

I wish the nights were warm again this month
We could stay up all night
Occupy the porch on the front
Of the house where we might
Always forget to replace the bulb in the glass
Rectangular vase
The lamp on the street flickers on through the trees
And I can see your face

Kicked in and dark inside
Lit below and burning white
Kicked in and left at once
Folded, found and kept alive

Well I've never had one of these before
And it's stronger than I thought
Someone put the glass in my hand and
Romanced by the shape I was
He said "rocket fuel is the key"
He called it clear and hard
And it wipes me out
And it warms me up
Well I hope so
'Cause it's bitter cold