

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