

Snakes From Single Socks

King Creosote

It's the day after she left
And the sun shines less bright
It's as though all the clouds
Have gathered over night

But still I laugh
At all the boobie traps she's left for me
Like the plunger in the shower tray
She stuck it there to flood the tile floor
And all things left in shoes
All the laces tied up in knots
Pen marks on the wall paper
And snakes from single socks
There's sand across the hallway
Cut out bits of paper in the toaster
What a funny flavor to the milk

And I love her more than anyone
And I miss her more each time she has to go
And I love her more than anyone
And I miss her more each time she has to go

She's only added orange juice, some paper and some salt
And I've still got nine more days to straighten it all out
I must try harder
To make those faerie cakes using Rupert's recipes
And the plans that I made for us campin out
It's time they took shape
Cuz she won't be four in a week forever I know
And all these daft pass times
She'll no doubt soon out grow

And I love her more than anyone
And I miss her more each time she has to go
And I love her more than anyone
But I miss her more each time she has to go
I loooooove her