

The vena cava, the most superior  
The queen  
Bringing blood into the chamber  
Always into the chamber  
And in you it moves the same  
Even if you cannot feel how it moves  
It does move there in you

I'm awake but I cannot be found  
Daydreaming so far, down

And in your arms, I sleep so deeply  
But I can feel how you will leave me  
Even as you are still sitting here  
Even as your mug of coffee steams  
I can feel how the seams of your ribs  
Will separate from the seams of my ribs  
I know already how much TV  
Will fail to comfort me in your absence

It's as though the knife, it never was  
And everything will do just what it does  
Like a bullet in the barrel of a gun  
I'm hiding here inside with someone, someone

In your eyestreaks of canary yellow  
In that twin bed I lay straight and narrow  
In your room on Long Island  
I try to keep myself from sighing  
While the lilt of your language, it made me think  
That I was sinking with the wreckage of that old ship  
Even though our love has long been dead  
It's ghost will follow to the foot of my deathbed

I ain't no brother, I ain't no son  
There ain't no aubergine in my blood  
I ain't no warrior or king  
But how I am one when I sing  
When I sing, sing, sing

The vena cava, the most superior  
The queen  
Bringing blood into the chamber  
Always into the chamber