

Blow Your Nose

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The earth moves and the sun keeps still
Bathwater tides come in
A bird hits the window pane
With a joyless sound
That echoes round and round

In your belly swim the spores
We picked off the forest floors
And if you must cry with grief
Blow your nose right on my sleeve

Dreams push out reality
Sand kisses fingertips
Ghosts sing behind your ear
For the one you loved, who's never coming back

In the bathtub swim the spores
We picked off the forest floors
And if you must cry with grief
Blow your nose right on my sleeve

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