

## Afternoon Conversation

Beardfish

Afternoon conversation  
Coffee black a cigarette I smoke  
We talk the day away

And our light like a silhouette  
Smoke that dance to irritate my eyes  
So I laugh and say  
"Is this not a perfect day?"

We could be lovers you and I

Go my girl and realize  
Nothing is as real as what we have right here  
This is the fantasy of yours come true

Room so still  
Am I yours at will?  
And you say "It's late I have to go"  
Why is it always so?  
Don't go

Bride and groom we became too soon  
I felt sane enough to try it out  
But I am a lonely sprout  
In a pot where I can't grow