

Smoke

Lisa Lois

Fire on the hill
Blood on the ground
Not what you'd see on the good side of town
Not what you think gone in the blink of an eye
Did he know?

Silent and still
His broken prayer
Falls from his lips
Feathers shading in thin air
Falls to his knees
Breathing his sweet lullaby
And he knows?

But could he tell
Stuck like a horse on a carousel
All of the plans that he made in cell
May as well be smoke... smoke...

What's left undone
Pours from his side
Soul fades away as an ambulance cries
So close to home
There all alone in the dark
And he knows!

But could he tell,
Stuck like a coin in a wishing well
All of the plans that he made in cell
May as well be smoke... smoke...

Last night somebodies baby
Last night somebodies baby died

And could he tell
Stuck like a horse on a carousel
Just like a coin in a wishing well
All of the plans that he made in cell
May as well be smoke... smoke...