

Feeling Fruit

Palehound

Wednesday's almost closing
And I'm at the grocery store
I am at the grocery store
After weeks of frozen meals

I am in the produce aisle
And I'm feeling all the fruits
I am feeling all the fruits
Every wormhole, every bruise

'Cause I'm stuck with the weight you gave up

When the night is crowded
I can only see your face
I can only see your face
On a stranger's healthy frame

I can't bear your fingers drumming
And I'm feeling all the words
I am feeling all your words
And the monster in your bones

'Cause I'm stuck with the weight you gave up
I am stuck with the weight you gave up
I am stuck with the weight you gave up