

# Everywhere

Paul van Dyk

In the dull light of the 60 watt  
I can barely read your note  
With your tiny letters flung like chains  
Across a paper moat  
My little lungs are battling  
And they clutch at every breath  
For the last thing that you scribbled there  
Is go and be yourself

The fingers made of hanger wire  
All curled and tangled up  
Trace circles made by coffee cups  
Left on the table top  
And your shoes are still parked at the door  
And your hair still in the bath  
The glasses in our cupboards purr  
To the hum of distant cars

You are everywhere I look  
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