

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

CHRISTIAN FENNESZ, DAVID SYLVAIN, EVAN PARKER, JOHN TILBURY
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