quiet  
Your head on my heart  
Anchored the storm in my eyes  
I lay like a carcass  
Your lips never letting the blood dry  
And so I pray for tomorrow  
And wait listening out for a reply  
I feel this great pressure  
Coming down on me  
And the tide of my bliss  
Pulling at your sympathy  
I feel this great pressure  
Coming down on me  
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)  
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy  
I feel this great pressure  
Coming down on me  
And the tide of my bliss  
Pulling at your sympathy  
I feel this great pressure  
Coming down on me  
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)

My bliss, pulling at your sympathy

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>