Pressing

Room Eleven

Rolling off my side to start the day
Spoon in my hand to scrape my milk away
Forward pressing
For the reason I am dressing
And the answers for the times I stopped to praySearching for an ear to ease my mind
And eyes that see enough to lead the blind
Amd I pretending?
These words we share in mending
Since when did listening become a crime?
Ooh
Why, when I need some
It seems it never comes
It will be my self that I lose
If it's still myself that I chooseJustifying time i've spent alone
To turn this empty house into a home
Now undressing
The reason I was pressing
Was to find another piece to help me grow
One more smile
One more day
I've silently grown wiser for this time
One more smile
One more day
One more time
You and me!
We will see
You and me
*M

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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