

Pour Another

Nick Hakim

Pour another glass of her warm smoke
Into the river and let it rest
'Til my thoughts get weary, until they float
I feel the smoke rising, heart in my throat

Pour another glass of her warm smoke
Until I sleepwalk back home
With the stench of her perfume all on my coat
And yet another morning, I wake and I'm alone

But I know
But I know
But I know
But I know