

## Smokey

Red House Painters

I'm broken down  
You caved my karma in  
I'm staying up  
Waiting for you like a fool

You made me forget  
About all the dreams I kept  
I keep your glass hand  
By the bed we slept

I can't erase your Smokey eyes  
Your smothered face, gripping on my waist  
Leaving a ghost upon the Oregon Coast  
And on the floors of a crashes porch

Who can pretend  
That there's a beginning without an end?  
It ain't contrived all this magic in our lives  
Comes down like a storm then drizzles then dies

Your soul is free  
But you're the one I need  
And you made your deal  
But you're still my ideal

And so I wait  
And so I choose this fate  
And store your shape  
In my electric bed

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That there's a beginning without an end?  
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Comes down like a storm then drizzles then dies