

## Pressing

Room Eleven

Rolling off my side to start the day  
Spoon in my hand to scrape my milk away  
Forward pressing  
For the reason I am dressing  
And the answers for the times I stopped to pray

Searching for an ear to ease my mind  
And eyes that see enough to lead the blind  
Am I pretending?  
These words we share in mending  
Since when did listening become a crime?

Ooh  
Why, when I need some  
It seems it never comes  
It will be my self that I lose  
If it's still myself that I choose

Justifying time i've spent alone  
To turn this empty house into a home  
Now undressing  
The reason I was pressing  
Was to find another piece to help me grow

One more smile  
One more day  
I've silently grown wiser for this time  
One more smile  
One more day  
One more time  
You and me!  
We will see  
You and me