

He smokes himself into double vision
Leaves his mind on an indecision,
Thinks he's invented imagination
Says that god is some relation.
He leaves his cigarette burning on the desk
His clothes and magazines make up such a mess,
Sitting up in bed transistor on his chest
In quintessence.
He and his friends sit around all evening
Leaving their laughter upon the ceiling,
Seems so funny yet it leaves me yawning
Then I find it's the following morning.
He says his girlfriend lives too far away
Always at a friend's house or on holiday,
His bible of romance hides itself away
In quintessence.

A 15 year old's browse through life,
is fine with his quintessence safe and sound in mind,
Life's an adolescence from time to time
With us all
in quintessence.

In the corner with his book and tissue
All he can do is pretend to miss you,
Closes his eyes as he sees her body
Pulls funny faces and that's his hobby.
On the other hand love ain't a happy word
On the other hand love ain't a piece of skirt,
Makes for something special in your football shirt
in quintessence.