

Bleed Confusion

The Paper Kites

You always say you want to create things like I do
You want to move the world with colour and sound
You like the idea of translating an expression from your finger
tips

Now I didn't much like that face that you put on your canvas
And I couldn't help but say to you I said that I looked sad
You turned and sincerely asked 'Well why do you feel that way'?

I'm not like you, but I'm a lot like you
And still you make me bleed confusion right through

Now I've seen you lie with your head pressed to the window pane
You exhale and trace your fathers name in to your breath
I never knew him but you tell me that you smile the same way
And I often wonder how men spoke before they could speak
Using only their hands and their eyes
What would I say if I could speak with you that way?