

# Illusion

Gregory Porter

I've been searchin' all the corners of my room  
Sweeping dust and memories under the carpet that we purchased  
Somewhere on some cool retreat, somewhere in Africa somewhere

I've been trying to catch my breath from the illusion that I lost it  
When you left me

I've been checking for the weather and the time  
I'm like a bag that's dropped and drifting in the wind  
That blows from hurricanes that come just after grey clouds fill my eyes

I've been trying to find my footing on the slopes of the illusion that I lost it  
When you left me

Like bare feet on hot concrete, we have come to some division  
Based on pain from bad decisions  
Just like clothespins snapped by wild winds  
Sometimes you can't hold on to love, and never die

I've been planting all the flowers that you like  
With the hope they will take root and smell the blossoms  
When the wind blows as we sit deep in the garden sipping tea  
As I watch you looking at me

I've been trying to find reality  
A grip on the illusion that I lost you  
When you left me