

Scent Of Lime

The Long Winters

You are light-tasting
Fine, with a scent of lime
My part in your art is to be there

You're right
I'm wasting such a meager grace
So soon
What you're doing is aiming

The plainest words are the finest
I gladly waive my rights to find the real world
If you find the real world let me know

It never rains enough to cool my fever
All it does is rain

The worst you can do is harm
Waiting for the other shoe to fall
And shouting from your car at an empty road

The plainest words are the finest
I've been waiting half my life to find the real world