

# Blessed

Brett Anderson

With your mauve Pillow.  
And your laddered tights  
With your neat Covers.  
And your midnight Eyes.  
With your sisters in The suburbs.  
With your ballerina's Grace.

You smile and I am blessed.  
You laugh and I am possessed.

You climb  
The clouds caress.  
Yes, I am blessed.  
Yes, I am blessed.  
With your grey Denim.  
And your hostile life.  
With your teeth Missing.  
And your mystic eyes.  
With your tenderness And trouble.  
With your son Against your breast.

You smile and I am blessed.  
You laugh and I am possessed.

You climb  
The clouds caress.  
Yes, I am blessed.  
Yes, I am blessed.  
You smile and I am blessed.  
You lie and I am dust.  
And you ride  
London's wilderness.

Yes, I am blessed.  
Yes, I am blessed