

# Psapp, Infra Red

Your spit still clings to bottles in the fridge  
It brings relief to know that you've been there  
All this time

The taste of AM shifting through the darkest night  
It battles for a space that's right  
How I collect

My eyes you drew  
Cross them for something to do  
Mmmm

Barefeet cross, in infrared they meet  
They last, the images they make still stay  
Close to me

Pins and things, they're caught up in your hair  
They made, they made me want to care, still there  
And I collect

Half-sucked sweets and fine receipts  
Stuck in my pocket for you  
For you