Astronaut

The Scabs

Come over to my house
I'll pour some tea for us
one sugar or two
Your hand is right in front of me,
your finger fragilely, holy on
my side
Faster than an astronaut
who's coming home to what
he left long ago
I've made this brand new bed for
you, I trust the things we do,
holy or not

Open the gate cause you're already late,
at the end of the lane, is a glass of
lemona-ade, keep or the path when
you hear the laugh, in the white of her
Palm is your heart!
I'll be brave for a while
I won't bring you down
anymore than you are
Please, be my baby, don't mean
maybe or not, look out the
window, there's a bright
yellow cat...

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