

Kirsty McGee, Kisses

a wise white moon sinks down into the sea
you wake up freezing cold, you lying under me
in a beach hut in a southern town, pebbledash grey
on a morning white as feathers
the sun as red as clay

sometimes your eyes were chestnut brown
sometimes your eyes were green
sometimes your eyes were grey
they were the strangest i have seen
and you'd fix your eyes upon white lines
i'd fix mine next to yours
and we would ride these english roads
from shore to shining shore

as if we could live on kisses and stolen habitation
riding up and down connecting lines in wagons built of steel
to sit on hard, stone beaches the morning after rain
and watch the water rising and then falling back again

the sun sinks down beneath the waves
you wonder will you see her face
your wondering won't leave you alone
as summer clouds turn brutish grey
your smile still flickers bright as day
why do we stand here like two fools
in summer's fading light?

come now, come, we'll beat the dawn and leave this place behind
leave this stolen room and shingle shore, ride off into the night
i'll fix my eyes upon the road if you fix yours next to mine
and we'll warm our hands on heated air in the first car that we find

and sometimes when i wake beneath a sky as grey as steel
i still expect to find your body's imprint next to me
i'm reminded of you when i see those wagons roll
like broken glass i watch them pass, grey spectres in my soul

come now, come, the day moves on and leaves us both behind
beat back the moon that rises like a shadow in your mind
how can i even talk to you with your eyes so faraway
as if someday soon that road you love might steal you back again...

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to sit on hard, stone beaches the morning after rain
and watch the water rising and then falling back again