

## Taste

## Ride

Floating like a smoke ring,  
It cannot be regained.  
Now it's touched, it's broken,  
The taste just slips away.  
The taste just slips away.  
I just want to know.

I don't want to tell you,  
What you want to know.  
I don't want to tell you

As hard as right can be,  
It can feel so wrong.  
Too much to leave,  
Now it's all gone wrong.

But what's right or wrong?  
I don't know.  
The taste just slips away.