

She's Waiting

Running Touch

I never said that you're the only one
You wouldn't know it by a photograph
Only once to the best of my love
I've left the room with the projector on

I palm the sun over the sea levee
I see it break the curtains come morning
I see you and yours, who was I calling?
I've practiced lying since I was fourteen
Fourteen

Theres no telling of who I might be
An almost dozen to a morning glass
That last piece of all damp air
While I'm counting pours on your shower head
I met their shoulders but didn't touch a face
I watch for hours but of course I'll wait
I clench and row by folded air
I've known only each to their own way

You're so tall, so tall, so beautiful and not mine
You're so tall, so beautiful and not mine