

# Open

Derek Piotr

I am  
Down the road and up the hill  
I wait for you still  
Wires 'round my fingers  
Potentially lovely  
Perpetually human  
Suspended and open  
Open  
Open  
I am  
Through the woods and past the trains  
I wait here in vain  
Scrubbing out the stains again  
Potentially lovely  
Perpetually human  
Suspended and open  
Open  
Open  
In the night, the snow starts falling  
  
And everybody stares  
Through their windows at the streetlights  
Too beautiful to see  
I am  
In a room I've built myself  
Four straight walls  
One floor  
One ceiling  
And day after day, I wake up feeling  
Day after day, I wake up feeling, feeling  
Potentially lovely  
Perpetually human  
Suspended and open  
Open  
Open  
Open  
Open up  
Your eyes  
And then...

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