

Fly on the Wall

Widowspeak

Headed home after last call
Frames of a video, a fly on the wall
And the same pictures of emerald tights
On a floral couch

You're drowning in something but it isn't sorrow
I'm thinking about what I'll do tomorrow
There's a form I can't get just yet
Maybe I'll rhyme every line except this one
Then I'll think of something that I want to say
But in the morning this is all I have
It's all I have

And it was nothing
It was nothing new

Red roses on a piano shawl
Frames of a video, a fly on the wall
And the same pictures of you and me
Kissing on the mouth
It's all I have

And it was nothing
It was nothing new