

Talking

Stella Donnelly

We could open windows
Fix the fridge light and replace the phone
Maybe it will fix us
If we spend our lives on country roads

Writing 'bout the weather
In a playground we're not supposed to roam
I scattered all the eggshells
In the hallway for when you get home

I'm on your waterbed
Wishing I was you
I know you want me dead
My talking's killing you

Calling out to no one
Think we might need a professional
This post code poppy playground
While a ships off sheep out off the coast

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Wishing I was you
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My talking killing you
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