Close Enough

Ginger Leigh

I have created this thing in my head.
Sometimes I wonder if it could be true.
I have created this thing in my head.
Sometimes I wonder if it could be close enough to you.

In the wake of your dripping, I am caught in your sighs, I am washed down your sleeve, down you heart in my mind. The shadow of you sleeping I am watching you breathe. I am choking on air on the closeness you leave in my mind. In my mind.

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In the wake of your dripping, when we lose what we dream, the silence still pounds through the ears of your screams. And the sound of you slipping, I am driving away, through the fog of my loss and the sound of you saying, what you mean, what you mean.

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In the wake of your dripping, I am the happiest clown. I am covered in paint, colored in upside down. I am chained, I am taped, with my collar in place and the needles and nurses and righteousness placed upside down.

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Lyrics submitted by Ginger.

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