

Coke Bottle Green

Widowspeak

Off and on, off I stare into space,
and I get that crazed look on my face.
Maybe too soon I don't know what to do,
maybe too often I'm thinking of you. You say I saved you a seat at the bar,
our old friends are asking where you are.

Maybe too soon I'd fly that sea, (?)
to lie on that ceiling of coke bottle green. And I won't see what I don't wanna see,
and I've been bitter and its getting the better of me. Maybe too much I don't know if it's right,
maybe its keeping me up at night.

It's not so often the reasons are bad
just thinking about the days we've had. I want windows I can fill
with any life that I can kill.

I want them open without any screams,
a slanted ceiling of coke bottle green. And I won't see what I don't wanna see,
and I've been bitter and its getting the better of me. And I won't see what I don't wanna see,
and I've been bitter and its getting the better of me. Off and on, off I stare into space,
and I get that look on my face.
Meet me there in the in-between
under a ceiling of coke bottle green.

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