



# *a fine frenzy*

## **you picked me**

one two three,  
counting out the signs we see  
the tall buildings  
fading in the distance  
only dots on a map  
four five six  
the two of us a perfect fit  
you're all mine all mine

and all I can say  
is you blow me away

like an apple on a tree  
hiding out behind the leaves  
I was difficult to reach  
but you picked me  
like a shell upon a beach  
just another pretty piece  
I was difficult to see  
but you picked me,  
yeah you picked me

so softly,  
rain against the windows  
and the strong coffee  
warming up my fingers  
in this fisherman's house  
you got me, searched the sand  
and climbed the tree  
and brought me back down

and all I can say  
is you blow me away

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*A Fine Frenzy is singer/songwriter Alison Sudol from Seattle.  
[www.afinefrenzy.com](http://www.afinefrenzy.com)*

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream (V, i, 12-17)*