

Thistle

Scott Matthew

Joy it comes and goes
it speeds through ebb and flow
it falls, it ignores me

and christ if he sacrificed his life
so I'll have mine, why does god
still treat me like a whore?
he ignores me

and thistles are thriving in my garden
mistletoe I'll be avoiding
simple things always turn complex
entangled, a ribbon in a rose bush
strangled, a singer in a car crash
I would invite you in but promise me this
please ignore this mess

suffice to say that I've survived
my own demise and joy
washed me up on the shore
oh please ignore me

thistles are thriving in my garden
mistletoe I'll be avoiding
simple things always turn complex
and thistles are thriving in my garden
over grown I'll be alone for so long
I'd invite you in but promise me this
please ignore this mess