

Rothko

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I try to compose myself
Whenever you pop up in my mind
I banish you back to wherever you dwell
Some other memory you hide behind
But then you pin me against the railings
As you're oh so often inclined
Love's sweet sting and all those things
We all feel them from time to time

You close your eyes and see a Rothko don't you
In your mind you see a Rothko glow and haunt you
And they'll punch below the belt
And they'll mouth off at the weigh-in
Just " be yourself, all other roles are taken"
Sometimes
We all feel a little buried alive

Am I a source of entertainment
Are you the peeping tom in the pines
Under your constant surveillance
To be ridiculed and scrutinized
When I'm tangled up in these terrace streets
Trying to clean a dirty mind
Visions of you play on repeat
And I die a little every time
You close your eyes and see a Rothko don't you
In your mind you see a Rothko glow and haunt you
And they'll punch below the belt
And they'll mouth off at the weigh-in
Just " be yourself, all other roles are taken"
Sometimes
We all feel a little buried alive