

## So, So

John Smith

So, so this is what it comes to  
And I'm sitting high upon the shoulder's of the world  
Beneath the ground  
I'm weaving, breathing all her little ways into one  
To pass the time  
That was the most fun I've had with my clothes on  
And you  
On Sunday, Monday, I had a vision of a lamb  
Barking at the moon

A scarecrow, a halo, you were seen walking at night  
By my side  
That was the most beautiful perfume you wore all winter  
It put me to sleep  
So sit down  
Tell me you'd rather I go  
Out and away little more can I say  
Though if only it were my choice  
I would stay