

## 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