

A perspective on certain matters according to x

Pale Forest

Mr. man on the moon
do you own a fishing pole
I would surely take your bait
into my mouth

and feel you tugging at me
just maybe I would try to escape or tease you for a while
then I would let my self go
fly into your basket

Now the world is spinning faster than the wheel in my head
think I heard a new disaster in the things that you said
I could see them in the window, I could see they were three
my reflection in the mirror said
No, I am just me

So, little lady of the lake
do you own a pretty pipe
I would gladly light it for you
and taste your sweet tobacco

feel it fill me with calm bubbles
maybe we would have to hold our heads above the water
or the stinging soap
would get in our eyes

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