

Julie Sokolow - Your Wrists

I knocked on your door

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Is this the type of thing one takes medicine for?

You know a girl for every name

And I know maybe four

And my friends are your friends

But your friends aren't my friends

I saw you with your eyes closed and I kept looking

I saw you with your mouth open and I kept gaping

I grabbed you by the collar, my hand still shaking, and said "Won't you be my neighbor?"

Won't you be my neighbor?

I found you through the telephone

You were running through the wires

Up broken stairs

In Sunday clothes

We sat so close

We sat so close singing quietly

I couldn't help but stare

Your wrists seemed perfect for my hands

Don't let me be only a song in the air

You would find me time consuming

You would find me burdening and

You would find me upside down on your front lawn

Singing "You're the only one, you're the one."