

# Spit Them Out

Ellen Sundberg

I take my jacket of it's getting warmer outside  
I try to distract my thoughts  
and I try to set them aside  
Somewhere else a poet scene is mumbling songs on seams  
and above his head prayer flags fluttering in the wind  
He sings if only if only time could be here  
and close about me when noone seems to hear my prayers  
come here and close about meHe was stranded by a storm for six month in a great cave  
a conquering demon where he had gone to meditate  
to meditate in solitude until the storm had died down  
but time cought up with him and soon made him one with the ground  
oh how each time you'd be here and close about me when  
noone seems to know me right come here and close about meI took a pine branch from the wood pile and I held  
hard in  
my hand  
Just to hold on to something when the rest of me won't stand  
with a little gain in altitude I was to be on the upper land  
Hold the fluttering prayer flags I hold them hard in my hand  
when nothing seems to do me right I'm a getting all worn out  
I want to throw my thoughts away I try to spit them out  
I try to spit them out  
I try to spit them out, oh  
I try to spit them out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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