

Humblest Pleasures

Turnover

Tiger lily or a rose
You still have your place in the garden
Appreciate the bluer notes
Why is the simplest thing the hardest?

What a thing it is to grow
Flower, I tried so hard to open my mind
No I never meant to color you in
Jet black, with a ballpoint pen
The brilliance hurt my eyes
I told you that I'm colourblind

You're blurry like the feeling in
The ending of the summer
I'm living in a memory
Imagining another
Early in the afternoon
The humblest of pleasures
Feeling the inside of you
I know that I'll forget it

It's disheartening
After everything evaporates
A lot of pain
And all the words I sing
And the perceptive things that I explain
I haven't changed

You're blurry like the feeling in
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