

Steven Wilson A Million Miles

I saw you in the morning once
before the Costa Brava
before the Coke and lemon muffins
before the books were kept
and way before the drinks were mixed

you said your father bought you a big bed
to keep you out of backseats
but I brought them to you
I dressed them up and they were charming
but I brought them all the same

This is not an accusation but,
I think you fractured me
I think your cracks ran into my foundation
we shed tears to fill a bucket
as youths, for Christ's sake

I never found anything wrong in you
I never saw anything but the shape of an unbridled breast in a T-shirt (the
bouncing curve),
the soft thickness of a thigh carved out of light blue cotton,
It was Great

And now I'm really wondering
I'm thinking maybe I slipped up
I wonder if you saw me
because I should have let you see me

I wish you would have seen me

in the morning

I wish you would have seen me in the morning