

## Killing Me

Kirsty Hawkshaw

23 degrees off kilter  
Spinning with my cup of tea  
Grey skies, sleepy eyes as usual  
Morning paper says I'm free

Late again no time to witness  
Spring flowers dance on this cold wind  
Peeling poster sex reminds me  
Why pierced tongue ticket man, just grinned

This is killing me  
I feel so alone in this crowd  
Is this really me  
And will this be my child

Cold cash comfort from my pocket  
Lights Eastern European eyes  
See little grace in god's behaviour  
But for the grace of me go I

Clocking in while Mr new tie  
Tells me things about his wife  
Morning coffee three new e-mails  
Still waiting for the fax, of life

This is killing me  
I feel so alone in this crowd  
Is this really me  
And will this be my child

I want to see you  
I want to feel you

Not the image of you that this journey's projecting

I want to see you  
I want to feel you

Not the Image of you that this journey's projecting  
Not the shadow of you solitude is protecting

This is killing me  
I feel so alone in this crowd  
Is this really me  
And will this be my child