Barnacles

Ugly Casanova

i don't really need to see
so i don't need to see so i'll paint
i don't know, i'll paint it black
i don't need to see
i don't see how you see out of your window
i don't need to see, i'll paint mine black
i don't know me and you don't know you
so we fit so good together
cos i knew you like i knew myself
we clung on like barnacles on a boat
even though the ship sinks you know you can't let go
i was talking like two hands knocking
yelling 'let me in, let me in, please come out.'
black glass, dirt-based soap,
tell yourself what you know.
my friends, oh my friends,
bury your head i'll help you bury your hands.
hard hit, hard to miss, problems are what a problem is.
my light came up quick, call it your asterisk,
buried like boys in a boys first book of the stars
saw it as satellite
constant unblinking as
buried in the bottom of a bottom of a brackish lake

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