

## Cold Bed

## The Gourds

The cold tonight seems more anxious to talk  
Than he has seemed in nights before  
Skinless face and yellow heart, he  
Hesitates and I wait  
All my stories are about the same things  
I find so many beds for them  
I find this package of tiny lamps  
And it makes a firey ring  
Right now is the reason I carry this jewel  
Everywhere round my neck  
I keep it close but still outside  
This is my explanation  
All my stories are about the same things  
I find so many beds for them  
I find this package of tiny lamps  
And it makes a firey ring  
A box of love and sex and reflection  
Its got my face and hands  
The lonely is yellow and old  
Watch the cold around my bed  
All my stories are about the same things  
I find so many beds for them  
I find this package of tiny lamps  
And it makes a firey ring