

Pistachio

Lisa Hannigan

Sit down and fire away, I know it's tricky when you're feeling
low,
When you feel like your flavour
Has gone the way of a pre-shelled pistachio...
I know you're weighed down
You're fed up with your heavy
Your boots
Laced with melancholy notion's all you own...

I do - like sugar - tend toward the brittle and sticky when spun
And I know my demeanor
Has gone the way of a photo left out in the sun...
I try to keep myself in lillies and flax seeds...
Oh what a folly- fooling just yourself...

Sit down and smoke away, i wouldn't knock it till you're in them
shoes
Oh watch as ours subtlety blows away as a blusher gives way to
a bruise...
But seemly, we'd freely make a trade-off
A dry rot to take the weight off
Swap the boots for red shoes