

Wrestler

Lotte Kestner

It turns out I have a book of matches
Right here in my pocket
And you had climbed down a well
You must've been waiting there for me
I'm always on the run and I hate copy past for god's sake
But I want to light it
Will you let me light it I can see right across
I'm sure that I know where you're sleeping
My heart is the color it makes
When buildings reflect on the water My heart is a building
And you are the ceiling
I like it when
There is hardly any light
And the morning
Is fighting in my eyes I'll wrestle you in
I'll wrestle you in every thought
I'll wrestle you in
I'll wrestle you in every thought It turns out water is clear
As soon as you stop to catch it
It turns out I do not fly
Because my wings are elastic And they bring me back here
Back across the water
They bring me back here
Across the water
I like it when
There are hardly any lights
And the morning
Is fighting in my eyes I'll wrestle you in
I'll wrestle you into every thought
I'll wrestle you in
I'll wrestle you into every thought

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