

A PIKTURE OF U

Field Medic

The blue of her spirit
Bleeds into my walkway
And then the flood lights
Spill on my bedside
And I'm gasping as if I'm drowning
And she lies there patient
Withered and waiting
For another pass
Of my sinnning
And the beehive is humming
With ladies misbehaving
And this doorways just a facade
For some gentlemanly patience
Yeah I'm smoking but it's not my lungs I'm holding hostage

And yesterday I came across a pikture of u
Drinking from a bottle of wine
It took me back to 20th avenue
Where we made love for the first time
I got somebody better now
But that can't change the fact
That I still sometimes think of your stone henge smile
Laughing with your head thrown back