

Dug my fingers in the earth.
Drew pictures of my pain.
They were so pretty.
They were so vain.
Put your hands in the water.
Let it touch you everywhere.
Boat of my father.
Cut from my...

Mother.
Father.
I'm lonely.
I'm an only.

I learned to put on airs.
I needed them to breathe.
Today I wake up,
tell myself this is me.

Mother.
Father.
I'm lonely.
I'm an only.

Now this is home.
But the property's on loan.
So much for letting go.
I'm picking up the phone...[to thank?]

Mother.
Father.
I'm lonely.
I'm an only.

Bivouac.