

Chemistry Will Find Me

Emma Pollock

You think I am buried
You think I'm dead
But I just slipped out early
While you slept on in bed

You took my hair and laid me bare
On the screen I am just numbers
You took my hair and laid me bare
On the screen I am just lines

I know that chemistry will find me
And pull me out from beneath my lair
And you'll have the evidence to keep me
To make me face what I knew was there
Memories, photos, numerous no-shows
Birthdays and Christmas, me on the wish list

The air was cold and stung me
But my mind was free
To hope for freedom long forgotten
In a dim and distant past

You took my skin and cells within
On the screen I am just numbers
You took my skin and cells within
On the screen I am just lines

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And pull me out from beneath my lair
And you'll have the evidence to keep me
To make me face what I knew was there
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Birthdays and Christmas, me on the wish list

Loving the site of me coming through this door
Loving the knowledge that I can hide no more

Don't betray this confidence
This lack of trail or trace
That I seek when staring downwards
Where my feet try to remove me

You took my blood caked like mud
On the screen I am just numbers
You took my blood caked like mud
On the screen I am just lines

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