

Marigolds

Glen Phillips

I sit on the bed
Watching evening descend
With a fistful of marigolds
And the dim light is traced
On your skeleton face
Your hands are impossibly cold

Close my eyes to see
If I can feel you in the air
I want to breathe you in me
Makes me dizzy
But there's nobody there

Well I'm washing your feet
And I put on your clothes
And I hide all the pills away
But my criminal mind
Is on women and wine
As they finally drag you away

I want to write you letters
All apologies and praise
Could of loved you better
But now I'll never have any chance again

Though you won't, forgive me
You are nowhere near me
So I sit on the bed
Watching morning come in
Holding poppies and marigolds