

## Pistachio

Lisa Hannigan

Sit down and fire away, I know it's tricky when you're feeling  
low,  
When you feel like your flavour  
Has gone the way of a pre-shelled pistachio...  
I know you're weighed down  
You're fed up with your heavy  
Your boots  
Laced with melancholy notion's all you own...

I do - like sugar - tend toward the brittle and sticky when spun  
And I know my demeanor  
Has gone the way of a photo left out in the sun...  
I try to keep myself in lillies and flax seeds...  
Oh what a folly- fooling just yourself...

Sit down and smoke away, i wouldn't knock it till you're in them  
shoes  
Oh watch as ours subtlety blows away as a blusher gives way to  
a bruise...  
But seemly, we'd freely make a trade-off  
A dry rot to take the weight off  
Swap the boots for red shoes