

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.

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