

Lunch

Stella Donnelly

Cracking my neck in the consulate line
While a homesick American flag's hanging by in the fluorescent
light
Up close I see how they stitched on the stars and stripes
If I were honest and if you were brave
You'd ask me your question and stay for the answer
I like the way that you tell all your tales
Would it kill you to listen?

And I get homesick before I go away
I get homesick before I go away, away

Green origami, needles and grapes
You cry like an army, you drive like P-plates
There is much to be said for the way that you brake
When a red light's in front of you
You ask me to give you my world and a day
We'll do this together we've got years to waste
You've got plots and persuasions and time to explain
But I've only got time for lunch

And I get homesick before I go away
I get homesick before I go away
Before I go away
Before I go away