

Funny Afternoon

It's a funny afternoon
Now the sun has burnt off the haze
I can see a blue balloon
Drift above these yellow days

Do you still love me?
Do you still love me at all?

It's a funny way to be
All my thoughts are flung in the air
Coalesce and fall on me
Scratch my face and pull my hair

Do you still love me?
Do you still love me at all?

It's a strange and aimless walk
That has dropped me back at my door
From inside the usual talk
Familiar sounds I've heard before

But it no longer feels like home
For nowhere feels like home
Nowhere feels like home