Glossed

Smith Westerns

Look through the magazines and books
Saving all I find
I can't forget you like a lullaby
All choked up, I can't speak
Thinking of you
Imagination can be so cruel

In all that I do
And I won't let you know it
And I won't let you hear it
And why would you need to see it
If you could just believe it?

I kept my eyes closed to see you
But you can see me too
I bathed in blue light for many moons
My thoughts, my mind, my fingers crossed
Don't let me down
I hope to meet you somehow

In all that I do
And I won't let you know it
And I won't let you hear it
And why would you need to see it
If you could just believe it?