Dust Motes

James

Dust motes in a beam of light

They slow down time

Snowflake on a black wool glove

Melting in the sunlightDust motes in a beam of light

You left without a fight

Dust motes in a beam of light, they slow down time

It's cold outsideI'll forgive you

I'll forgive you I'll forgive you

Your transgressionsThere's a vulture at the end of my bed

It's 5 a.m., it thinks I'm dead

There's a vulture at the end of my bed

Against the window, in silhouetteThere's a vulture would have me asleep It's looking at me like I'm some piece of meatI'll forgive you

I'll forgive you

If you die

If you dieEverybody says I'll be alright

I don't think so

Cried over my supper

It revived, got off the table, started to flyIf you die

If you die

I'll forgive you

I'll forgive you

I'll forgive youDust motes in a beam of light They slow down time

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