

Black Ice

Ohbijou

I took the bus down Barthust Street and saw where
all the lonely people meet down there
I sat on a pile of cigarettes and blew
icicles with one sharp breath towards you
There's black ice,
no sign
Temper me and temper this, I've tried
to fit in everything in a small time
The winter brings a heaviness, this weight
is a hand over the things I shouldn't say
There's black ice,
no sign