Everywhere

Paul Van Dyk

In the dull light of the 60 watt
I can barely read your note
With your tiny letters flung like chains
Across a paper moat

My little lungs are battling
And they clutch at every breath
For the last thing that you scribbled there
Is 'go and be yourself'

The fingers made of hanger wire
All curled and tangled up
Trace circles made by coffee cups
Left on the table top

And your shoes are still parked at the door
And your hair still in the bath
The glasses in our cupboards purr
To the hum of distant cars

You are everywhere I look
You are everywhere
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You are everywhere

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