

Ed's Redeeming Qualities - Light + Fire + Smoke + Blood + Stuff

tom:
C

What if you
Decide to
Light fires in airless places
Are the
Odds that you'll
Burn your fingers
Or suffer from lack of breath
In the smallest room
Of an unassuming
Roadside motel

I thought this
In the light
Of your absence
I just might
Have a cocktail
I might just
Stay a few days in this
Roadside motel

What if we
Had cold blood
In our average person veins?
In private
Hot bedrooms
Would we be able to see
Our breath?
On my lunch break
On Monday
In the back room with Martha

I thought this
In the smoke
Of your excuses
I just might
Sneak out the back
I might just
Write some letters in this
Quiet back room
What if we
Could only
See the things we understood?
Our eyes would
See empties
Instead of tangled, screwy fulls
All the light and fire
And smoke and blood
And stuff would
Have
To up
And go

I know I
Don't prefer that
I know I
Could breathe without you
I know I'm
Pretty lucky
I just have to think about it

Acordes

