

An Illustration of Loneliness (Sleepless In NY)

Courtney Barnett

I lay awake at four, staring at the wall
Counting all the cracks backwards in my best French
Reminds me of a book I skim-read in a surgery
All about palmistry, I wonder what's in store for me
I pretend the plaster is the skin on my palms
And the cracks are representative of what is going on
I lose a breath... my love-line seems intertwined with death

I'm thinking of you too

I lay awake at three, staring at the ceiling
It's a kind of off-white, maybe it's a cream
There's oily residue dripping from the kitchen
It's art-
deco necromantic chic, all the dinner plates are kitsch with
Irish Wolf Hounds, French baguettes wrapped loose around their
necks
I think I'm hungry, I'm thinking of you too

I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you

Wondering what you're doing, what you're listening to
Which quarter of the moon you're viewing from your bedroom
Watching all the movies, drinking all the smoothies
Swimming at the pool, I'm thinking of you too

I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too
I'm thinking of you too