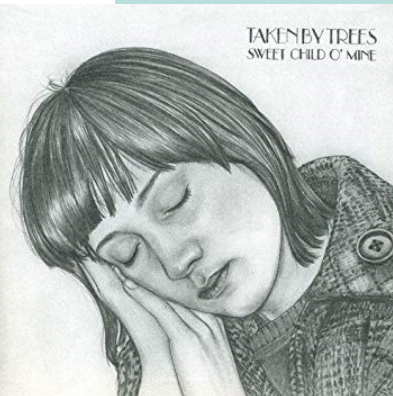


Sweet Child O' Mine (as sung by Taken by Trees)

Elizabeth Ditty

I think when the gods made us, cutting from the same cloth as they do, waste not, want not, they must have sliced too thin, because how else can you explain this soul-burn I feel whenever I watch you walk into a part of your life that's not mine too, or the peeled-rawness of seeing you smile and laugh and grab the hand of someone else who didn't carry you caged safe in their ribs, who doesn't keep your DNA safely entwined with their own, the way I do so I can never be without you, never not feel the loss of you, no matter how far away you or I go, no matter how close you are as you breathe sleep-heavy on my chest while I inhale your atoms and try to memorize the weight of you while I still have the privilege to bear it.



Taken by Trees

"Sweet Child O' Mine"

Sweet Child O' Mine

02/2008

Rough Trade