

That's Enough, Let's Get You Home.

Will Wood

My dream girl, those eyes, that nose
My private inside joke, sign the cast on my funny bone
Floral sheets on long-given-up ghosts
Haunt my bedroom at night and say "Let's get you home"
They say "Grow up, be a man, 'cause until then you're nothing but a short-haired girl"
But come and Braille-palm-
read and hold my hand, see my reason and "Goodbye cruel world"
And oh my God, what's wrong with me?
And the wife of Walter Keane, whose name right now's escaping me...
That's right, Margaret!

Dream girl come and sweep me off my knees
I'd rather stay asleep than never see you wake up next to me

Neon lights like heat lamps in the cold
To incubate the shadows you can't stitch back to your soles
You seemed fine just a few days ago
But CO2 and fish tanks do enough to get you home

Well now you swear in your prayers telling time "Promise I'll never have fun again
If you'd stop flying," but then you start crying "never mind, you win!"
And far too late came far too soon
And the love you never made became the things you'd never do...
Oh, sweet Mary!

Dream girl come but keep your hands off me
Go on back to bed my love, I mean, that's where dreams are supposed to be

So come on, William
Grow up, be a man, 'cause until then they're gonna treat you like you're just a little girl
But come and Braille-palm-
read, hold my hands and you'll see that it's
Me who cries mercy while your fingers curl and
Oh are you at all like me?
Do you know what I mean? Or am I too close to see?
Someone, anyone?

Of the two things we do on our knees: watch me fold my hands just to crack my knuckles
Well, here is the church, here is the steeple open the doors, see all the people!
Alright, that's enough, let's get you home