

Witch Hazel Bloom

Fiddlehead

I lay in my bed, eyes on the ceiling
See him. See her. And I feel some feeling
With a need to see San Francisco leaving
My hands like birds in the autumn season

Fly away now, so I can leave my room
Because my peace, yellow-green, is a witch-hazel bloom

(Right here, I am right out of the bloom)
Feel the joy. Feel the pain. Feel it breaking too
(Right here, I am right out of the bloom)
Feel the joy. Feel the pain. Feel it breaking too

Feel the joy. Feel the pain. Feel it breaking too
Feel the joy. Feel the pain. Feel it breaking too

I feel feeling
I feel feeling
I feel feeling
I feel feeling

Feeling, feeling, feeling
Feeling, feeling, feeling

You sit in a bed
Knee to chin and screaming
While our frame of silhouettes
In the Charles is swimming

Feeling, feeling, feeling
Feeling, feeling, feeling

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Knee to chin and screaming
While our frame of silhouettes
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