

Grey Complexion

Wrens

you got your mother call on the touch that you know so well
and it's in and old cure the palms that drip black honey
it's the steam that seeps from below
pull in the cords that froze over night
it's your gray complexion that I admire the most
in the aqua cement pit I placed the sugar on my tongue
so who will I call when I've decided to cease

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

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