

Smoke

Peter Mulvey

Sometimes I feel like the man
I think you think I am
These days I am mourning the loss
Of a dream that I don't understand

Time is a lens
I see you now
Your hair blown by winds from afar

Sometimes don't you feel like the woman
You think I think you are

It's just smoke
But it's in flesh in blood we deal
And you can't go your whole life denying the things you feel

I held you up like an angel
Sewn you down on my life
I tell no one else you could compare
To the myth who should have been my wife
And now I'm trying to shake you
Alone beneath this roof
But you stay like a mark on my breast
Though I burn every shred of proof

It's just smoke
But it's in flesh in blood now we live
Maybe those sweet kisses were never really ours to give

I've been wrestling with the moon and her tides
The curve of her breast
Her hair falls like rain
The laugh the sigh the smile now
These things aching me like a lost memory gained and
I have seen what I have seen in this lifetime
Just dreaming you looked over my shoulder

I'm older now
Maybe we can let this shit
Let it smolder
I need smoke
Cause it's in flesh in blood now I stand
I won't be haunted any longer by the dreams I do not understand