

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