

Blessed

Brett Anderson

With your mauve pillow.
and your laddered tights
With your neat covers.
and your midnight Eyes.
With your sisters in the suburbs.
With your ballerinas Grace.
You smile and I am blessed.
You laugh and I am possessed.
 You climb
 the clouds caress.
 Yes, I am blessed.
 Yes, I am blessed.
With your grey Denim.
and your hostile life.
With your teeth missing.
and your mystic eyes.
With your tenderness and trouble.
With your son against your breast.
You smile and I am blessed.
You laugh and I am possessed.
 You climb
 the clouds caress.
 Yes, I am blessed.
 Yes, I am blessed.
You smile and I am blessed.
You lie and I am dust.
and you ride
Londons wilderness.
Yes, I am blessed.
Yes, I am blessed

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