

# Blue

## Pram

In the hum of time you stand  
Frozen like a stopped clock's hands  
Wrapped in the things you wear for comfort  
Only your eyes show your terror  
Your chalky skin is thick but frail  
Like Egyptian paper  
And pent blood deafens your brain  
Till you think you've let the outside world in And you're like a star in the heaven  
That's cold bright and beautiful  
And just like a star in heaven  
You're so unreachable You imagine yourself a statue  
To be looked at with a price  
Around your neck to show how much you're worth  
And how you shouldn't be touched  
But you're made of flesh and yearnings  
Like all the rest of us around you  
No statue ever cried like you  
When your mother weaned you

Songwriters

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