

Smoke

Lucero

The Bike was on the street
Outside a midtown bar
He went looking for a drink
Wasn't looking very hard
She was sitting on his seat
When he came out the door
She said "run away with me."
He'd heard the line before
He said "better men than me have been all but left behind."
She said "we're doing pretty good if we can just get out alive."

She wrapped her arms around his waist
Nowhere to run to anyways
They bolted out into the streets
Unknown and beautiful

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Unknown and beautiful
Into the streets

Too many nights alone
Too many days gone by
With nothing much to show
She was running out of time
He was all she'd ever need
If they could just outrun the past
She said "run away with me."
She tried but couldn't laugh
He said "lesser men than me have put up better fights."
She said "we're doing pretty good if we can just get out alive."

She wrapped her arms around his waist
Nowhere to run to anyways
They bolted out into the streets
Unknown and beautiful

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Freedom was all that she owned
She moved faster all on her own
But the freedom had left her, left her drifting like smoke
Left her drifting like smoke

He'd come on off the road
On his shoulder laid her cheek
The bitter taste of smoke
The bike between her knees
The engine running loud
Couldn't hear her if he tried
She spoke into the wind,
"Run away with me tonight."

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