

For You Brieve Morison

The salt-petre in my cigarette is spitting for you
And though my heart's not been broken by these event
It's been badly cracked
And like the sand in the street
It's running down the gutter in the rain for you
For we lived that close like a window and a blind.

And there's someone coming out of a door
After not finding you
A woman mists up her window
Watching in this heavy rain
But the sun is shining
Somewhere in the South of France for you
And the peaches are hanging from the trees
By fields of golden grain

The street is a beach and we're all wrecked on it
Driven here by different winds from many climes
The palm tree blow and the sun rises and sets on it
I'll help mend your boat if you will help mend mine

I feel so alone that it's almost a joke
But I can't bring myself to laugh at it
And when I opened my mouth
I was sorry I spoke
I want to kiss your lips
But that's not the half of it

Time hangs heavy in this very room
Where we disgust what isn't true
I'll light another cigarette soon for you.

The salt-petre in my cigarette is spitting for you
And though my heart's not been broken by these events
It's been badly cracked
And it's running down the gutter in the rain for you
For we lived that close like a window and a blind.