Shore

Madison Cunningham

Cynical boy full head of hair
Smile rich in acres
He's the stranger
Who lives in the fabric
Of my mind
He's got the whole place to himself

Impossible weight
One finger lifts
In laws of nature
There's no labor
I'm all in laid like poker chips
He's got the table to himself

I never stop never stop
Looking for you
I never stop looking
For your face
I keep good time
But I lose my place
When I stop and think of you
When I stop and think of you

Nervous girl
In the third person
How words escape her
Don't engage her
Or she might choke
On the smoke enough
For the both of us

When the curtains are open
Your sunlight scales
My skin for color
Talking for supper
When you turn your head my way
I feel myself again

I never stop never stop
Looking for you
I never stop looking for your face
I doubt I have it in me
To look away
There's only so much I can do
There's only so much I can do

The terms we come to
Are of no use
I'm out of my depth
And you're reaching through
Who knew a dozen happy accidents
Could paint something so blue

Don't make me say it
Don't make me say it don't you
Know that I play it close to the shore
I'm running out of places

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I can store
This need I have to talk to you
This need I have to talk to you
When all I really want is you
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