

Quarters

Bibio

Write me a note
And fold it in quarters
There's so little time
We're safe in the garden
The end of the day
The song of the night of
The dark of the tunnel
Shining along
Won't you try to forget
Your time in the shadows?
The sting in the tear?
The poisonous words?

We're left to falling and rolling
And rolling and falling
The feeling of nothing
Beneath you is never-ending

Write me a note
And fold it in quarters
There's nothing to say
We're safe in our garden
The dry of a day
The damp of the nightlife
The start of the season
Wait, little darling
Won't you try to remove
The thorn in your side?
The salt in the deepest creek?
The poisonous thorns, so gentle?

Falling and growing
And growing and falling
The feeling of something
Around you is never-ending