

## Kissing Things

The 6ths

It was a shallow ocean, it was a very low sky  
They're not too wide to get around given the old school try  
And you must have had nothing better to do

I've been kissing my cigarette, wishing it was you

True, you gave me the moon and the silver stars  
They float outside my window of this tedious bar  
But just like their master, they just drift in the blue

I've been kissing the bottle, wishing it was you

So Gibraltar has tumbled  
The world came to an end  
And the joke was on me  
You're not even my friend  
But with all my new lovers  
And there've been twenty-two

I've been kissing the mirror, wishing it was you