Phenomenons

Jori Pearsall

I'm in a clear room
Everything is making sense
Touch me first touch me once, but
I just want to hang out
I know you might be confused
Copperheads soar through my gloom
Every time you come over here I smile
Like humming dirigibles
I've always needed you
Across the landscapes of my body
You put me in the mood
A galaxy plateau shooting through
Oh you're growing from the ground off the old town
How can your love be real?
Every motion moves away from gold
But you're not afraid to claim what's yours
Never leave your book out in the cold

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