

## An Illustration of Loneliness (Sleepless In NY)

Courtney Barnett

I lay awake at four, staring at the wall  
Counting all the cracks backwards in my best French  
Reminds me of a book I skim-read in a surgery  
All about palmistry, I wonder what's in store for me  
I pretend the plaster is the skin on my palms  
And the cracks are representative of what is going on  
I lose a breath... my love-line seems intertwined with death

I'm thinking of you too

I lay awake at three, staring at the ceiling  
It's a kind of off-white, maybe it's a cream  
There's oily residue dripping from the kitchen  
It's art-  
deco necromantic chic, all the dinner plates are kitsch with  
Irish Wolf Hounds, French baguettes wrapped loose around their  
necks  
I think I'm hungry, I'm thinking of you too

I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you

Wondering what you're doing, what you're listening to  
Which quarter of the moon you're viewing from your bedroom  
Watching all the movies, drinking all the smoothies  
Swimming at the pool, I'm thinking of you too

I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too  
I'm thinking of you too