

Christine

Ozark Henry

we were white, conspicuously white
and bare like a canvas, to take life
from a brush that is paintless and dry
we were arm, conspicuously arm
and poor, too poor to get a life
we got bored, we got blood on our hands
Christine, though no one does, I care
Christine
let's go out, if you want it all right
you might get some air instead
and belong to the world that we roam
'cause tonight, as every odd night
the sky and its stars are on our side
there's a light shaping hope by design
Christine, though no one does, I care
Christine
I feel light, touristy light and sharp
I absorb your colour life
there's you, there's me, there's the night
Christine
live it up though