

# Magic Dirt, Smoulder

When I travel  
I unravel  
You come out suffocating  
In the morning  
I try and solve it  
I can twist it  
I can resist it  
On your shoulder  
You can smoulder  
Collar twisted  
Your head is misted  
The road's a menace  
I need a headrest  
The girls are screaming  
A movie's screening  
You are a phantom  
That I've been countin'  
When I'm walkin'  
I hear you talkin'  
Everthing's burnin'  
Your eyes are turnin'  
Just like a candle  
All I can handle  
Inside the coffin  
You put the lot in  
You come out suffocating  
Suffocating