

# 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...

as if you 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