

Let's Play Guitar in a Five Guitar Band

Minus the Bear

That was the last time I ever saw
Through a shop window, sleeves to her elbows
I walked past and kept on walking
And lit a smoke with my hands shaking

She was something else

A few summers ago
We spent weeks in her room
Just having sex and listening to jazz
And that was the life

But I didn't know that at a time

Blinds drawn at twelve noon
With daylight pouring through
Projecting lines on her body

Move on, move on, move on
Smoke your smoke and move on

I should go back
See if she's still there
Standing like a statue