

Location

Madison Cunningham

I put my finger on the pulse just to make sure it's still beating

But I don't know how I can console this tireless, terrible feeling

A little conversation won't hurt you
It's not an equation you can just cancel out

Give me a window to your heart
One that I can put my eye up to
A clear shot into the black we've been standing in
Won't you give me a location to your heart?

Oh, you bottle it up, and you pour me some fermented anger
And no matter how you serve it up
In every single cup, it tastes so bitter

A little conversation won't hurt you
No, I'm not an equation you can just cancel out

Give me a window to your heart
One that I can put my eye up to
A clear shot into the black we've been standing in
Won't you give me a location to your heart?

We're skirting and starving the matter
And I'll knock on that glass 'til it shatters
Until you see me, clearly

We're stuck inside of this square
And we're both gasping for air
Oh, we're waiting on a word to make it clear again

Give me a location, location to your heart
Give me a location, tell me where you are
Give me a location, I won't be far