

# Red House Painters, Katy Song

Some escape some door to open  
this path seems the blackest but I  
guess it's the soonest  
but there in the clearing I  
know you'll be wearing your  
young aching smile and  
waving your hand.  
Can't go with my heart when I  
can't feel what's in it I  
thought you'd come over  
but for some reason you didn't.  
Glass on the pavement under my shoe  
without you is all my life amounts to.

A final sleep no  
words from my cutting  
mouth to your ear or  
taut wicked pinches  
from my fingers to your bitter face  
that I can't heal.  
I know tomorrow  
you will be  
somewhere in london  
living with someone  
you've got some kind of family  
there to turn to  
and that's more than I could ever give you.

A chance for calm  
a hope for freedom  
outlet from my cold solitary kingdom  
by the forest of our spring stay  
where you walked away  
and left a bleeding part of me  
empty and bothered  
watching the water  
quiet in the corner  
numb and falling through  
without you what does my life amount to?