

# Misty

Kate Bush

Roll his body.  
Give him eyes.  
Make him smile for me,  
Give him life.  
My hand is bleeding,  
I run back inside.

I turn off the light,  
Switch on a starry night.  
My window flies open.  
My bedroom fills with falling snow,  
Should be a dream but I'm not sleepy.  
I see his snowy white face but I'm not afraid.  
He lies down beside me.

So cold next to me.  
I can feel him melting in my hand.  
Melting, in my hand.

He won't speak to me.  
His crooked mouth is full of dead leaves.  
Full of dead leaves, bits of twisted branches and frozen garden,  
crushed and stolen grasses from slumbering lawn.  
He is dissolving, dissolving before me and dawn will come soon.

What kind of spirit is this?  
Our one and only tryst.  
His breath all misty,  
And when I kiss his ice-cream lips  
And his creamy skin,  
His snowy white arms surround me.

So cold next to me.  
I can feel him melting in my hand.  
Melting, melting, in my hand.

Sunday morning.  
I can't find him.  
The sheets are soaking  
And on my pillow:  
Dead leaves, bits of twisted branches and frozen garden,  
crushed and stolen grasses from slumbering lawn.  
I can't find him - Misty..  
Oh please can you help me?  
He must be somewhere.  
Open window closing,  
Oh but wait, it's still snowing.  
If you're out there,  
I'm coming out on the ledge.  
I'm going out on the ledge.