

Almost Happy

K's Choice

If I could look beyond your face
And photograph your hidden place
Would I find you smiling in the picture

I don't know what you want
Because you don't know,
So what's the point of asking

You're almost happy
Almost content
But your head hurts

Far too many ways to go
We learn so much but never know
Where to look
Or when we should stop looking

I can love the whole of you.
The poetry I stole from you
And hide inside my stomach

You're almost happy
Almost content
But your head hurts

It's easy to get lost in you
And fall asleep inside of you
I want to return to you
A reason to be here
A reason to be here

No I don't know what you want
And you don't know
So what's the point of asking

You're almost happy
Almost content
But your head hurts