

A Last Straw

Robert Wyatt

Seaweed tangled in our
home from home,
reminds me of your
rocky bottom.

Please don't wait for
the paperweight,
err on the good side.
Touch us when we collapse.

Into the water we'll go
head over heel.
We'll not grow fat inside
the mammary gland.

Seaweed tangled
in our home from home,
reminds me of
your rocky bottom.

Please don't wait
for the paperweight,
err on the good side.
Touch us when we collapse.

Into the water we'll go
head over heel.
A head behind me
buried deep in the sand.