

# 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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