

Smoke & Fiction

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Through the smoke and fiction
Of books and pages burning
Ashes of confusion
All the leaves are turning

I still talk a little bit
But there's no words for this
I still talk a little bit
But there's no words for this

Wrapped up tight in twilight
In a bed I am borrowing
My face turns to sorrowing
When I'm dreaming about tomorrowing

I still hurt a little bit
But there's no cure for this
I still hurt a little bit
But there's no cure for this

With a midnight prescription
For the star I am swallowing
Heaven I am following
If they will just allow me in

I still wish a little bit
But there's no star for this
I still wish a little bit
But there's no star for this

My soul still goes out walking
Over bridges that are burning
There's lessons I keep learning
All the leaves are turning

I still pray a little bit
But there's no saint for this
I still pray a little bit
But there's no words for this