Wild Window

Fool's Gold

Were not quite a wild window
Opened to the aching hot sun
Where the heat warms our eyelids
And our skins melt into oneWere quite not a raging winter
Theres no snow where I come from
The stars pan over our foreheads
And our palms are wet and numbNo, you have not ruined me (yet!)
No, you have not ruined me (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)We might be struck by some notion
That each crossing paths a new start
But it takes more than this moment
For us to find out what we areIts true; were not a wild window
And we might never be one
But were not just empty matter
Floating across the unknownNo, you have not ruined me (yet!)
No you have not ruined me (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)
Despite your best efforts (yet!)

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