Pistachio

Geode

sit down and fire away,
i know it's tricky when you're feeling low,
when you feel like your flavour
has gone the way of a pre-shelled pistachio...
i know you're weighed down
you're fed up with your heavy
your boots
laced with melancholy notion's all you own...
i do - like sugar - tend toward the brittle and sticky when spun

and i know my demeanor
has gone the way of a photo left out in the sun...
so i try to keep myself in lillies and flax seeds...
oh what a folly- fooling just yourself...
sit down and smoke away,i wouldn't knock it till you're in them shoes
oh watch as ours subtlety blows away as a blusher gives way to a bruise...
but seemly, we'd freely make a trade-off
a dry rot to take the weight off
swap the boots for red shoes

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