

Home Altars Of Mexico

Art Brut

Letters of consent under the bed in a heart shaped box
Cinema tickets mixed in with dirty socks
Half written postcards to, I can't remember who
I've so many things left over
I don't know where they should go
It's not a mess,
It's personal
Like the home altars of Mexico
It's hard just opening my bedroom door
All my memories, spread out across the floor
A napkin from that meal we shared the other night
Lollypop sticks and Lego bricks
A broken 7 inch, I'll never play
Travel cards from a sunny day
Why can't I throw these things away?
I've so many things left over
I don't know where they should go
It's not a mess,
It's personal
Like the home altars of Mexico