

# Sweet Potato

## Orange Colored Sky

She cooks you sweet potato, you don't like aubergine  
She knows to boil the kettle when you hum bars from Grease  
She senses you are lonely but still she can't be sure  
And so she stands and waits, stands anticipating your thoughts  
How can she become the psychic  
That she longs to be to understand you  
How can she become the psychic  
That she longs to be to understand you  
He brushes thoroughly  
He know she likes fresh breath  
He rushes to the station  
He waits atop the steps  
He's brought with him a Mars bar  
She will not buy Nestle  
And later he'll perform  
A love lorn serenade, a trade  
How can he become the psychic  
That he longs to be to understand you  
How can he become the psychic  
That he longs to be to understand you  
So give her information to help her fill the holes  
Give an ounce of power so he does not feel controlled  
Help her to acknowledge the pain that you are in  
Give to him a glimpse of that beneath your skin  
Now my inner dialog is heaving with detest  
I am a martyr and a victim and I need to be caressed  
I hate that you negate me, I'm a ghost at beck and call  
I'm failing and placating, I berate myself for staying  
I'm a fool  
I'm a fool  
He greets the stranger meekly, a thing that she accepts  
She sees him waiting often with chocolate on the steps  
He senses she is lonely, she's glad they finally met  
They take each other's hands, walk into the sunset  
Do you like sweet potatoes?