

Smokey

Red House Painters

I'm broken down
You caved my karma in
I'm staying up
Waiting for you like a fool

You made me forget
About all the dreams I kept
I keep your glass hand
By the bed we slept

I can't erase your Smokey eyes
Your smothered face, gripping on my waist
Leaving a ghost upon the Oregon Coast
And on the floors of a crashes porch

Who can pretend
That there's a beginning without an end?
It ain't contrived all this magic in our lives
Comes down like a storm then drizzles then dies

Your soul is free
But you're the one I need
And you made your deal
But you're still my ideal

And so I wait
And so I choose this fate
And store your shape
In my electric bed

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