

# Cartoons and Macramé Wounds

Mew

You drew me cartoons  
So playful.

You drew me cartoons  
So playful.

(Did you run away?)  
You drew me cartoons  
So playful.  
(I'm stuck now, I'll carry light in a while)

(Memories drown: Did you run away?)  
You drew me cartoons  
So playful.  
(I'm stuck now that I'm carried white to the side)

(Memories drown: Did you run away?)  
You drew me cartoons  
So playful.

(Nobody's gone tonight: Did you run away?)  
You drew me cartoons  
Drew me cartoons

You watch it, way you're always keeping score.  
You keep in store.  
You keep it.

(I'm not you - what a waste, me when you give all you got and there's already made plans)

Put your hand in mine. We will go skating...  
On the thinnest ice that we can find.

It takes me summer to say  
It takes me winter in a day

Honestly see, they're like you and me.  
Frozen when we start. We cannot help it.  
Easy to discard. Taken apart.

Put your hand in mine. We will go skating...  
On the thinnest ice that we can find.

Tonight I'm watching the sky  
The creatures you drew  
They remain alive  
The cushions lighter  
And what do you want?  
Is this what happens to us now?

Sunk beneath the sea.  
That's no way to be.  
What came over me?  
Drawn and held with you.  
This is what we do.  
We are leaving wounds.

Sunk beneath the sea.  
That's no way to be.  
What came over me?  
(94)  
Growing old with you.  
This is what we do.  
We are leaving wounds.  
(Macramé)

I'm a let you know.  
And just saying won't make it so.  
I'm a say the words,  
In cemented ears they are heard.

Would you like to be a creature in parasols?  
Did I need to know? A wound in macramé.

Through all this we decipher  
And what's worse we're no wiser