

# Naomi

## Claire Pichet

Your prettiness is seeping through  
Out from the dress I took from you, so pretty  
And my emptiness is swollen shut  
Always a wretch, I have become so empty  
And please, please don't leave me here I'm watching Naomi, full bloom  
I'm hoping she will soon explode  
Into one billion tastes and tunes  
One billion angels come and hold her down  
They hold her down until she cries I'm tasting Naomi's perfume  
It tastes like shit and I must say  
She comes and goes most afternoons  
One billion lovers wave and love her now  
They could love her now and so could I There is no Naomi in view  
She walks through Cambridge stocks and strolls  
And if she only really knew  
One billion angels could come and save her soul  
They could save her soul until she shines Until she shines, until she shines  
Until she shines, until she shines So pretty, so pretty, so pretty, so pretty  
Please, please don't leave me here

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