

standing on bindi

checked the mailbox in barefeet today
sadly empty
blame the mailman for things you don't say
and the prickles in my feet
and i'm *standing on bindi*

was it something that you didn't say?
or something I said
stupid distance sad miles away
there's prickles in my head

it started to feel like it was over
like *standing on bindi*
bindi not clover

i never knew, that something so good could make me feel so bad
i'm on a plane in the wrong direction to you and I saw you pass
i miss you bad

happy letters you sent yesterday
mean nothing at all
i've seen this movie it ends the wrong way
i'm climbing to fall
it started to feel like it was over
like *standing on bindi*
bindi not clover

i never knew that something so good could make me feel so mad
hung up the phone another bad connection to you and I made you
sad
i miss you bad

'm' is for the magic that slowly fades away

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