

Your Smoke Screen

k.d. lang

The medicine has taken you over
Washing away any desire
How does it feel at the end of the day
When your energy's gone and it's slowly replaced
By the numbing sensation
Cleaning both sides of your brain

I remember the stars in your eyes
But even the bright stars will fade out sometimes
Do you remember our very last kiss
Are you aware that you're terribly missed
Do you remember how to remember
I should have seen through your smoke screen