My Beautiful Deep End

I Mother Earth

You held out and hurt yourself again did i not make it clear
to look around my selfish queer with unlit eyes and average
dope you're in the dream room all alone
I have seen you before,
holding out here in the deep end my beautiful deep end with all and odd
You yell out and touch the sound so overwhelmed by simple things
you tend to fear the time is now for ease and thought to come around

and let you know you're in the dream room letting go
Wake up and drown don't swim, breathe or float away
I'm sorry but I might have made it sweet in the gold drunken sunset
where we'd lose our heads another time or close our eyes just right
and try to imagine we're miles away at peace out in the open
To precious hands holding tongues hard maybe one good word
would tell us something whole and small.

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