Cedars

Desperate Journalist

She's singing softly, rehearsing her dissent
As striplight burns her shadow on cement
They won't know what she meant
She breaks her spirit for something she can't feel
Perfection as a marvel, as an ideal
It's never quite revealed
All flickers out and red turns to blue
Don't ask her who she dreams of because you know it's you

Another fraying jumper
Another person's brother
Cold in the night, it is autumn
And the cedars never blossomed

Tried looking inward, a ballerina's scorn
Mountains and traumas in poetry unborn
As obvious as dawn
The Wanderer adrift in muzzled grass and loam
Kisses him like flypaper, like vodka, like she's home
The fear of being alone
All flickers out and red turns to blue
Don't ask her who she dreams of because you know it's you

Another fraying jumper
Another person's brother
Cold in the night, it is autumn
And the cedars never blossomed

Another fraying jumper
Another person's mother
Cold in the night, it is autumn
And the cedars never blossomed

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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