

# Pistachio Nut

Kate Nash

I'm sorry we couldnt have breakfast before I left  
I hope that the meeting went well  
I miss your smile and I miss your company  
I'm thinking of you on the train and I'm thinking about you when I'm busy  
I like you so much  
I like the jumpers you wear  
I like your teeth  
And I like it when you cut your hair  
I like getting drunk on Rose  
Dark chocolate, roast dinners  
Number one would be indulgence  
Sending postcards, drawing pictures  
Always remembering  
Falling over, banging heads  
Holes in both our tights  
Bruises, both late  
I forget but you always remember  
Perfume fresh  
Wooden floorboards  
Wardrobes, charity shops and tube stops  
Sisters, fights, tears and thoughts about the future  
But lets stick to the present  
Like sellotape wrapped up so tight  
I love thinking about you  
I've never laughed so hard  
Felt so good, like a child  
As free as a bird, a naked one  
Spray me with the hose when it's too hot in the summer  
Sweaty, clammy hands  
Holding hands  
So much crap in my bag  
Too many things but we love keeping things  
Letters, pictures, ripped out from magazines  
Photos, memories, broken bits of jewelry  
I'm convinced that one day I will make this into something cool  
Makeup, dress-up  
Tear and run down my face  
Over my body, through my veins  
Make my hair stand on ends  
Give me goosebumps, confidence  
A secret, I feel safe and warm and I dont want to leave because  
I'm back to when I was seven years old  
Covered in glitter and smooth lines  
Scratch, jump, run, fall and we're back up  
Bread, I love eating bread  
I love when you draw something and it's not dead  
It moves off the page and round people's minds  
You make other people laugh  
But everything you do could make me cry  
I want to feel, be, live, breathe, touch, see, fall, eat  
Make glue, rip do, I want to be with you  
I havent time for anybody else  
I dont wanna be with them  
I wanna move to our house in a field  
Just tell me when and I'll be there  
I'd drop everything for you  
You are my best friend

I dont even have a boyfriend  
My mind is occupied  
My buzz is rocket high  
Above the moon and back again  
Who I love is you  
You are the most unpretentious  
The most fun, most exciting  
I want to spend most of my time with you  
Because you are the most worthwhile  
You are the most cute, clever, and stupid  
Hungry, energetic, passionate, scared, interesting  
Like a film, made up person  
I want to drink cream, eat chocolate  
Get that nice suprise when the butter is un-salted  
Eat salt out of the packet  
Scream till I am blue in the face  
Meet French people, go to the pictures  
Show you my cobbled streets  
Meet everybody that you could ever meet  
Just so that they know that you are my best friend  
And that you belong to me  
Yeah, I know you think she's cute and funny  
But er, actually she is not an I, she is a we  
A united nation of absoloute nonescence  
A community, neighbourhood watch  
Firestation, theme park, space, time and energy  
Talent, beauty, my best friend  
They dont love you like I love you  
The End.