

absence of

quinnie

If you told me that God is real to you
I would fall to my knees and say I believe too
And don't tell me I'm an angel
When I just finally fell down to Earth
And don't tell me that you're gentle
When you know where to press so it hurts

When I spilled all the words that I stored in me
Thought they'd gush till you're brimming and I'm empty
But I called you
For the first time
Wanting to see beauty through your eyes
And I realized I've heard laughter
At the neighbor's house while I cried

I'm tired of being looked at with an absence of
When you would press your palms together for our love
I'm not 18 anymore, I know
But someone still thinks I'm beautiful
I'm tired of being looked at with an absence of

When I got home last night he said, "Can we speak?"
I ran out of the house and parked on the street
Then I met you
On the sea floor
We blew bubbles and sewed up our lungs
Learned to hold me while I kissed you
We got bored of clinging to the muck