

Starry Configurations

Jets to Brazil

starry configurations am just a receiver
divine recombinations am just a recordist
receptionist - unhappy medium
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excellent accommodations am just a bellboy
beautiful surroundings am just some gravel
or peat moss, what have you
or peat moss, what have you now?
why must you treat me like you do?
don't you know it's all for you
dear infatuation, you do not see me
die here beside you in see-through obscurity
governess, fancy less, we'll sound the alarm
and drum up some simpleton for you
to eat these apples from your eyes
emptiness fills room
your love's bud goes full bloom
you don't love me
aren't thinking of me
why am I waiting for you to see I'm alive
storybook ending am just a ledger
hardly worth a mention or the paper
it's written on and cried upon
and kissed once by wax
but still you treat me like you do
with everything I've done for you
striking like a bird of prey along your notepad now
the only year that turns your way
my dear diary: it's just you and me tonight
you don't love me
aren't thinking of me
you don't love me
aren't thinking of me tonight
why am I waiting for you to see I'm alive

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