

# pistachio

## Earlybird

sit down and fire away,  
i know it's tricky when you're feeling low,  
when you feel like your flavour  
has gone the way of a pre-shelled pistachio...  
i know you're weighed down  
you're fed up with your heavy  
your boots  
laced with melancholy notion's all you own...  
i do - like sugar - tend toward the brittle and sticky when spun

and i know my demeanor  
has gone the way of a photo left out in the sun...  
so i try to keep myself in lillies and flax seeds...  
oh what a folly- fooling just yourself...  
sit down and smoke away, i wouldn't knock it till you're in them shoes  
oh watch as ours subtlety blows away as a blusher gives way to a bruise...  
but seemly, we'd freely make a trade-off  
a dry rot to take the weight off  
swap the boots for red shoes

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