Epicene

Boho Dancer

You can't calm me in my sleep
You can't hear me weeping
You take some polaroids to keep
For your memorandum

You clap, clap those pretty hands
I'm in a circus
You take another with you home
I'm in your notebook

You bring mandarins and oil
Talk of the revolution
You leave thoughts for me to keep
It's all hand written

Once I was a man who drank himself
To the grave
I'm the apprentice of his substance
I get why you're confused

You won't ever be my child
Take care of yourself
I wait, wizard will you come
Make me the woman

These hands touched a womanâ€™s heart
But now theyâ€™re mine
I bare, bare his tragic mind
I will do better

This old kingdom, it is lingering
It is epicene
Am I wasting, all my light on you?
There's no reflection

Will they tell me, I am epicene?
They've forgotten my name
All the kisses, how they fleet and die
Wake the truth to live
Ready for the road

Woman on the road
Flourishing my soul

Lyrics submitted by Griet Loui.

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