Open

Sawlin

I am
Down the road and up the hill
I wait for you still
Wires 'round my fingers
Potentially lovely
Perpetually human
Suspended and open
Open
Open
I am
Through the woods and past the trains
I wait here in vain
Scrubbing out the stains again
Potentially lovely
Perpetually human
Suspended and open
Open
Open
In the night, the snow starts falling

And everybody stares
Through their windows at the streetlights
Too beautiful to see
I am
In a room I've built myself
Four straight walls
One floor
One ceiling
And day after day, I wake up feeling
Day after day, I wake up feeling, feeling
Potentially lovely
Perpetually human
Suspended and open
Open
Open
Open
Open up
Your eyes
And then...

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