

In Heaven

The Zolas

At intermission
We meet outside
A grin of a hug
You blow your cigarette in the other direction
We laugh at the same jokes
But she pops the balloon when she walks through the room to you
In heaven

Who can control
The bitter blast
We know we let in the cold when we defenestrate the past and now
She's not at the other end of our telephone calls
She's in a desert on the surface of mars
With you in heaven