

Head For Math

Tanya Donelly

I wish I had a head for math
So I could talk to you
And hear the song behind the sign
And maybe dance there too.
Lose my license, lose my breath
And lose my precious cool.
And fall asleep in the spiral arms of the Milky way with you.

Blessed be, your work through me
Blessed be, you will be done

Found an ancient photograph
It looks a lot like you.
Wild eyes, and crazy hair reaching out to god knows who
I'll be your compass, I'll be your graph,
And your Rosetta too.
I spy, with my third eye, your hippie-dippy ingenue.
I can learn, that's all I can do,
And fall asleep in the spiral arms of the Milky Way with you.

Blessed be, your work through me
Blessed be, you will be done

Blessed be, your work through me