

Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

Jason Webley

After a couple glasses,
The floorboards don't feel so secure.
And I'm afraid I could really go down tonight.
I'm out-numbered by the ashes,
Held hostage by the door.
And the air in here is so damn loud tonight.

But I've got this old four-by-six photograph,
Your face pressed up against my shoulder,
Little pools of salt mark where tears have dried.
And I've got this big needle stuck in my chest,
So deep it's starting to tickle.
I'm a thousand miles from the chimera I chase.
Love is a sadness with a face.

There's a darkness in all wanting,
My intentions all feel stained,
And the Devil keeps filling my glass tonight.
My adrenaline is clotting,
And the faces in here all seem strange.
But I just want to touch something that'll last tonight.

If I could just taste one sip of an answer,
Maybe I could break out of this drunkard's prison.
I'm homesick for a place I might have never seen.
Something more than these old feet brought me here,
So these feet can't take me away.
No I didn't get here on my own,
Whoever brought me here's gonna have to bring me home.

I'm a thousand miles from the chimera I chase.
Home is a sadness, not a place.