

Veronica Sawyer Smokes

AFI

Oh my story is not the oldest of it's kind.
I was too touched to see you clearly,
far too young to realize I had loved so dearly you,
who's world I had designed,
but the sweet smoke came with mirrors
and it brought tears to my wide eyes.
Dying just to see you...
dying since I misconstrued your blue heart,
black eyes, feigning falling, words I won't forget.
I died right when I saw you while you shared that cigarette.

Oh I saw you every time I closed my eyes,
in the Hughes film I had scored,
produced and starred in, in my mind.
I could recite you, well, I'd written every line...
but you strayed far from my flawless script
on which I'd spent a lifetime!
Falling over dead.
Dying since I had misread your blue heart,
black eyes, feigning falling, words I won't forget.
I died right when I saw you while you shared that cigarette.