

## Trunk of a Tree

Frankie Cosmos

You're the trunk of a tree  
Silent, filled with clarity  
I am a point in time  
Moving slow along a line

You hit just below the note  
Oh to be a fly on the wall of your throat

God I'd love to climb inside your brain  
Remember what it's like to be less vain  
I'd close your eyes and see anything  
Even just some memory