

Light Catches Your Face

Bell X1

A dog-eared dispirin
in your handbag
A gathering of crumbs
and twenty fags
I'd steal some chewing gum, a few stray coins
I'm sure you noticed but didn't much mind

And so it goes

Here I am in the condiment aisle
I'm worried about my basil from Israel and New World wine
I need to lose these poses
reset my charms
to when I left the factory in your arms

And so it goes

The words on the page start to swim
As the light catches your face and your smiling
This must be what all the fuss is about

You're trying to talk to me, all grateful and smiles
I'm glued to the T.V. giving one word replies
It's small and shameful, its a poor show
beat myself up on the way home and go crying to my girl

And so it goes

The words on the page start tp swim
As the light catches your face and you're smiling
This must be what all the fuss is about