

Touched

Joseph Arthur

There is a twist in everything
Waking up at night
With a headache in a penthouse
That doesn't belong to you

Waking up with no one
But your own infringement on everything
And yeah you're a celebration
A diamond ring
But sometimes it just doesn't mean a thing
You get up and have your coffee
Buy your canvas, throw yourself against a wall
That in some strange instances becomes a sky
Or a vision or a tear
A kind of hallelujah dawn
This mess, this eternity of an existence
It's either a dull thud or an electric explosion
We all breathe in clouds of smoke
We see lights and then nothing at all
We all want peace as we rampage down streets of chaos
But in the distance
When I reopen my blinded eyes
When I conjure up the will to believe again
I know we are already home
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is a sin
Me and my folks
Ocean waves against our feet
Can anyone be talk to walk on water
The secrets are whispered in the ocean air
You blessed little children happy to be dancing together
Can you be so bold as to truly look into one another's eyes
To relax into each other
Somethings don't have to be explained
You just feel and automatically
Know we are here to heal
These wounds are deep
These wounds are eternal

Touched touched...

We approach death
Like wounded warriors
Arms crossed
Head bandaged
We approach death
When the wild call
Sings broken melodies
To fractured ears
As sunlit shadows
Blend evil fruit motions
Which rise from the street
And wreck torpedo hearts
Windmills spin eternally
Electric hearts beat endlessly
And the pulse of life
Surrenders to no one

Who am I
I'm touched