

A Book Left Open in a Wild Field of Flowers

Emma Louise

I'm a pocket of clouds
Following everyone round
Weighing everyone down
And did you not see me?
I was just passing through
Did you not turn to look away
Or pretend to read the news?

Oh oh oh oh
And what's the use of everything
If I can't feel it?

I am a needle that's used to
Deflate everything around me
Left with only rubber and string
And sorry to intrude
Oh but can I sit down?
I just need someone to talk through
And then leave when I want to

Oh oh oh oh
And what's the use of everything
If I can't feel it?

Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh

And I'm a book left open and full
In a wild field of flowers
But there's nobody around