

Breath Makes Smoke

Halou

Breath makes smoke
Air that smells like snow
Won't you ever come
As sun sets, trees make silhouettes
Then disappear from view

Night sounds heard
Between traffic bursts
Are growing louder now
I stare through the night for familiar headlights
But they never come

And it illustrates for me how very far I've come
It's not just my body I am trying to keep warm
And the stoplights turn
Just about three hundred times
And headlights shine on me
But none belong to you