

Film Reel

Smoke Fairies

I saw the year pass like a film reel
Like quivering frames through the shutter wheel
Golden like that summer time
Projecting light through my twilight mind

The road on the edge of the coastline
Sun flaring in through the mountain pines
I was clinging on behind
The growl of an engine in overdrive

I was younger then and slipping from you
Only guided by the push and pull

I deserted in one day
Let the photos blow through the alleyway
And all the sun and golden times
Lost to the ocean's silver lines

I was younger then and slipping from you
Only guided by the push and pull

Now I pass alone along that coast
A stranger to where I lost the most
And she will choose a wedding dress
And I will fake some happiness

I was younger then and slipping from you
Only guided by the push and pull