

Cold Bed

The Gourds

The cold tonight seems more anxious to talk
Than he has seemed in nights before
Skinless face and yellow heart, he
Hesitates and I wait
All my stories are about the same things
I find so many beds for them
I find this package of tiny lamps
And it makes a firey ring
Right now is the reason I carry this jewel
Everywhere round my neck
I keep it close but still outside
This is my explanation
All my stories are about the same things
I find so many beds for them
I find this package of tiny lamps
And it makes a firey ring
A box of love and sex and reflection
Its got my face and hands
The lonely is yellow and old
Watch the cold around my bed
All my stories are about the same things
I find so many beds for them
I find this package of tiny lamps
And it makes a firey ring