

# Emily Dickinson

## David Sylvian

She was no longer a user  
Don't think she realized we knew that  
Not one to make a fuss  
Why this and not something else  
Wasn't it obvious? She made such a hash of it  
You can't help but notice  
And a absence of tenderness  
And who wants to live like that? And friends turn their backs on her  
She no longer a user  
And she wanted to stay home  
With a box full of postcards  
And no place to send them  
Live like Emily Dickinson  
Without so much as a kiss  
Or the comfort of strangers  
Withdrawing into herself But why this,  
And not something else?

Songwriters

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