

Temperamentally

Buchanan

Painted in silhouette,
In a glass house, surrounded by stones
 And I start again
Where's the magic? The carpet from home
 Who's gonna pull me out?
Man a lighthouse, when starting over
 Gonna sit and pout?

Tainted by temperament
Scores of concrete, and blocking your soul
 A sewer of figurement

A sonnet, a sound
A spirit abounds
A laugh for a lounge
Platonic surrounds
 And I'll wait, until
You've gone for a while
 Forget for a smile
 A passing of miles
 No don't hit redial
 And I'll wait, always

Said lately,
Our faux light's staring out to sea
 Temperamentally
A consequential side of where I'll be

Said lately,
Our faux light's staring out to sea
 Temperamentally
A consequential side of where I'll be

Lyrics submitted by Tim Ling.