

Blue Lights

Truly

It's years from you...it's all we can do,
undressing in a daze.
Hit by the future blues.
As far as mercury, sand whistling pier,
farewell sighs, orgasmic highs.
Remember me from nineteen eighty three.
It felt so hard to find a girl in a right wing world.
You drag the poems out of me,
I put it right into you
we laugh & scream
it's all that we can do.
The blue lights are turning us on.
The blue lights are turning us on.
The blue lights are turning us on.
In the winter of constellations
engage in listless observation
The blue lights are turning us on.
The blue lights are turning us on