

Smoke & Mirrors

Agnes Obel

Oh my one, I'm so happy that you've got so far
I know the good, the great is working you like a charm

Oh my one, rushing away
With a bag full of bones
I know the place you left
Still won't leave you alone

The crow, the cat, the bird and the bee
I'm sure they would agree
That my one is falling for tricks,
Smoke and mirrors playing your wit

A hue and cry waiting to blow
Under your skin, wherever you go
Still I wish that I knew
The taste of something that good