

Cowboys

Kent

The wires dream about swallows in the spring
I dreamed about my childhood surrounded by dead things
Awakened by the humming that machines make when they sleep
At least I woke up smiling, so glad I had a dream
She is waving out of the window
Her smile is red as a wound
And my quiet heart goes to pieces
It's been a lonely year in this room
And I will not ignore you like before
My January promises are more
Than words softly spoken
I'm filming now
Obsessed with how I look
And everything I told you
Was stolen from a book
I read something about kisses
In a science magazine
Something they can't capture
In the sweetest movie scenes
She is waving out of the window
Her smile is red as a wound
And my quiet heart goes to pieces
It's been a lonely year in this room
And I will not ignore you like before
My January promises are more
Than words softly spoken

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