

F-Stop Blues

the september sessions

Hermit crabs and cowrie shells
Crush beneath his feet as he comes towards you
He's waving at you
Lift him up to see what you can see He begins his focusin', he aimin' at you
And now he has cutaways from memories and
Close ups of anything that he has seen or even dreamed
And now he's finished focusing
He's imagining lightning striking, sea sickness so away from here Look who's laughing now that you've wasted
How many years and you've barely even tasted
Anything remotely close to everything you've boasted about
Look who's crying now Driftwood floats after years of erosion
Incoming tide touches roots to expose them
Quicksand steals my shoes
Clouds bring the f-stop blues Look who's laughing now that you've wasted
How many years and you've barely even tasted
Anything remotely close to everything you've boasted about
Look who's crying now

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