

Lucky Lighter

Broadway Calls

Can I set myself on fire with your lucky lighter
that you claim you found in wreckage
of the plane you swore I was aboard?
It rained down from the sky with no sound.
You could've just said you didn't want me around
My wishing well has gone dry, now I stay up and stay high.
This ain't sadness or madness that I convey.
Just right now this works for me.
The sky fell that day
The healthy looked away but you swear you heard me screaming.
As it shook the ground.
You smiled and looked around and said
I sure hope I'm not dreaming