

Killing Me

Kirsty Hawkshaw

23 degrees off kilter
Spinning with my cup of tea
Grey skies, sleepy eyes as usual
Morning paper says I'm free

Late again no time to witness
Spring flowers dance on this cold wind
Peeling poster sex reminds me
Why pierced tongue ticket man, just grinned

This is killing me
I feel so alone in this crowd
Is this really me
And will this be my child

Cold cash comfort from my pocket
Lights Eastern European eyes
See little grace in god's behaviour
But for the grace of me go I

Clocking in while Mr new tie
Tells me things about his wife
Morning coffee three new e-mails
Still waiting for the fax, of life

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Is this really me
And will this be my child

I want to see you
I want to feel you

Not the image of you that this journey's projecting

I want to see you
I want to feel you

Not the Image of you that this journey's projecting
Not the shadow of you solitude is protecting

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