

# Trespassers William, Desert

My feet are trembling alone  
With the serpentine skins on the floor  
And while i sleep will you send me a thought  
While i lean could you build me a rock  
Or pretend you're my home  
Touch my lips or are they too blue  
Thirsty from never tasting you  
And with the wind and the dark and the sand these evenings are cold  
And are you sleeping or can you give me a shawl  
Or pretend you're my home  
Finally you tuck me in  
Don't feel warm don't know where i am  
And you lean into my mouth and say "i'm alone"  
And i know your heart is a hole but your body's so close  
I can pretend that i'm home  
Empty as a hole but it feels so warm  
This isn't home but somehow it's gold  
Empty as a hole but it feels so warm  
This isn't home but somehow it's gold