My Beautiful Deep End

I Mother Earth

You held out and hurt yourself again did i not make it clear to look around my selfish queer with unlit eyes and average dope you're in the dream room all alone

I have seen you before,

holding out here in the deep end my beautiful deep end with all and odd

You yell out and touch the sound so overwhelmed by simple thing s

you tend to fear the time is now for ease and thought to come a round

and let you know you're in the dream room letting go
Wake up and drown don't swim, breathe or float away

I'm sorry but I might have made it sweet in the gold dry

I'm sorry but I might have made it sweet in the gold drunken su nset

where we'd lose our heads another time or close our eyes just right

and try to imagine we're miles away at peace out in the open To precious hands holding tongues hard maybe one good word would tell us something whole and small.