

Lipstick Letters

Rialto

I get home late but I can't sleep, no message on my machine, the red light eyes me knowingly. And from the note left on my door I know that I shouldn't call - you won't be home tonight at all.

'Cos when I read between the lines, pictures of you hi-jack my mind. I don't know where you're going but I know you're wearing your make-up - lipstick letters always say too much.

Sit and watch the cars go by with a cheap bottle of wine, but it doesn't help to pass the time. I don't know how far we fell, I don't know if this is hell, but I can hear the funeral bells.

Raking through the old fag-ends of forgotten conversations - they're burning on my lips again. And from the note left on my door, I know that I should have called - you won't be coming home at all.