

Torch

Alanis Morissette

I miss your smell and your style
And your pure abiding way
Miss your approach to life
And your body in my bed
Miss your take on anything
And the music you would play
Miss cracking up and wrestling
And our debriefs at end of day

These are things that I miss
These are not times for the weak of heart
These are the days of raw despondence
I never dreamed I would have to lay down
My torch for you like this

I miss your neck and your gait
And your sharing what you write
Miss you walking through the front door
Documentaries in your hand
Miss traveling our traveling
And your fun and charming friends
Miss our big sur getaways
And to watch you love my dogs

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One step one prayer
I soldier on, simulating moving on

I miss your warmth
And the thought of us bringing up our kids
And the part of you that walks
With your stick-tied handkerchief

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