

# AFI, Veronica Sawyer Smokes

Uh-oh, my story's not  
The oldest of its kind  
I was too touched to see you clearly  
Far too young to realize  
I, I had loved so dearly  
You, whose world I had designed  
But the sweet smoke came with mirrors  
And it brought tears to my wide eyes  
Dying just to see you  
Dying since I misconstrued  
Your blue heart, black eyes  
Fading, falling, words I won't forget  
I died right when I saw you  
While you shared that cigarette  
Uh-oh, I saw you every time  
I closed my eyes  
In the Hughes film I had scored  
Produced and starred in, in my mind

I, I could recite you well  
I'd written every line  
But you strayed far from my flawless script  
On which I'd spent a lifetime  
Falling over dead  
Dying since I had misread  
Your blue heart, black eyes  
Fading, falling, words I won't forget  
I died right when I saw you  
While you shared that cigarette  
Falling over dead  
Dying since I had misread  
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