

# Gloves

## Aqualise

Today I found a baby's glove  
Lying on the drainage board, so still  
Yesterday a leather glove

From the slim tinkered hand of a womanThe next time I saw one it was lying half frozen  
And twisted on the curb, I couldn't take itNow I have my own private collection  
All lined in rows when you open up the wardrobe doors

Now I have no room for my obsession

Lined up and labeled in neat little packetsThe next time I saw one it stuck inside my head  
And became all that I could think about, ohAnd through wax seals and padlocks

A hand through my ribcage past the choking

I saw palms and fingers grasping

Shoulders collarbone crushingI imagined myself hacking desperately at a sea of appendages  
Forward and right, freeing myself like a butcher  
Feeling the mash of bone and sinew

Running slowly down the front of my body and I couldn't take it any moreI said, I've got to go, I've got to get  
out of here, I've got to go

And I ran down the street, I've got to go

I've got to get out of here, I've got to go, I've got to go

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>