

Portrait

Kele

What could I say
To have made you stay?

Picture me twenty-three, wide-eyed and hopeless
On a mattress in E2 awaiting your bike
The flat seems much smaller
Than memories allow for
All of those afternoons
When will your lecture be through?

So I play a trick on you
Could that be my one sickest move?
I yield and sit for you
Assume the pose you placed me in

What could I say
To have made you stay?

I offered my mind, but you wanted my body
A trifling diversion to swallow your time
Is that what they teach you
In St. Martin's College?
Don't make me wait too long
See how my love will burn strong

So I play a trick on you
Could that be my one sickest move?
I yield and sit for you
Assume the pose you placed me in

Ochre and burgundy
A canvas for a lovesick dream
I yield and sit for you
Assume the pose you put me in

What could I say
To have made you stay?