

Every Fiber

Namelessnumberheadman

Smell the air, smell the feedback.

Paint the road electro-pure.

Touch your hair, push the seat back.

I feel, I know, I'm sure. Stop at the place just off the square. We can take all the pictures and we'll take all the
prose.

Resend the frozen moments. No one has to know.

And I can pull my arm out of socket - you can pull up the blinds.

Sing while the ceiling fan turns in time. By the door, by the magazines, there's your coat, left for months.

When it hit, when the weather changed,

who would question you'd be back?

If you want, even otherwise, I'll save the room just this way.

Up until you stop by, some night.

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