Collarbone

Fujiya & Miyagi

Desire hangs on for dear life
on the window sill of the collarbone
of the one I love
And a glimmering shimmer
of sweat gathers into a pool in her palm
from a well in her wrist(chorus)And the only thing that speaks the truth
is the eloquence of passing time
the spoken word is a jacket too tight.There's a shimmering vision
by the window pane
a cellophane figure speaking in
tounges from aboveTheres the curve of a stone
and the crest of a wave
here are the lips that cracked
and the sound that they made(chorus)Desire hangs on for dear life
on the window sill of the collarbone
of the one I love.
The grass spills out and catches a flame
the trees stand up and scream there blissfullness.(chorus)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/