

You're a bitter kind
I love you so
Sour is my mind
From what you sow
How I let it grow

Call them radiant, call them mothers eyes
Home's a narrow space for me to find
Your beguiling state and endless heights
I'm just not moving right
Just not moving right when it's just not you

Under neon lights
Where I wake
I'm not feeling right
So they say
Rough kind of a day

Don my clothing, robes of ageing white
Rattled windows on the old green line
Do you feel it like I hope you might
I'm just not seeing right
Just not seeing right when it's just not you