Beats

Garden Variety

My strings beats upon the chest
My chest beats upon the heart
My heart beats upon the blood
My blood doesn't flow to my brain,
I can tell because I'm getting cold,
I haven't lived and I'm feeling old
And when I talked to her she said no.
My brain beats upon the pillow,
My pillow beats upon the bed,
My bed beats upon the ocean
As she drifts away from me,
As I float into the sea,
As she is fading into the light,
As day turns into night.

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