

g/7a ~~There's no such thing as empty space~~ Knives + Eyes

daily show poems 17 poems  
Chickens 5 drawings

Am C7  
There's no such thing as empty space  
It's like a throbbing meat, a face  
The ~~word~~ sword of fools can't cut the rug  
Though armpits mass behind its trace  
white dignified not vain or puny  
The clear eye amidst the swarts awaits  
and coolly ~~passes~~ takes she passing blades

Oh - oh E7 F7 D7  
The suns in the sky - the sky's in the sun  
the eyes in the stars - the stars in the eye  
thoughts in the morning - to day just the night  
fenny's in the alley ~~what is it like in the alley~~  
and he's really quite a guy

Am  
The clearest view is just more mud  
The greatest gifts ~~are~~ ~~at the end~~  
As the idiot springs to dance  
Detractors opt way scoff + snub  
yet when the shoves are pulled by chance  
The ~~phony~~ phoney holy hearts go hard  
~~the escape~~  
Get white prances out that balcony bird

Oh - oh - she looks in the deep - the deep in the trunk  
Oh - oh - the knives in the eye - the ~~lids~~ on the steel  
Oh - oh - ~~the~~ ~~in~~ the will and the words in the night  
fingers ~~in~~ banana in the peel  
Breeze ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~terrace~~ ~~bar~~

Knives and eyes go rolling boy - go leaping on  
Go through the sky / Knives + eyes lay piled in the apps  
They both cast gleam they both cov'ry there's daggered orbs  
and pupil'd sheathes. They snort + scream to ~~the~~ ~~top~~ - There's heart soft + dead