

## Dust In Your Pocket

Glass Animals

When you're found,  
In a maze,  
Eager eyed in the milky haze,  
Scampers round, heavy feet,  
Spinny legs and hobbly knees,  
Twitching tail and tongue-in-cheek,  
She munches fruit from harlot trees,  
Looking smug and fresh and pleased,  
She wanders so sloppily and eats...

She puts her hands up to the sky,  
She puts her hands up and she's icing her lie,  
She puts her hands up to the sky,  
It makes her well up, it makes her well up.  
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She feels a lick, down her nape,  
It looks up with a fair glass face,  
Peeling palms of dirty hands,  
Jointed thumbs with drumstick ends,  
Yellow nails from pinching fags,  
A slimy creature lacking clad,  
He pulls his fingers from her mind,  
And lets her see, just like she was blind!

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