

The Smell Of Ink

Devics

i look up high to light in my eyes
but it's not really there
is there no flattering light for this girl
no sun that might lift her
no stars that might kiss her
swimming through small spaces
and breathing under water
the nights i push play and sing myself to sleep
i mother myself and i'm comforted
in the thought that i am
i smell the ink on this paper and that too is comforting
a slave to music, a slave to sorrow, a slave to love
biking through dirty water and i'm looking for that street
he appears, he's sorry, now he wants me
i ride through it all: water, people, love, night, day
and that was a good dream
such a sad girl, screaming in your face
but you can't hear, you're selfish
and you think she's trying to please you
a feeling is a mark, but waiting lasts forever
thinking of reasons why
oh the dream is better than the real thing
when the words just won't come
you're framed in lead
you've been hit hard
and you climb into bed
go inside, into the halls, past all the walls,
where nothing falls,
it's safe where you're small
safe where your small
safe when you're small